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THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

WITH BIBLIOGRAPHIC ESSAYS

BY

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THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

A Collection of the Best Literature, Ancient, Mediæval and Modern, with Biographical and Explanatory Notes

EDITED BY

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BREF APERÇU DE LA LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE

PAR LÉON VALLÉE

LE français est le produit de trois éléments essentiels qui mirent plusieurs siècles pour fusionner : le romanisme, le christianisme et le germanisme. Les premières manifestations littéraires de la nouvelle langue furent des chansons, *les chansons de gestes*, dont la plus célèbre, *La Chanson de Roland*, peut être considérée comme le véritable point de départ de la littérature française. Ces poèmes, destinés à célébrer des exploits guerriers, seront bientôt suivis de l'apparition de la poésie narrative, puis nous assisterons à l'affranchissement de la prose, qui viendra manifester sa vitalité dans les romans bretons et les récits de Villehardouin.

Le XIIe siècle, c'est la période des troubadours, des trouvères, des cours d'amour où la femme est reine, où elle apporte son charme et son sourire. Nous avons alors une série de romans sur l'antiquité, des romans grecs et byzantins, des romans d'aventures (romans bretons), les *Lais* de Marie de France, les premières compilations poétiques sur Tristan, Perceval, Gauvain, Lancelot du Lac, etc., les fabliaux, puis *Le Roman de la Rose*, poème tout profane, qui vient rejeter dans l'ombre la poésie chevaleresque.

Au XIIIe siècle Geoffroy de Villehardouin, le premier chroniqueur français, nous narre avec naïveté et grandeur l'expédition à laquelle il participa pour la *Conquête de Constantinople*. Un peu plus tard le sire de Joinville, fidèle compagnon de Saint-Louis, nous donne dans ses *Mémoires* un récit ému et coloré des événements qui se passèrent de son temps.

Messire Jehan Froissart, l'historien de la guerre de cent ans,

paraît ensuite. Il nous expose dans sa *Chronique* la vie féodale et militaire du XIVe siècle. Il est le miroir où se reflète tout le moyen-âge. Lisez-le, vous le trouverez toujours exact, toujours varié, toujours vivant dans ses admirables descriptions. Quelques écrivains brillent alors d'un vif éclat. C'est Christine de Pisan, une femme poète, dont les vers sont pleins de grâce et de délicatesse, et qui défendit la cause des femmes attaquées par Jean de Meung. C'est Alain Chartier, lequel, vivement ému des malheurs de la France après le désastre d'Azincourt, contribue par son éloquence à relever le courage de ses concitoyens, et dont *Le Quadriloge invectif* peut être considéré comme la pure manifestation du patriotisme et de l'honneur national. C'est Eustache Deschamps. C'est enfin Olivier Basselin, qui, foulon de son métier, improvise, le verre en main, ces chansons lesquelles, si connues sous le nom de *Vaux de Vire*, seront l'origine du vaudeville.

Nous ne saurions quitter cette époque sans rappeler qu'après les Miracles, auxquels ils succédèrent, les Mystères eurent une grande vogue pendant le moyen-âge, et marquent le commencement du théâtre tragique moderne. La première représentation en langue vulgaire date du XIe siècle : c'est *Le Mystère des Vierges folles et des Vierges sages.* Les mystères, qui devinrent de plus en plus riches et nombreux pendant les siècles suivants, étaient le privilège exclusif des Confréries de la Passion. Plus tard, les Clercs de la Basoche créèrent un genre nouveau, les Moralités, qui contenait en germe la comédie. Et la sotie, petit poème lyrique des trouvères et des jongleurs, se transforme, à la fin du moyen-âge, en théâtre dramatique avec les Enfants-sans-souci, réunion de jeunes artistes parisiens, dont le chef prenait le titre de Prince des sots. Quant aux farces, autre transformation des anciens mystères, dont les plus célèbres sont *L'Archer de Bagnelot* et *L'Avocat Patelin*, elles continueront à occuper le théâtre jusqu'au siècle de Louis XIV.

Le XVe siècle s'honore de trois grandes figures : Charles d'Orléans, François Villon et Commines. Le premier, Charles d'Orléans, fait prisonnier à la bataille d'Azincourt et emmené en Angleterre, charme les loisirs de sa captivité par la culture des belles-lettres, et nous laisse des poésies qui se distinguent par leur

grâce, la beauté de la forme, et une heureuse proportion dans le développement de la pensée. Plein de relief, le langage coloré de Villon exprime des sentiments vrais. Il rompt avec la froide allégorie du moyen-âge et *Le Grand Testament* montre que la poésie française se transforme : de générale, elle devient personnelle. Avec Commines, nous voyons le drame dans l'histoire, nous assistons à la lutte entre Louis XI, qui défend la cause de l'unité française, et Charles de Bourgogne, dernier champion de l'esprit féodal qui va disparaître. Ici, plus de récits de tournois, ni de batailles, mais la critique des faits, l'observation et la vue claire des grands intérêts politiques. Commines inaugure la nouvelle histoire.

Deux grands faits se produisent au XVIe siècle : la renaissance des lettres et la réforme religieuse. Mais en France la renaissance ne se produit pas aussi rapidement qu'en Italie, car elle se ressent des agitations qui troublaient encore le pays. " Alors," dit Demogeot, " ceux qui pensent connaissent peu l'art d'écrire ; ceux qui cultivent l'art d'écrire ne songent guères à penser." Certes on trouve à cette époque des écrivains d'un rare talent ; mais ils ont chacun sa langue propre, et il n'y a pas chez eux de formes universelles et communes à tous. Le premier, c'est Clément Marot, favori du roi François Ier et de Marguerite, sa sœur, qui atteint la perfection dans l'épître familière et surtout dans l'épigramme. A seize ans, indigné par les atrocités que Montmorency commet à Bordeaux, La Boétie écrit son *Discours sur la Servitude volontaire.* Bodin, dans son livre *La République,* se montre philosophe et homme d'état. Jacques Amyot, le traducteur de Plutarque et de Longus, transforme ces auteurs et, les naturalisant presque, enrichit notre langue des idées antiques. Montaigne, dans ses *Essais,* d'un style si riche, si imagé, donne un traité de morale générale. Rabelais écrit sa *Vie de Gargantua et de Pantagruel,* que La Bruyère juge " un monstrueux assemblage d'une morale fine et ingénieuse et d'une sale corruption ; où il est mauvais, il passe bien loin au delà du pire : c'est le charme de la canaille ; où il est bon, il va jusqu'à l'exquis et à l'excellent : il peut être le mets des plus délicats." Calvin dédie à François Ier son *Institution de la Religion chrétienne,* œuvre la plus importante qu'eut encore produite la Réforme religieuse, et dans laquelle la

prose française commence à prendre son véritable caractère. Ronsard et la pléiade tentent leur réforme littéraire, en même temps que surgissent une quantité de pamphlets et de satires, dont la principale, la *Satire ménippée*, est à la fois un pamphlet, une comédie et un coup d'état. Quant aux mémoires, longue en est la série. Après ceux du *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* écrits par son *Loyal Serviteur*, voici les *Commentaires* du farouche catholique Blaise de Montluc, que Henry IV appelait la *Bible du soldat;* voici les *Mémoires* de La Noue, de Coligny, de Brantôme, de Marguerite de Valois, première femme de Henry IV; *L'Etat de la France sous François II* de Regnier de la Planche, l'*Histoire universelle* et les *Mémoires* de d'Aubigné, le *Journal* de Pierre de l'Estoile, l'*Histoire* de Jacques Auguste de Thou, etc.

En somme la langue française a déjà atteint un degré de précision, une richesse d'expressions tels que l'étranger lui rend hommage et que nous voyons Charles-Quint la déclarer langue d'état; plus tard, à partir de la Conférence de Nimègue, tous les peuples de l'Europe se serviront du français pour la rédaction des traités internationaux.

Malherbe, avec lequel commence le XVIIe siècle, joue un rôle considérable comme réformateur du français. Il a le culte de la langue, et la sévérité de ses préceptes lui vaut d'être appelé le "tyran des mots et des syllabes." Son grand mérite est d'avoir posé et imposé les principes de la versification et de la langue poétique. Mathurin Regnier, dans ses satires, excelle à peindre les mœurs et les personnages de son époque, et le portrait qu'il trace de *Macette*, la vieille hypocrite, est d'un maître écrivain. Racan célèbre la vie champêtre. Voiture brille dans la poésie fugitive et, parmi les beaux esprits des *ruelles*, nous voyons en première ligne, à côté de lui, Balzac et Benserade. *L'Hôtel de Rambouillet* devient la première institution littéraire régulièrement organisée en France, et le cardinal de Richelieu fait signer les lettres-patentes qui créent l'Académie française. Pierre Corneille révolutionne le théâtre. Avec *Le Cid* il fixe la langue de la tragédie; avec *Le Menteur*, celle de la comédie. Son *Horace* est plein de vigueur, d'originalité, et *Cinna* est considéré comme un chef-d'œuvre. *Le*

Discours sur la Méthode et les *Méditations* de Descartes sont des merveilles de style. Ménage, et Vaugelas dans ses *Remarques sur la Langue française,* contribuent à perfectionner notre langue. De son côté, La Rochefoucauld, dans ses *Maximes* ou *Réflexions morales,* aide à former le goût de la nation, à lui donner un esprit de justesse et de précision. La Bruyère ne dit que des vérités ordinaires dans ses *Caractères,* mais il trace ses portraits avec tant de vigueur, tant de concision, d'originalité de style, qu'on ne les oublie plus quand on les a lus. Pascal publie ses *Provinciales,* qui sont des modèles d'éloquence, et ses *Pensées* sont d'une puissance philosophique incomparable. Riche d'esprit, Cyrano de Bergerac a des traits comiques, de l'imagination; et Scarron, le critique malicieux, invente le genre burlesque. L'œuvre de Boileau est faite de bon sens, de goût, de régularité; dans les *Satires* nous voyons le critique; dans *L'Art poétique,* qui lui a valu le nom de "Législateur du Parnasse," nous trouvons un code de la littérature; et dans *Le Lutrin* l'auteur arrive à la perfection de l'art des vers. Observateur profond, moraliste, écrivain hors pair, Molière reste inimitable. Il est le peintre le plus exact de la vie de l'homme, dont il nous expose le caractère et les passions dans des comédies écrites d'un style vif, nerveux, puissant et coloré. *Le Misanthrope, Tartufe, Les Femmes savantes, L'Avare, Les Précieuses ridicules* sont quelques-unes des perles qui brillent dans son théâtre si riche et si varié. Paul de Gondi, cardinal de Retz, est l'historien de la Fronde; et St-Simon écrit des *Mémoires,* qui ne seront imprimés qu'en 1820. Jean de la Fontaine, "fleur de l'esprit gaulois, avec un parfum d'antiquité" a dit Géruzez, est le plus simple, le moins prétentieux de nos poètes. Ses *Contes et Nouvelles* peuvent friser la licence, ils ne choquent pas l'esprit, tant le "bonhomme" met de finesse, de délicatesse dans le récit. Quant à ses *Fables,* la vie en action, elles sont œuvre originale et impérissable. Madame de la Fayette, avec *La Princesse de Clèves,* transforme la roman, tandis que son amie, Madame de Sévigné, trace ses *Lettres,* magnifique monument du genre épistolaire, où se reflète le tableau des mœurs et de la société du XVIIe siècle. Au théâtre Jean Racine règne en maître incontesté, et ses tragédies *Andromaque, Britannicus,*

Bérénice, Mithridate, Esther, Phèdre, Athalie, sa comédie *Les Plaideurs,* atteignent une hauteur, une puissance que l'homme aurait de la peine à surpasser. L'Eglise gallicane a aussi des gloires littéraires: Bossuet laisse des chefs-d'œuvre de style et d'éloquence, comme son *Discours sur l'Histoire universelle* et ses *Oraisons funèbres.* Bourdaloue s'élève au premier rang par ses *Sermons.* Le père Malebranche, métaphysicien et moraliste, publie son livre *La Recherche de la Vérité.* Fléchier prononce son *Oraison funèbre de Turenne.* Fénélon attache son nom au *Traite de l'Education des Filles,* aux *Dialogues des Morts,* au *Télémaque;* et Massillon enfin ne craint pas de rival à son *Petit Carême.*

Un grand génie domine le XVIIIe siècle; on pourrait presque dire qu'il le représente: Voltaire, à qui tout est familier, histoire, littérature, théâtre, philosophie, et qui brille en tout. Son *Histoire de Charles XII* est un modèle: ses poésies légères sont de beaucoup supérieures à celles de ses contemporains, et au théâtre ses tragédies, *Œdipe, Brutus, Zaïre, Alzire, Mérope, Mahomet, Sémiramis* et *Tancrède,* sont des créations puissantes, animées, émouvantes où l'éloquence déborde. Marmontel et La Harpe, disciples de Voltaire, ne sont qu'un reflet de leur protecteur. Jean Baptiste Rousseau se recommande pour l'harmonie et le rhythme de ses vers. Gresset donne *Le Méchant;* Piron, *Le Métromanie.* Le Sage, qui peint les faiblesses humaines dans *Le Diable boiteux,* présente le type du roman de caractère dans Gil Blas. Louis Racine écrit des *Mémoires* où il retrace la vie de son père. Rollin publie une *Histoire ancienne.* Bernardin de St-Pierre produit un chef-d'œuvre littéraire dans le roman si simple, si poétique, *Paul et Virginie.* Montesquieu signe des pages inoubliables de haute philosophie: les *Lettres persanes; L'Esprit des Lois* et les *Considérations sur les Causes de la Grandeur et de la Décadence des Romains.* Par ses idées philosophiques, Jean-Jacques Rousseau fait pressentir l'approche de la Révolution française: l'*Emile,* qui est la déclaration des droits de l'enfant, est un appel aux vertus de la famille; *Le Contrat social* part de ce principe que "l'homme est né libre"; la passion éclate dans les pages étincelantes de *La Nouvelle Héloïse,* et les *Confessions* donnent l'image vraie du génie de Jean-

Jacques. Caron de Beaumarchais fait jouer au théâtre *Le Barbier de Séville;* puis, à la suite d'un procès fameux, il imprime des *Mémoires* judiciaires, œuvre d'éloquence, d'esprit, de verve et de bon sens. Buffon consacre sa plume et sa brillante imagination à l'analyse de la nature. Les descriptions de l'*Histoire naturelle* sont des peintures vivantes en même temps que le style noble, pur, est toujours digne de celui qui disait, lors de sa réception à l'Académie : "Le style est l'homme même." Diderot, l'un des plus puissants esprits de cette époque, conçoit, exécute et mène à bonne fin l'immense travail qu'est l'*Encyclopédie,* à laquelle collaborent les philosophes Condillac, Helvétius, d'Holbach, et pour laquelle d'Alembert écrit son beau *Discours préliminaire,* qui sert de préface à l'œuvre et en trace le plan. L'abbé Prévost, historien de la passion, nous lègue sa *Manon Lescaut.* Le siècle va finir. Il semble que les troubles révolutionnaires doivent éloigner les esprits de toute littérature. Erreur. Au moment même où la guerre est déclarée à l'Autriche, Rouget de Lisle se manifeste; il improvise son magnifique *Chant de Guerre de l'Armée du Rhin,* qui, plus connu sous le titre de *La Marseillaise,* va faire le tour de l'Europe et devenir l'hymne national des Français.

Dès son aurore le XIXe siècle possède deux grands écrivains. D'abord la baronne de Staël-Holstein, fille de Necker et type de l'esprit français, montre toute sa sensibilité dans le roman *Delphine* et glorifie la femme moderne et l'Italie dans *Corinne.* L'autre, Chateaubriand, développe toutes les grâces du style dans *Le Génie du Christianisme,* ou excite l'admiration de ses contemporains dans *Atala, Réné, Les Martyrs* et *Le Dernier des Abencerages.* Sous l'Empire, Jacques Delille, l'élégant traducteur des *Géorgiques,* est le maître de l'école de la poésie descriptive. Puis voici Brillat-Savarin, qui prouve, par *La Physiologie du Goût,* que la littérature rend attrayant même un traité de gastronomie. Henri Beyle, lui, sous le pseudonyme de Stendhal, livre carrière à toute son originalité dans *Rouge et Noir.* Les publicistes et les hommes d'état ont alors des représentants remarquables comme Alexis de Tocqueville, dont on admire la science et les qualités dans *Le Système pénitentiaire aux Etats-Unis* et dans *La Démocratie en Amérique.*

Paul Louis Courier se fait une spécialité du pamphlet et son *Pamphlet des Pamphlets* est regardé comme le modèle du genre. Barthélémy, à la fois poète et homme politique, flétrit chaque semaine, dans la fameuse *Némésis*, journal en vers, le gouvernement de Louis-Philippe. Béranger, celui qui "ne veut rien être," choisit la chanson qu'il métamorphose en un genre nouveau et dans laquelle il chante la patrie, le peuple, la liberté, ou couvre de ridicule l'ancien régime. Honoré de Balzac, surnommé "le colosse de la littérature" par ses admirateurs enthousiastes, révèle ses qualités de grand romancier avec *La Peau de Chagrin.* Matérialiste, imbu des idées despotiques, conteur plein de verve et d'imagination, il se fait l'historien des mœurs de la société dont il esquisse de brillants portraits dans *Eugénie Grandet, Une Femme de* 30 *ans, Physiologie du Mariage, La Recherche de l'Absolu, Le Médecin de Campagne,* etc. Une autre grande figure, c'est Lamartine, l'un des plus illustres poètes de la France, qui nous émeut d'abord avec ses romans *Graziella* et *Raphaël,* récits de ses liaisons de jeunesse. Puis viennent ces poésies d'une mélancolie pénétrante, les *Méditations,* auxquelles succèdent les *Harmonies poétiques et religieuses,* où l'auteur s'élève dans les plus hautes régions de l'idéal. Son *Voyage en Orient* abonde en descriptions d'une grande richesse, et l'*Histoire des Girondins,* qui eut un retentissement immense, peut être considérée comme un véritable poème historique. Aurore Dupin, baronne Du Devant, cache son nom sous le pseudonyme de George Sand, et déploie la splendeur et la précision de son style dans *La Mare au Diable, François Champi, La Petite Fadette,* romans champêtres qu'on a appelés les "Géorgiques de la France." Dans un voyage qu'elle fait en Italie, G. Sand se brouille avec Alfred de Musset, poète sentimental, qui a les enthousiasmes et les défauts de la jeunesse. Vigueur, passion, grâce, lyrisme, Musset a tous ces dons et les sème à profusion dans ses œuvres : *Contes d'Espagne ; La Coupe et les Lèvres; A quoi rêvent les jeunes Filles; Rolla; Les Nuits,* etc. Son émotion toujours communicative s'empare des âmes, pénètre les cœurs. Eugène Sue "risque le roman français en plein Océan," comme dit Sainte-Beuve; mais bientôt il abandonne le roman maritime pour essayer de peindre la société sous son aspect réel.

Interprète des aspirations qui agitent sa génération, il se lance à la recherche de la vérité politique, philosophique et sociale dans *Les Mystères de Paris* et *Le Juif errant*, romans qui lui valent la popularité et influent beaucoup sur les idées et la littérature du temps. Un autre romancier, c'est Frédéric Soulié, l'auteur des *Mémoires du Diable* et de la *Closerie des Genets*. Celui-ci, maître passé dans l'étude des caractères et dans la combinaison des effets, est un créateur et n'abandonne ses lecteurs qu'après les avoir saturés d'émotions. Au contraire le naturel, une spirituelle bonhomie et une philosophie aimable distinguent les romans d'E. Souvestre. Quant à P. Mérimée il est conteur hors ligne dans sa *Chronique du Temps de Charles IX*, qui met en scène les mœurs et les passions de l'époque, et il donne, dans *Colomba*, un saisissant tableau des vendettas corses. Historien, romancier et poète, Sainte-Beuve se place au premier rang des critiques littéraires contemporains par ses *Causeries*, ses *Lundis* et *Nouveaux Lundis*, dans lesquels il prodigue sa fine analyse, son esprit et son bon goût. Laboulaye ne se contente pas d'être publiciste et jurisconsulte érudit dans l'*Histoire du droit de Propriété foncière en Occident*, dans les *Recherches sur la Condition civile et politique des Femmes depuis les Romains jusqu'à nos jours*, ou encore dans l'*Histoire des Etats-Unis d'Amérique*, il sait aussi manier une plume satirique dans ses romans *Paris en Amérique* et *Le Prince Caniche*. Flaubert, dans *Salammbô*, ressuscite l'ancienne Carthage, et par l'observation minutieuse de la vie commune il s'efforce, dans *Madame Bovary*, d'ouvrir de nouveaux horizons au roman. Taine brille comme philosophe et écrivain dans l'*Histoire de la Littérature anglaise*, tandis que Renan, dans la *Vie de Jésus*, les *Origines du Christianisme*, etc., charme par sa prose qui revêt une forme poétique tout-à-fait spéciale. L'économie politique n'est pas délaissée : elle s'honore des travaux de Lanfrey, lequel apologiste convaincu de la raison et de la liberté dans *L'Eglise et la Philosophie du* 18 *siècle*, combat le catholicisme dans l'*Histoire politique des Papes*, le socialisme dans les *Lettres d'Everard*, et le césarisme dans l'*Histoire de Napoléon Ier*, son œuvre capitale. *Les Fleurs du Mal* de Baudelaire sont des vers d'amour, tout à la fois mystiques et

libertins. Théodore de Banville, qui cisèle des vers remplis de finesse, d'images et de couleurs dans ses *Odes*, les *Nouvelles Odes funambulesques* et les *Trente-six Ballades joyeuses*, formule les lois de la poétique nouvelle dans son *Petit Traité de la Poésie française*. Quant à Théophile Gautier, critique et littérateur, qui joint à un vocabulaire fort riche le culte exclusif du style et de la forme, son œuvre est immense. *Les Mariages de Paris, De Pontoise à Stamboul, Le Roman d'un brave Homme* sont de beaux spécimens du style clair et spirituel qui ont mérité à Edmond About le surnom de "petit fils de Voltaire," et le classent parmi les écrivains ayant le mieux manié la langue française. Alexandre Dumas père joint à une imagination fort vive une incroyable facilité de rédaction. Ces dons naturels vous les trouverez en abondance dans ses romans et son théâtre. Qui n'a pas lu *Le Collier de la Reine, Les Trois Mousquetaires, Le comte de Monte-Cristo ?* Dumas fils suit les traces de son père. Lui aussi aborde le théâtre, cultive le roman. *L'affaire Clémenceau, La Dame aux Camélias, Le Demi-monde, Le Fils naturel*, le montrent écrivain, penseur et moraliste. La grâce est la caractéristique des romans et des drames d'Octave Feuillet. Le comte de Gobineau, qui a laissé un grand poème inachevé, *Amadis*, est aussi un savant. Il s'attache, par son livre *Les Religions et les Philosophies dans l'Asie Centrale*, à faire connaître l'histoire des dogmes et des religions de la Perse ; il témoigne de sa profonde érudition par son *Histoire des Perses d'après les Auteurs orientaux, grecs et latins*, et son *Essai sur l'Inégalité des Races humaines* devient le point de départ de la nouvelle école ethnologique. Victor Hugo, lui, réforme la poétique, retrempe son mâle langage aux sources vives du XVe et du XVIe siècle, et est le grand maître de l'école romantique qu'il substitue à la classique. Questions politiques, religieuses, sociales ou artistiques, roman, drame, poésie, tout est son domaine ; partout il est le maître. Proscrit du 2 décembre 1851, il se réfugie à Jersey, puis à Guernesey. Là, en face de l'Océan, ses pensées semblent s'inspirer des tempêtes, de la grandeur et de l'infini de la mer, et il écrit deux pamphlets, *Napoléon le Petit* et les *Châtiments*, qui sont à la fois livre d'histoire et œuvre de haute poésie. Plus tard il enfante *La*

Légende des Siècles, suite d'épopées et de fantaisies merveilleuses dans lesquelles il ressuscite le tableau de vingt siècles de civilisation disparue. *Notre Dame de Paris,* c'est la reconstitution de Paris au moyen-âge, tandis que le roman *Les Misérables* est une émouvante fiction faite d'histoire et d'érudition. Hugo recherche les antithèses les plus outrées, en appelle au paroxysme de la passion et de la terreur. Rien n'est trop élevé pour son imagination, dont la caractéristique est le grandiose et le sublime, ce qui a fait dire à Renan: "Comme un cyclope à peine dégagé de la matière, il a des secrets d'un monde perdu. Son œuvre immense est le mirage d'un univers qu'aucun œil ne sait plus voir." La poète sait cependant abandonner la région où le fantasque se mêle au surhumain, et *L'Art d'être Grand-père* montre qu'il est capable de parler mieux que pas un à l'âme même d'un enfant. La fantaisie *Les Prunes,* qu'Alphonse Daudet insère dans ses poésies *Amoureuses,* attire l'attention sur l'auteur, que *Le Nabad, Numa Roumestan,* etc., ne tardent pas à placer parmi les meilleurs des romanciers contemporains. Les *Vers* de Guy de Maupassant sont d'un conteur humoristique qui soigne la forme, et le poète-musicien Verlaine essaie des rythmes inconnus dans *Sagesse* et *Romans sans Paroles,* pendant que la plume alerte de Claretie fait à la fois du journalisme, du roman et du théâtre. Erckmann-Chatrian, deux auteurs qu'une collaboration ininterrompue a confondus en une seule personnalité, conquièrent la popularité avec leurs romans nationaux. Un autre romancier, Jules Verne, doué d'une vive imagination et de beaucoup d'esprit, rompt avec les vieilles merveilles de la féerie et entreprend de créer dans le roman un nouveau merveilleux qui utilise les plus récentes données de la science et de la géographie. *Cinq Semaines en Ballon,* le premier roman de ce genre, est bientôt suivi du *Désert de Glace,* de *Vingt mille Lieues sous les Mers,* du *Voyage autour du Monde en 80 jours,* ouvrages qui obtiennent beaucoup de succès. Ecrivain d'un grand talent, Louis Viaud signe du pseudonyme de Pierre Loti des livres: *Madame Chrysanthème, Mon frère Yves* et *Pêcheur d'Islande,* dont la lecture laisse l'esprit sous le charme. Theuriet est romancier et poète. Exquis dans *Raymonde,* touchant dans *Le Filleul d'un Marquis,* psychologue dans *Sauvageonne,* il est amant de la nature

dans le *Journal de Tristan* et fin analyste dans *Michel Verneuil*. Thibault, dit Anatole France, publie de beaux vers, les *Poèmes dorés* et se range parmi les conteurs délicats avec *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*. De même, Catulle Mendès a de beaux vers : *Le Soleil de Minuit*, les *Soirs moroses* et des nouvelles étincelantes. Mais en tête des écrivains réalistes il faut placer Emile Zola, qui, dans ses romans *Thérèse Raquin*, les *Rougon Macquart*, *La Terre*, etc., peint tout sans reculer devant le moindre détail, si brutal soit-il. Ces études si puissantes sont écrites d'un style vigoureux, coloré, et leur influence sur le roman contemporain est considérable. Paul Bourget a de l'originalité et fait de la psychologie dans *Cruelle Enigme*, *L'Irréparable*, *Un Crime d'Amour*, tandis que Sully-Prudhomme donne à ses pensées une forme savante dans *Justice*, *Vaines Tendresses* et *Le Bonheur*. L'idiome poétique du midi renaît avec le poète provençal Mistral, dont l'épopée rustique *Mireille* et le poème *Calendan* ont tant de retentissement, cependant que Fr. Coppée, observateur de la nature et de la réalité, réussit des scènes familières et charmantes dans *Les Intimités*, *Les Humbles*, *La Grève des Forgerons*. Si nous rappelons que la critique littéraire a maintenant deux brillants représentants : J. Lemaître avec *Contemporains*, puis Brunetière, qui montre toute sa science dans *Racine Diderot*, *Le Roman Naturaliste*, *Histoire et Littérature*, nous ne devons pas oublier non plus que l'Histoire proprement dite compte à son actif des œuvres capitales telles que l'*Histoire racontée à mes petits Enfants* par Guizot, *Le Consulat et l'Empire* par Thiers, l'*Histoire de la Révolution française* par Louis Blanc, l'*Histoire de France* par Michelet, et une quantité de monographies, mémoires, lettres ou souvenirs.

En somme le XIXe siècle a produit une grande variété d'œuvres importantes. Mais si l'on ne saurait caractériser d'un mot leur ensemble, on peut cependant faire quelques remarques générales. La première, c'est que le roman et le naturalisme tiennent une large place dans la littérature de cette époque ; la seconde, c'est que plus on avance vers la fin du siècle, plus l'individualisme tend à se substituer aux anciens groupements par écoles. On constate en outre chez tous les écrivains, avec la recherche du terme exact et

du document, un souci constant de la forme, laquelle n'a jamais été plus soignée. Enfin l'érudition figure toujours à côté de la fantaisie, et la critique exerce de plus en plus son savant contrôle.

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Bibliothécaire à la Bibliothèque Nat^le.

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FRENCH LITERATURE

A SUMMARY

Translated from the French of Léon Vallée

The French language is the product of three essential elements: the influences of ancient Rome, the influence of Christianity, and the modification of the Germanic stock. The fusion of these three factors was the work of several centuries, and the *chansons de gestes* were the first literary products of the new language. The most famous of these, the *Chanson de Roland,* may be called the starting-point of all French literature. These ballads of war were soon followed by true narrative poetry, and then, in turn, prose began to show its vitality in the Breton romances and the tales of Villehardouin.

The twelfth century was the period of the troubadours, and the "trouvères." It was also the period of the Courts of Love, over which women exercised their gracious despotism of beauty and of song. To this century we owe a series of romances based upon ancient legend, some belonging to the Greek or the Byzantine School; the Breton romances of adventure, the *Lais* of Marie de France; the first collections of poetry, devoted to the deeds of such heroes as Tristan, Perceval, Gauvain, Lancelot du Lac. The *fabliaux* were of this period too, and then came the *Roman de la Rose,* with its profane influence, to put an end to the reign of chivalrous poetry.

In the thirteenth century, Geoffroy de Villehardouin, the first of the French chroniclers, took part in the expedition which he describes, with simple grandeur, in the *Conquête de Constantinople.*

Soon after, the Sire de Joinville, faithful companion of St. Louis, wrote his *Mémoires,* a brilliant and impassioned narrative of the events of his time.

Messire Jehan Froissart, the historian of the Hundred Years' War, next appears. His *Chronique* enables us to grasp the feudal and military life of the fourteenth century; and it may be said of him that he left us a complete and faithful picture of mediæval civilisation; always exact, admirably descriptive, full of variety. Several other writers combined to make this century a noble epoch in our literature. Christine de Pisan, a poetess of infinite charm and delicacy, defended her sex against the aspersions of Jehan de Meung. Alain Chartier, profoundly moved by the sufferings of France after the disaster of Agincourt, stirred by his eloquence the fallen courage of his compatriots, and his *Quadriloge invectif* is still the noblest of all manifestations of love for the Fatherland and of intense national pride. Eustache Deschamps was another of the galaxy, and so was Oliver Basselin, by trade a fuller, who improvised, wine-cup in hand, the songs known as the *Vaux de Vire,* to which the Vaudeville owes its origin.

We cannot turn from the consideration of this period until we have recalled the fact that the mysteries were in high favour all through the Middle Ages. They took the place of the Miracle-plays, and to them modern tragedy owes its origin. The first play presented in the language of the people *Le Mystère des Vierges folles et des Vierges sages,* in the eleventh century. The "Brotherhood of the Passion" had the exclusive privilege of producing these Mysteries, which became more frequent and more brilliant during the succeeding centuries. The "Clercs de la Basoche" created, somewhat later, the Moralities, in which we find the germ of modern comedy. The "sotie" or brief lyric poem of the "trouvères" and the "jongleurs" gave place, at the end of the Middle Ages, to dramatic plays produced by an association of young Parisian artists called the "Enfants-sans-souci," whose chief bore the title of the "Prince des Sots." The farces of the same period, a new form of the old Mysteries, retained their vogue until the end of Louis XIV.'s reign.

The fifteenth century was made glorious by three great names: Charles d'Orléans, François Villon, and Commines. Charles d'Orléans, who was made a prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, and who found consolation during his captivity in literary pursuits, left us poems distinguished by their grace, their beauty of form, and the exquisite harmony of their structure. Villon's French, richly coloured and varied, was the medium of expression for a singularly direct habit of thought. He broke away from the lifeless allegories of the mediæval tradition, and the *Grand Testament* marks the change in the spirit of French poetry from an impersonal to a personal art. Commines gave us the dramatic view of history; he showed us the struggle between Louis XI., the defender of the unity of France, and Charles de Bourgogne, the last champion of the feudal system which was about to be obliterated. The new art of history may indeed be said to have begun with Commines; the scrutiny of facts, the study and perceptions of broad political interests, as opposed to the mere recital of battles and feats of arms.

In the sixteenth century two great movements took form: the literary renaissance and the religious reformation. But in France, where the conditions of life were still disturbed and unsettled by agitation, the renaissance developed less rapidly than in Italy. "It was," as Demogeot says, "a period at which the men whose thoughts were worth preserving did not know how to write, and the men who cultivated the literary art did not think it needful that they should have any thoughts to express." There were writers of great talent, but there was no accepted and universal form of expression, each writer used a language of his own. Clement Marot, the favourite of François I., and of Marguerite, the king's sister, wrote familiar letters and epigrams of unsurpassed beauty. La Boétie, when only sixteen years old, was fired by the atrocities committed by Montmorency on Bordeaux, and wrote the *Discours sur la Servitude volontaire.* Bodin in his *République* shows himself a philosopher and a statesman. Jacques Amyot, the translator of Plutarch and of Longus, transformed these authors, naturalised them almost; enriching the French language from the stores of antiquity.

Montaigne clothed a moral theory in the rich and pictorial diction of his *Essais*. Rabelais wrote the *Vie de Gargantua et de Pantagruel*, which La Bruyère described as "a monstrous combination; lofty and ingenious thought sullied by foulness of expression. At his worst, no one can be worse; he is the ideal of the gutter. At his best he attains an exquisite excellence, and he can be the food of the most delicate." Calvin dedicated to François I. his *Institution de la Religion chrétienne*, the most important literary product of the Reformation; the work in which French prose first takes definite form. Ronsard and "the pleiads" make their attempt at a literary renovation. At the same time the air was thick with pamphlets and satires, of which the most important was the *Satire ménippée;* a political pamphlet, a comedy, and a piece of great policy all in one. Of memoirs there was a long train; after those of the *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, written by his *Loyal serviteur*, came the *Commentaires* of that violent Catholic, Blaise de Montluc, the book which Henry IV called "The Soldier's Bible"; the memoirs of La Noue, of Coligny, of Brantôme, of Marguerite de Valois, the first wife of Henry IV., the *Etat de la France sous François II*, by Regnier de la Planche, the *Histoire universelle* and the *Mémoires* of d'Aubigny, the *Journal* of Pierre de l'Estoile, the *Histoire* of Jacques Auguste de Thou, and many more.

The French language had at this time already attained such definiteness of form and such richness of expression that foreigners recognised its beauty. Charles-Quint declared that it was the State language of Europe, and later, at the conference of Nimègue, all the powers drew up their international treaties in French.

Malherbe, with whom the seventeenth century commences, played an important part in the reformation of the language. Diction was, to him, almost a religion, and the severity of his precepts earned for him the title of the Tyrant of Words and Syllables. His great merit is that he both regulated and enforced upon his contemporaries the principles of French poetry. Mathurin Regnier, in his satires, excelled in the description of the men and the customs of his day. The picture he draws of

Macette, the aged hypocrite, is a masterpiece. Racan celebrated the charms of rural life. Voiture shines in his fugitive verses, and among the wits of the *ruelles,* Balzac and Benserade appear in the first rank by Voiture's side. The Hôtel de Rambouillet was the first literary institution regularly organised in France, and Cardinal Richelieu procured the issue of the letters patent which created the French Academy. Pierre Corneille revolutionised the French drama. With the *Cid* he established French tragic style, with the *Menteur,* the French of comedy. His *Horace* is full of vigour and originality, and *Cinna* is an accepted masterpiece. Descartes's *Discours sur la Méthode* and his *Méditations* are marvels of style. Ménage, and Vaugelas in his *Remarques sur la Langue française,* helped to perfect the language. La Rochefoucauld, for his part, did much to form the national taste, and give to it the necessary accuracy and perception and soundness of judgment, by the influence of his *Maximes* and *Réflexions Morales.* La Bruyère enunciated no new truths in his *Caractères,* but he draws his portraits with such vigour, concision, and originality of style, that it is impossible to forget anything of his that one has read. Pascal published his *Provinciales,* models of eloquence, and his *Pensées,* of incomparable philosophic power. Cyrano de Bergerac showed a brilliant wit, a wealth of comedy; and Scarron, the most malicious of critics, originated the burlesque. Boileau's writings are marked by good sense, taste, and evenness; and in his *Satires* we perceive his critical power; while his *Art Poétique,* which earned for him the title of the "Lawgiver of Parnassus," contains a whole code of literature. In his *Lutrin* he attains perfection in the poetic art. Molière is inimitable: a profound observer, a great moralist, an incomparable writer. He is the most exact of all painters of human life; he depicts the human character and human passions in comedies of the most vivid, forcible, nervous and richly coloured style. The *Misanthrope, Tartufe, Les Femmes savantes, L'Avare, Les Précieuses ridicules* are among the gems of his brilliant and varied product. Paul de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz, was the historian of the Fronde, and St. Simon wrote his *Mémoires,* which were not printed until 1820. Jean de la Fontaine

"the flower of French wit, endowed with the perfume of antiquity," as Géruzez called him, is the simplest and the least pretentious of our poets. Free as are his *Contes et nouvelles,* they never offend the taste, for the author's finesse and delicacy never deserted him. His *Fables* are life itself, they are original and imperishable. Madame de la Fayette in the *Princesse de Clèves,* gave a new form to fiction, while her friend, Madame de Sévigné, was writing her *Lettres,* that magnificent model of the epistolary art in which the customs and the personages of the seventeenth century are mirrored. Jean Racine held undisputed sway over the stage, and his tragedies: *Andromaque, Britannicus, Bérénice, Mithridate, Esther, Phèdre, Athalie,* as well as his comedy, the *Plaideurs,* reached a standard which it will not be easy for human genius to surpass. The Gallic church is not without its literary glories. Bossuet left his masterpieces of style and of eloquence, such as his *Discours sur l'Histoire universelle* and his *Oraisons funèbres.* Bourdaloue raises himself to the first rank by his *Sermons.* Father Malebranche, at once a metaphysician and a moralist, published his *Recherche de la Vérité.* Fléchier delivered his *Oraison funèbre de Turenne.* Fénélon coupled his name with the *Traité de l'éducation des filles,* the *Dialogues des Morts, Télémaque,* and finally, Massillon had no rival to fear when he wrote his *Petit Carême.*

The eighteenth century was dominated, one might almost say that it is represented, by one towering genius. To Voltaire every form of literary activity seemed easy—history, criticism, drama, philosophy; and he shone in every one of them. His *Histoire de Charles XII* is a model, his light verses are vastly superior to those of his contemporaries, and his plays, *Œdipe, Brutus, Zaïre, Alzire, Mérope, Mahomet, Sémiramis* and *Tancrède* are powerful, animated, affecting, and overflowing with eloquence. Marmontel and La Harpe, disciples of Voltaire, are little reflections of their master's power. Jean Baptiste Rousseau is noteworthy for the melody and the rhythm of his verse. Gresset wrote the *Méchant;* Piron, the *Métromanie.* Le Sage, who portrays human weaknesses in the *Diable boiteux,* gives us the type of the character study in *Gil Blas.* Louis Racine wrote the *Mémoires* in which he

retraces his father's life. Rollin published his *Histoire ancienne.* Bernardin de St-Pierre produced a masterpiece in his simple and poetic romance, *Paul et Virginie.* Montesquieu signed his immortal pages of elevated philosophy, the *Lettres persanes, L'Esprit des Lois,* and the *Considérations sur les Causes de la Grandeur et de la Décadence des Romains.* Jean-Jacques Rousseau, by his theory of philosophy, indicates to us the approach of the French Revolution. His *Emile* is a declaration of the rights of childhood, and an incitement to the domestic virtues; while the *Contrat social* takes its departure from the principle that "all men are born equal." The most vivid passion glows in the pages of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and the *Confessions* yield a true impression of the writer's genius. Caron de Beaumarchais gave the *Barbier de Séville* to the French stage, and after the famous trial he printed his *Mémoires judiciaires,* a work characterised by eloquence, wit, spirit, and sound sense. Buffon devoted his imaginative pen to the analysis of nature. The description of which his *Histoire naturelle* is composed, are not only vivid pictures, but noble and pure in style as well, worthy of the writer who said, when he was received into the Academy, that "the style is the very essence of the man." Diderot, one of the most powerful intellects of his age, conceived, and successfully executed, the immense task of the *Encyclopédie,* with the collaboration of the philosophers Condillac, Helvétius, and d'Hollach. D'Alembert wrote for the same work his beautiful *Discours préliminaire* which serves as its preface and its outline. The Abbé Prévost, a true historian of passion, left us *Manon Lescaut.* And now the century was nearly at an end. It seemed as if the storm of the Revolution must silence all literary effort. Yet this was not the case. At the moment when war was declared against Austria, Rouget de Lisle asserted himself, improvised his magnificent *Chant de Guerre de l'Armée du Rhin,* which, better known under the title of the *Marseillaise,* was to make the tour of Europe and at last become the national hymn of France.

The nineteenth century possessed, at its very dawn, two great writers. The Baroness Staël-Holstein, the daughter of Necker, and yet the type of French wit, displayed all her sensibility in

Delphine, and glorified both Italy and the modern world of femininity in *Corinne.* Chateaubriand manifested every possible grace of style in the *Génie du Christianisme,* and excited the admiration of his contemporaries in *Atala, Réné,* the *Martyrs* and the *Dernier des Abencerages.* Under the Empire, Jacques Delille, the elegant translator of the Georgics, was the master of the descriptive school of poetry. Then came Brillat-Savarin to show, in his *Physiologie du Goût,* that literary art may render attractive even a treatise on gastronomy. Henri Beyle, under the pseudonym of Stendhal, gave play to all his originality in *Rouge et Noir.* Publicists and statesmen were nobly represented in the person of Alexis de Tocqueville, whose learning and talent one cannot but admire in the *Système pénitentiaire aux Etats-Unis,* and in the *Démocratie en Amérique.* Paul Louis Courier made the pamphlet his speciality, and his *Pamphlet des Pamphlets* is regarded as the model of this form of literature. Barthélémy, at once a poet and a politician, in his famous rimed newspaper, *Némésis,* held up the government of Louis Philippe. Béranger, whose ambition it was "to be nobody," selected for his vehicle the *chanson* to which he gave a new form. He sang of the Fatherland, of the people, of liberty, and he covered the old regime with ridicule. Honoré de Balzac, "the Colossus of Literature," as his enthusiasts called him, showed his qualities as a great writer of fiction in the *Peau de Chagrin.* A materialist, imbued with ideas which absolutely mastered him, a story-teller full of spirit and imagination, he constitutes himself the historian of the customs of the society he so brilliantly depicts in *Eugénie Grandet, Une femme de 30 ans, Physiologie du Mariage,* the *Recherche de l'Absolu,* the *Médecin de Campagne* and other works. Another towering figure is that of Lamartine, one of the most illustrious of French poets, who first moved us with *Graziella* and *Raphaël,* narratives of his youthful intrigues. Then came poems of penetrating sadness, the *Méditations,* and to them in turn succeeded the *Harmonies poétiques et religieuses,* in which the author reaches the loftiest regions of the ideal. His *Voyage en Orient* abounds in rich descriptions, and the *Histoire des Girondins,* which had a re-

sounding success, was a true historic poem. Aurore Dupin, Baroness Du Devant, hid her name under the pseudonym of "George Sand," while she displayed all the splendour and precision of style in the *Mare au Diable, François Champi,* and the *Petite Fadette,* rural romances which have been called the Georgics of French literature. In the course of an Italian voyage she quarrelled with Alfred de Musset, a sentimental poet who displayed the enthusiasms and the defects of youth. Vigour, passion, grace, melody—Musset had all these gifts; and gave profusely of his wealth in such works as *Contes d'Espagne,* the *Coupe et les Lèvres; A quoi rêvent les jeunes Filles; Rolla;* and the *Nuits.* His emotion seizes all hearts, penetrates all souls. Eugène Sue "gave French fiction to the hazard of the open sea," as Sainte-Beuve said, but he soon abandoned the nautical novel, and tried to portray society in its true colours. The interpreter of the aspirations which moved his generation, he threw himself into the search for political, philosophical, and social truths, in his *Mystères de Paris,* and his *Juif errant,* romances which won for him a wide popularity and a great influence over the opinions and the literature of his time. Another novelist was Frederic Soulié, the author of the *Mémoires du Diable,* and of the *Closerie des Genets.* A past master in the study of character, and in the art of gaining broad effects, he was a truly creative writer, and never releases his reader until the emotions have been played upon to the point of saturation. The romances of E. Souvestre were, on the other hand, distinguished by close adherence to nature, kindly wit, and genial philosophy. Prosper Mérimée showed himself an incomparable story-teller in his *Chronique du Temps de Charles IX,* where he brings upon the scene the customs and the passions of his day, and in his *Colomba* that striking picture of a Corsican vendetta. Sainte-Beuve takes his place in the first rank of contemporary critics by his *Causeries,* his *Lundis,* and his *Nouveaux Lundis,* in which he lavishes his subtle analysis, his wit, and his good taste. Laboulaye was not content to show himself an erudite publicist and jurisconsult in his *Histoire du droit de Propriété foncière en Occident,* in the *Recherches sur la Condition civile et politique des Femmes depuis les*

Romains jusqu'à nos jours, or in the *Histoire des Etats-Unis d'Amérique,* he showed also that he could wield the satirist's pen in such romances as *Paris en Amérique,* and the *Prince Caniche.* Flaubert in *Salammbô* restored to life the civilisation of ancient Carthage, and his minute observation of life in *Madame Bovary* opened new horizons to French fiction. Taine shines as a philosopher and as a writer in the *Histoire de la Littérature anglaise,* while Renan, in the *Vie de Jésus,* the *Origines du Christianisme,* and similar studies, gives us a prose endowed with a poetic wealth altogether his own. Political economy was not neglected; since it was honoured by the works of Lanfrey, the earnest defender of reason and of freedom, in the *Eglise et la Philosophie du 18e siècle,* the sturdy opponent of Catholicism in the *Histoire politique des Papes,* of Socialism in the *Lettres d'Everard,* and of Cæsarism in the *Histoire de Napoléon I,* his greatest work. The *Fleurs du Mal* of Baudelaire are poems of love, at once mystical and licentious. Théodore de Banville gave us exquisitely chiselled verses, full of elaboration, imagery, and colour, in his *Odes,* his *Nouvelles Odes funambulesques,* and his *Trente-six Ballades joyeuses;* and formulated a new code of poetic laws in his *Petit Traité de la poésie française.* As for Théophile Gautier, at once a critic and a creator, who adds to his rich vocabulary the special study of style and form, his work is of immense importance. The *Mariages de Paris, De Pontoise à Stamboul,* the *Roman d'un brave Homme,* are all beautiful specimens of the clear and witty style which earned for Edmond About the nickname of "Voltaire's grandson." Alexandre Dumas, the elder, possessed at once a vivid imagination and an incredible facility of production; gifts abundantly displayed in both his novels and his plays. Who has not read the *Collier de la Reine,* the *Trois Mousquetaires,* and the *Comte de Monte-Cristo?* Dumas, the younger, follows in his father's footsteps. He, too, wrote both plays and novels. *L'affaire Clémenceau,* the *Dame aux Camélias,* the *Demi-monde,* the *Fils naturel,* reveal him as a writer, a thinker, and a moralist. Grace is the marked characteristic of both the plays and the novels of Octave Feuillet. The Comte de Gobineau, who left one

great poem unfinished, *Amadis*, is a scholar as well as a poet. He undertook, in his *Religions et les Philosophies dans l'Asie centrale*, to make known the history and the doctrines of Persian cults; he displays his profound erudition in his *Histoire des Perses d'après les Auteurs orientaux, grecs et latins*, and his *Essai sur l'Inégalité des Races humaines* was the starting-point of a new school of chronology. Victor Hugo reformed French poetry, found new virility by saturating his vocabulary with the wealth of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. He is the great master of the Romantic School, which he substituted for the Classic School. Whether he dealt with political, religious, social, or artistic matters, whether he wrote fiction, drama, or verse, he is at home in every department of literary activity, everywhere a master. Exiled by the events of the 2nd December 1851, he took refuge first in Jersey and later in Guernsey. There, face to face with the waves, he seems to have found inspiration in the storms, in the grandeur of the sea. In that environment he wrote two pamphlets, *Napoléon le Petit* and the *Châtiments*, which are at once histories and poems of the highest rank. Later, he wrote the *Légende des Siècles*, a series of epopees and marvellous fancies in which he brings back to life the extinct civilisations of twenty centuries. *Notre-Dame de Paris*, gives us again the Paris of the Middle Ages, while the *Misérables* is a moving tale based upon an erudite historical conception. Hugo sought for the most striking antitheses, evoking the paroxysms of love and of fear. Nothing is too lofty for his imagination, characterised as it is by the most sublime grandeur. Renan well said that Hugo, "like a Cyclops still half buried in the earth, possesses the secrets of a lost world. His tremendous writings reflect, as in a mirage, a universe which no other eye but his can still see." Yet he could leave these regions of the supernatural and the fantastic, and the *Art d'être Grand-père* shows that he can commune, as no one else could, with the pure soul of a child. The fanciful verses, entitled the *Prunes*, which Alphonse Daudet included in his volume of *Amoureuses*, first drew attention to the author whom the *Nabad*, *Numa Roumestan*, and other successful works soon placed among the list of contemporary

novelists. The *Vers* of Guy de Maupassant are the work of a writer of humorous tales, and the poet-musician Verlaine finds new rhythms in *Sagesse* and the *Romans sans paroles,* while the fertile pen of Claretie produces novels, plays, and columns of journalism. Erckmann-Chatrian are two authors whose unbroken association has merged into a single personality, and who achieved great popularity by their *Romans nationaux.* Another novelist, Jules Verne, gifted with a vivid imagination and a ready wit, breaks away from the old traditions of the fairy-tale, and finds a new world of marvels, based upon the latest scientific and geographical researches. *Cinq Semaines en Ballon,* the first story of this sort, was soon followed by the *Désert de Glace, Vingt mille Lieues sous les Mers,* the *Voyage autour du Monde en 80 jours,* all of which won unbounded popularity. Louis Viaud, a writer of great talent, signs the pseudonym of Pierre Loti to *Madame Chrysanthème, Mon frère Yves,* and the *Pêcheur d'Islande,* all charming books. Theuriet is at once a novelist and a poet. Exquisite in *Raymonde,* touching in the *Filleul d'un Marquis,* psychological in *Sauvageonne,* he shows his love for nature in the *Journal de Tristan,* and his keen analysis in *Michel Verneuil.* Thibault, who writes under the name of "Anatole France," has published some fine verses, the *Poèmes dorés,* and he takes his place among the delicate writers of short stories in his *Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard.* Catulle Mendès has written some beautiful verse; his *Soleil de Minuit,* the *Soirs moroses;* and some brilliant fiction, too. At the head of the Realistic School stands Emile Zola, who, in *Thérèse Raquin, Rougon Macquart, La Terre,* and other novels depicts everything he sees, without recoiling from the least important detail, however brutal it may be. These powerful studies are written in a rich and vigorous style, and they exercise a considerable influence upon contemporary fiction. Paul Bourget shows originality and psychological insight in *Cruelle Enigme, l'Irreparable,* and *Un Crime d'Amour,* while Sully-Prudhomme gives his thoughts masterly expression in *Justice, Vaines Tendresses,* and *Le Bonheur.* The poetic idiom of Southern France was restored to life by the Provençal poet, Mistral, whose grand rustic epopée *Mireille,* and

whose *Calendan*, too, enjoyed an immediate success; while François Coppée, an observer of nature and of the life about him, gives us a picture of delightful and familiar scenes in the *Intimités*, *Les Humbles*, and *La Grève des Forgerons*. Criticism has its shining lights in the person of J. Lemaître with his *Contemporains*, and Brunetière, who displays his learning in *Racine*, *Diderot*, *Le Roman Naturaliste*, *Histoire et Littérature*. Nor must we forget that history has recently been enriched by such important works as Guizot's *L'Histoire racontée à mes petits Enfants*; *Le Consulat et l'Empire* by Thiers; Louis Blanc's *L'Histoire de la Révolution française*; and Michelet's *L'Histoire de France*, as well as a mass of monographs, memoirs, and volumes of letters and of recollections.

On the whole, the nineteenth century has produced a great variety of important works. It is not possible to sum up in one word their general character, but some general observations suggest themselves. The first is that romance and the naturalistic school occupy an important place in the literature of our time; and the second is, that as we approach the close of the century, individuality of product tends more and more to replace the system by which the writers of an earlier day grouped themselves in schools. It becomes evident, too, that the seeking for the exact word, and for the "document" is accompanied on all sides by a scrupulous study of form, which has never been more sedulously cultivated. Erudition appears hand in hand with fancy, and criticism exercises more and more its sapient influence.

L. Vallée
Bibliothécaire à la Bibliothèque Nat^le.

PARIS, *March* 1899.

SALAMMBÔ AND HER LOVER.

By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

[Gustave Flaubert, leading French novelist, noted for minute "realism" and highly elaborated style, was born at Rouen, December 12, 1821; died May 8, 1880. His first two novels, "Madame Bovary" and "The Temptation of St. Anthony," were published serially in 1857; he was prosecuted for immorality on account of the former, but acquitted. "Salammbô" (scene laid about B.C. 240) appeared in 1862, after a visit to the site of ancient Carthage; "Sentimental Education, a Young Man's Romance," in 1869; "Three Tales" in 1877. He wrote also unsuccessful plays. Posthumously were published "Bouvard and Pécuchet," "Letters to George Sand," and others.]

MÂTHO was bound on the elephant's back, his four limbs crosswise, and all the unwounded escorted him, hurrying with a great commotion back to Carthage.

The water-clock of Khamoûn marked the fifth hour of the night when they reached Malqua. Here Mâtho reopened his eyes. There were such vast numbers of lights on the houses that the city seemed to be all in flames.

A mighty clamor came confusedly to him, and lying on his back he gazed at the stars. Then a door closed upon him, and darkness enveloped him. . . .

There were rejoicings at Carthage — rejoicings deep, universal, extravagant, frantic; the holes of the ruins had been stopped up, the statues of the Gods had been repainted, the streets were strewn with myrtle branches, incense smoked at the corners of the crossways, and the throng on the terraces looked, in their variagated garments, like heaps of flowers blooming in the air.

The people accosted one another, and embraced one another with tears; — the Tyrian towns were taken, the Nomads dispersed, and all the Barbarians annihilated. The Acropolis

was hidden beneath colored velaria; the beaks of the triremes, drawn up in line outside the mole, shone like a dike of diamonds; everywhere there was a sense of the restoration of order, the beginning of a new existence, and the diffusion of vast happiness: it was the day of Salammbô's marriage with the king of the Numidians.

On the terrace of the temple of Khamon there were three long tables laden with gigantic plates, at which the Priests, Ancients, and Rich were going to sit, and there was a fourth and higher one for Hamilcar, Narr' Havas, and Salammbô; for as she had saved her country by the restoration of the zaïmph, the people turned her wedding into a national rejoicing, and were waiting in the square below till she should appear.

But their impatience was excited by another and more acrid longing: Matho's death had been promised for the ceremony.

It had been proposed at first to flay him alive, to pour lead into his entrails, to kill him with hunger; he should be tied to a tree, and an ape behind him should strike him on the head with a stone; he had offended Tanith, and the cynocephaluses of Tanith should avenge her. Others were of opinion that he should be led about on a dromedary after linen wicks, dipped in oil, had been inserted in his body in several places — and they took pleasure in the thought of the large animal wandering through the streets with this man writhing beneath the fires like a candelabrum blown about by the wind.

But what citizens should be charged with his torture, and why disappoint the rest? They would have liked a kind of death in which the whole town might take part, in which every hand, every weapon, everything Carthaginian, to the very paving stones in the streets and the waves in the gulf, could rend him, and crush him, and annihilate him. Accordingly the Ancients decided that he should go from his prison to the square of Khamon without any escort, and with his arms fastened to his back; it was forbidden to strike him to the heart, in order that he might live the longer; to put out his eyes, so that he might see his torture through; to hurl anything against his person, or to lay more than three fingers upon him at a time.

Although he was not to appear until the end of the day, the people sometimes fancied that he could be seen, and the crowd would rush toward the Acropolis, and empty the streets, to return with lengthened murmurings. Some people had remained standing in the same place since the day before, and

they would call on one another from a distance and show their nails, which they had allowed to grow, the better to bury them in his flesh. Others walked restlessly up and down; some were as pale as though they were awaiting their own execution.

Suddenly lofty feather fans rose above the heads, behind the Mappalian district. It was Salammbô leaving her palace; a sigh of relief found vent.

But the procession was long in coming; it marched with deliberation.

First there filed past the priests of the Pataec Gods, then those of Eschmoun, of Melkarth, and all the other colleges in succession, with the same insignia, and in the same order as had been observed at the time of the sacrifice. The pontiffs of Moloch passed with heads bent, and the multitude stood aside from them in a kind of remorse. But the priests of Rabbetna advanced with a proud step, and with lyres in their hands; the priestesses followed them in transparent robes of yellow or black, uttering cries like birds and writhing like vipers, or else whirling round to the sound of flutes to imitate the dance of the stars, while their light garments wafted puffs of delicate scents through the streets.

The Kedeschim, with painted eyelids, who symbolized the hermaphroditism of the Divinity, received applause among these women, and, being perfumed and dressed like them, they resembled them in spite of their flat breasts and narrower hips. Moreover, on this day the female principle dominated and confused all things; a mystic lasciviousness moved in the heavy air; the torches were already lighted in the depths of the sacred woods; there was to be a great prostitution there during the night; three vessels had brought courtesans from Sicily, and others had come from the desert.

As the colleges arrived they ranged themselves in the courts of the temples, on the outer galleries, and along double staircases which rose against the walls, and drew together at the top. Files of white robes appeared between the colonnades, and the architecture was peopled with human statues, motionless as statues of stone.

Then came the masters of the exchequer, the governors of the provinces, and all the Rich. A great tumult prevailed below. Adjacent streets were discharging the crowd, hierodules were driving it back with blows of sticks; and then Salammbô appeared in a litter surmounted by a purple canopy,

and surrounded by the Ancients crowned with their golden tiaras.

Thereupon an immense shout arose; the cymbals and crotala sounded more loudly, the tambourines thundered, and the great purple canopy sank between the two pylons.

It appeared again on the first landing. Salammbô was walking slowly beneath it; then she crossed the terrace to take her seat behind on a kind of throne cut out of the carapace of a tortoise. An ivory stool with three steps was pushed beneath her feet; two negro children knelt on the edge of the first step, and sometimes she would rest both arms, which were laden with rings of excessive weight, upon their heads.

From ankle to hip she was covered with a network of narrow meshes which were in imitation of fish scales, and shone like mother-of-pearl; her waist was clasped by a blue zone, which allowed her breasts to be seen through two crescent-shaped slashings; the nipples were hidden by carbuncle pendants. She had a headdress made of peacock's feathers studded with gems; an ample cloak, as white as snow, fell behind her — and with her elbows at her sides, her knees pressed together, and circles of diamonds on the upper part of her arms, she remained perfectly upright in a hieratic attitude.

Her father and her husband were on two lower seats, Narr' Havas dressed in a light simar and wearing his crown of rock salt, from which there strayed two tresses of hair as twisted as the horns of Ammon; and Hamilcar in a violet tunic figured with gold vine branches, and with a battle sword at his side.

The python of the temple of Eschmoun lay on the ground amid pools of pink oil in the space inclosed by the tables, and, biting its tail, described a large, black circle. In the middle of the circle there was a copper pillar bearing a crystal egg; and, as the sun shone upon it, rays were emitted on every side.

Behind Salammbô, stretched the priests of Tanith in linen robes; on her right the Ancients, in their tiaras, formed a great gold line, and on the other side the Rich, with their emerald scepters, a great green line — while quite in the background, where the priests of Moloch were ranged, the cloaks looked like a wall of purple. The other colleges occupied the lower terraces. The multitude obstructed the streets. It reached to the house tops, and extended in long files to the summit of the Acropolis. Having thus the people at her feet, the firmament above her head, and around her the immensity of the sea, the

gulf, the mountains, and the distant provinces, Salammbô in her splendor was blended with Tanith, and seemed the very Genius of Carthage, and its embodied soul.

The feast was to last all night, and lamps with several branches were planted like trees on the painted woolen cloths which covered the low tables. Large electrum flagons, blue glass amphoras, tortoise-shell spoons, and small round loaves were crowded between the double row of pearl-bordered plates; bunches of grapes with their leaves had been rolled round ivory vine stocks after the fashion of the thyrsus; blocks of snow were melting on ebony trays, and lemons, pomegranates, gourds, and watermelons formed hillocks beneath the lofty silver plate; boars with open jaws were wallowing in the dust of spices; hares, covered with their fur, appeared to be bounding amid the flowers; there were shells filled with forcemeat; the pastry had symbolic shapes; when the covers of the dishes were removed doves flew out.

The slaves, meanwhile, with tunics tucked up, were going about on tiptoe; from time to time a hymn sounded on the lyres, or a choir of voices rose. The clamor of the people, continuous as the noise of the sea, floated vaguely around the feast, and seemed to lull it in a broader harmony; some recalled the banquet of the Mercenaries; they gave themselves up to dreams of happiness; the sun was beginning to go down, and the crescent of the moon was already rising in another part of the sky.

But Salammbô turned her head as though some one had called her; the people, who were watching her, followed the direction of her eyes.

The door of the dungeon, hewn in the rock at the foot of the temple, on the summit of the Acropolis, had just opened; and a man was standing on the threshold of this black hole.

He came forth bent double, with the scared look of fallow deer when suddenly enlarged.

The light dazzled him, he stood motionless awhile. All had recognized him and they held their breath.

In their eyes the body of this victim was something peculiarly theirs, and was adorned with almost religious splendor. They bent forward to see him, especially the women. They burned to gaze upon him who had caused the deaths of their children and husbands; and from the bottom of their souls there sprang up in spite of themselves an infamous curiosity,

a desire to know him completely, a wish mingled with remorse which turned to increased execration.

At last he advanced; then the stupefaction of surprise disappeared. Numbers of arms were raised, and he was lost to sight.

The staircase of the Acropolis had sixty steps. He descended them as though he were rolled down in a torrent from the top of a mountain; three times he was seen to leap, and then he alighted below on his feet.

His shoulders were bleeding, his breast was panting with great shocks; and he made such efforts to burst his bonds that his arms, which were crossed on his naked loins, swelled like pieces of a serpent.

Several streets began in front of him, leading from the spot at which he found himself. In each of them a triple row of bronze chains fastened to the navels of the Pataec Gods extended in parallel lines from one end to the other; the crowd was massed against the houses, and servants, belonging to the Ancients, walked in the middle brandishing thongs.

One of them drove him forward with a great blow; Matho began to move.

They thrust their arms over the chains, shouting out that the road had been left too wide for him; and he passed along, felt, pricked, and slashed by all those fingers; when he reached the end of one street another appeared; several times he flung himself to one side to bite them; they speedily dispersed, the chains held him back, and the crowd burst out laughing.

A child rent his ear; a young girl, hiding the point of a spindle in her sleeve, split his cheek; they tore handfuls of hair from him and strips of flesh; others smeared his face with sponges steeped in filth and fastened upon sticks. A stream of blood started from the right side of his neck; frenzy immediately set in. This last Barbarian was to them a representative of all the Barbarians, and all the army; they were taking vengeance on him for their disasters, their terrors, and their shame. The rage of the mob developed with its gratification; the curving chains were overstrained, and were on the point of breaking; the people did not feel the blows of the slaves who struck at them to drive them back; some clung to the projections of the houses; all the openings in the walls were stopped up with heads; and they howled at him the mischief that they could not inflict upon him.

It was atrocious, filthy abuse, mingled with ironical encouragements and with imprecations; and, his present tortures not being enough for them, they foretold to him others that should be still more terrible in eternity.

This vast baying filled Carthage with stupid continuity. Frequently a single syllable — a hoarse, deep, and frantic intonation — would be repeated for several minutes by the entire people. The walls would vibrate with it from top to bottom, and both sides of the street would seem to Matho to be coming against him, and carrying him off the ground, like two immense arms stifling him in the air.

Nevertheless he remembered that he had experienced something like it before. The same crowd was on the terraces, there were the same looks and the same wrath; but then he had walked free, all had then dispersed, for a God covered him — and the recollection of this, gaining precision by degrees, brought a crushing sadness upon him. Shadows passed before his eyes; the town whirled round in his head, his blood streamed from a wound in his hip, he felt that he was dying; his hams bent, and he sank quite gently upon the pavement.

Some one went to the peristyle of the temple of Melkarth, took thence the bar of a tripod, heated red hot in the coals, and, slipping it beneath the first chain, pressed it against his wound. The flesh was seen to smoke; the hootings of the people drowned his voice; he was standing again.

Six paces further on, and he fell a third and again a fourth time; but some new torture always made him rise. They discharged little drops of boiling oil through tubes at him; they strewed pieces of broken glass beneath his feet; still he walked on. At the corner of the street of Satheb he leaned his back against the wall beneath the penthouse of a shop, and advanced no further.

The slaves of the Council struck him with their whips of hippopotamus leather, so furiously and long that the fringes of their tunics were drenched with sweat. Matho appeared insensible; suddenly he started off and began to run at random, making noise with his lips like one shivering with severe cold. He threaded the streets of Boudes, and the street of Sœpo, crossed the Green Market, and reached the square of Khamon.

He now belonged to the priests; the slaves had just dispersed the crowd, and there was more room. Matho gazed round him and his eyes encountered Salammbô.

At the first step that he had taken she had risen; then, as he approached, she had involuntarily advanced by degrees to the edge of the terrace; and soon all external things were blotted out, and she saw only Matho. Silence fell in her soul — one of those abysses wherein the whole world disappears beneath the pressure of a single thought, a memory, a look. This man who was walking toward her attracted her.

Excepting his eyes he had no appearance of humanity left; he was a long, perfectly red shape; his broken bonds hung down his thighs, but they could not be distinguished from the tendons of his wrists, which were laid quite bare; his mouth remained wide open; from his eye sockets there darted flames which seemed to rise up to his hair — and the wretch still walked on!

He reached the foot of the terrace. Salammbô was leaning over the balustrade; those frightful eyeballs were scanning her, and there rose within her a consciousness of all that he had suffered for her. Although he was in his death agony, she could see him once more kneeling in his tent, encircling her waist with his arms, and stammering out gentle words; she thirsted to feel them and hear them again; she did not want him to die! At this moment Matho gave a great start; she was on the point of shrieking aloud. He fell backward and did not stir again.

Salammbô was borne back, nearly swooning, to her throne by the priests who flocked about her. They congratulated her; it was her work. All clapped their hands and stamped their feet, howling her name.

A man darted upon the corpse. Although he had no beard he had the cloak of a priest of Moloch on his shoulder, and in his belt that species of knife which they employed for cutting up the sacred meat, and which terminated, at the end of the handle, in a golden spatula. He cleft Matho's breast with a single blow, then snatched out the heart and laid it upon the spoon; and Schahabarim, uplifting his arm, offered it to the sun.

The sun sank behind the waves; his rays fell like long arrows upon the red heart. As the beatings diminished the planet sank into the sea; and at the last palpitation it disappeared.

Then from the gulf to the lagoon, and from the isthmus to the pharos, in all the streets, on all the houses, and on all the

temples, there was a single shout; sometimes it paused, to be again renewed; the building shook with it; Carthage was convulsed, as it were, in the spasm of Titanic joy and boundless hope.

Narr' Havas, drunk with pride, passed his left arm beneath Salammbô's waist in token of possession; and taking a gold patera in his right hand, he drank to the Genius of Carthage.

Salammbô rose like her husband, with a cup in her hand, to drink also. She fell down again with her head lying over the back of the throne, — pale, stiff, with parted lips, — and her loosened hair hung to the ground.

HANNIBAL AS STRATEGIST AND SOLDIER.

By LIVY.

[Titus Livius, Roman historian, was born near what is now Padua, B.C. 59. He lived at Rome under Augustus, making so splendid a literary reputation that one man went from Spain to Rome and back merely to look at him; but he retired to his native town, and died there B.C. 17. His enduring repute rests on his History of Rome from its foundation to the death of Drusus, in one hundred and forty-two books, of which only thirty-five are extant.]

The Crossing of the Alps, B.C. 218–217.

After composing the dissensions of the Allobroges, being on his way to the Alps, he proceeded to the Tricorii; his way being nowhere obstructed till he came to the river Druentia. This stream, rising amid the Alps, is by far the most difficult to pass of all the rivers in Gaul: for though it rolls down an immense body of water, yet it does not admit of ships; because, being restrained by no banks, and flowing in several and not always the same channels, and continually forming new shallows and new whirlpools (on which account the passage is also uncertain to a person on foot), and rolling down besides gravelly stones, it affords no firm or safe passage to those who enter it; and having been at that time swollen by showers, it created great disorder among the soldiers as they crossed, when, in addition to other difficulties, they were of themselves confused by their own hurry and uncertain shouts.

From the Druentia, by a road that lay principally through plains, Hannibal arrived at the Alps without molestation from

the Gauls that inhabit those regions. Then, though the scene had been previously anticipated from report (by which uncertainties are wont to be exaggerated), yet the height of the mountains when viewed so near, and the snows almost mingling with the sky, the shapeless huts situated on the cliffs, the cattle and beasts of burden withered by the cold, the men unshorn and wildly dressed, all things, animate and inanimate, stiffened with frost, and other objects more terrible to be seen than described, renewed their alarm. To them, marching up the first acclivities, the mountaineers appeared occupying the heights overhead; who, if they had occupied the more concealed valleys, might, by rushing out suddenly to the attack, have occasioned great flight and havoc. Hannibal orders them to halt, and having sent forward Gauls to view the ground, when he found there was no passage that way, he pitches his camp in the widest valley he could find, among places all rugged and precipitous. Then, having learned from the same Gauls, when they had mixed in conversation with the mountaineers, from whom they differed little in language and manners, that the pass was only beset during the day, and that at night each withdrew to his own dwelling, he advanced at the dawn to the heights, as if designing openly and by day to force his way through the defile. The day then being passed in feigning a different attempt from that which was in preparation, when they had fortified the camp in the same place where they had halted, as soon as he perceived that the mountaineers had descended from the heights, and that the guards were withdrawn, having lighted for show a greater number of fires than was proportioned to the number that remained, and having left the baggage in the camp, with the cavalry and the principal part of the infantry, he himself with a party of light-armed, consisting of all the most courageous of his troops, rapidly cleared the defile, and took post on those very heights which the enemy had occupied.

At dawn of light the next day the camp broke up, and the rest of the army began to move forward. The mountaineers, on a signal being given, were now assembling from their forts to their usual station, when they suddenly behold part of the enemy overhanging them from above, in possession of their former position, and the others passing along the road. Both these objects, presented at the same time to the eye and the mind, made them stand motionless for a little while; but when they afterwards saw the confusion in the pass, and that the

marching body was thrown into disorder by the tumult which itself created, principally from the horses being terrified, thinking that whatever terror they added would suffice for the destruction of the enemy, they scramble along the dangerous rocks, as being accustomed alike to pathless and circuitous ways. Then indeed the Carthaginians were opposed at once by the enemy and by the difficulties of the ground; and each striving to escape first from the danger, there was more fighting among themselves than with their opponents. The horses, in particular, created danger in the lines, which, being terrified by the discordant clamors which the groves and reëchoing valleys augmented, fell into confusion; and if by chance struck or wounded, they were so dismayed that they occasioned a great loss both of men and baggage of every description: and as the pass on both sides was broken and precipitous, this tumult threw many down to an immense depth, some even of the armed men; but the beasts of burden, with their loads, were rolled down like the fall of some vast fabric. Though these disasters were shocking to view, Hannibal, however, kept his place for a little, and kept his men together, lest he might augment the tumult and disorder; but afterwards, when he saw the line broken, and that there was danger that he should bring over his army preserved to no purpose if deprived of their baggage, he hastened down from the higher ground; and though he had routed the enemy by the first onset alone, he at the same time increased the disorder in his own army: but that tumult was composed in a moment, after the roads were cleared by the flight of the mountaineers; and presently the whole army was conducted through, not only without being disturbed, but almost in silence. He then took a fortified place, which was the capital of that district, and the little villages that lay around it, and fed his army for three days with the corn and cattle he had taken; and during these three days, as the soldiers were neither obstructed by the mountaineers, who had been daunted by the first engagement, nor yet much by the ground, he made considerable way.

He then came to another state, abounding, for a mountainous country, with inhabitants; where he was nearly overcome, not by open war, but by his own arts of treachery and ambuscade. Some old men, governors of forts, came as deputies to the Carthaginian, professing, "that having been warned by the useful example of the calamities of others, they wished

rather to experience the friendship than the hostilities of the Carthaginians: they would, therefore, obediently execute his commands, and begged that he would accept of a supply of provisions, guides of his march, and hostages for the sincerity of their promises." Hannibal, when he had answered them in a friendly manner, thinking that they should neither be rashly trusted nor yet rejected, lest if repulsed they might openly become enemies, having received the hostages whom they proffered, and made use of the provisions which they of their own accord brought down to the road, follows their guides, by no means as among a people with whom he was at peace, but with his line of march in close order. The elephants and cavalry formed the van of the marching body; he himself, examining everything around, and intent on every circumstance, followed with the choicest of the infantry. When they came into a narrower pass, lying on one side beneath an overhanging eminence, the barbarians, rising at once on all sides from their ambush, assail them in front and rear, both at close quarters and from a distance, and roll down huge stones on the army. The most numerous body of men pressed on the rear; against whom the infantry facing about and directing their attack made it very obvious that, had not the rear of the army been well supported, a great loss must have been sustained in that pass. Even as it was, they came to the extremity of danger, and almost to destruction; for while Hannibal hesitates to lead down his division into the defile, because, though he himself was a protection to the cavalry, he had not in the same way left any aid to the infantry in the rear, the mountaineers, charging obliquely, and on having broken through the middle of the army, took possession of the road; and one night was spent by Hannibal without his cavalry and baggage.

Next day, the barbarians running in to the attack between (the two divisions) less vigorously, the forces were reunited, and the defile passed, not without loss, but yet with a greater destruction of beasts of burden than of men. From that time the mountaineers fell upon them in smaller parties, more like an attack of robbers than war, sometimes on the van, sometimes on the rear, according as the ground afforded them advantage, or stragglers advancing or loitering gave them an opportunity. Though the elephants were driven through steep and narrow roads with great loss of time, yet wherever they went they rendered the army safe from the enemy, because

men unacquainted with such animals were afraid of approaching too nearly. On the ninth day they came to a summit of the Alps, chiefly through places trackless; and after many mistakes of their way, which were caused either by the treachery of the guides, or, when they were not trusted, by entering valleys at random on their own conjectures of the route. For two days they remained encamped on the summit; and rest was given to the soldiers, exhausted with toil and fighting; and several beasts of burden, which had fallen down among the rocks, by following the track of the army arrived at the camp. A fall of snow, it being now the season of the setting of the constellation of the Pleiades, caused great fear to the soldiers, already worn out with weariness of so many hardships. On the standards being moved forward at daybreak, when the army proceeded slowly over all places entirely blocked up with snow, and languor and despair strongly appeared in the countenances of all, Hannibal, having advanced before the standards, and ordered the soldiers to halt on a certain eminence, whence there was a prospect far and wide, points out to them Italy and the plains of the Po, extending themselves beneath the Alpine mountains, and said, "that they were now surmounting not only the ramparts of Italy, but also of the city of Rome; that the rest of the journey would be smooth and downhill; that after one, or, at most, a second battle, they would have the citadel and capital of Italy in their power and possession." The army then began to advance, the enemy now making no attempts beyond petty thefts, as opportunity offered. But the journey proved much more difficult than it had been in the ascent, as the declivity of the Alps, being generally shorter on the side of Italy, is consequently steeper; for nearly all the road was precipitous, narrow, and slippery, so that neither those who made the least stumble could prevent themselves from falling, nor, when fallen, remain in the same place, but rolled, both men and beasts of burden, one upon another.

They then came to a rock much more narrow, and formed of such perpendicular ledges that a light-armed soldier, carefully making the attempt, and clinging with his hands to the bushes and roots around, could with difficulty lower himself down. The ground, even before very steep by nature, had been broken by a recent falling away of the earth into a precipice of nearly a thousand feet in depth. Here, when the cavalry had halted, as if at the end of their journey, it is

announced to Hannibal, wondering what obstructed the march, that the rock was impassable. Having then gone himself to view the place, it seemed clear to him that he must lead his army round it, by however great a circuit, through the pathless and untrodden regions around. But this route also proved impracticable; for while the new snow of a moderate depth remained on the old, which had not been removed, their footsteps were planted with ease as they walked upon the new snow, which was soft and not too deep; but when it was dissolved by the trampling of so many men and beasts of burden, they then walked on the bare ice below, and through the dirty fluid formed by the melting snow. Here there was a wretched struggle, both on account of the slippery ice not affording any hold to the step, and giving way beneath the foot more readily by reason of the slope; and whether they assisted themselves in rising by their hands or their knees, their supports themselves giving way, they would tumble again; nor were there any stumps or roots near by pressing against which one might with hand or foot support himself; so that they only floundered on the smooth ice and amidst the melted snow. The beasts of burden sometimes also cut into this lower ice by merely treading upon it, at others they broke it completely through by the violence with which they struck in their hoofs in their struggling, so that most of them, as if taken in a trap, stuck in the hardened and deeply frozen ice.

At length, after the men and beasts of burden had been fatigued to no purpose, the camp was pitched on the summit, the ground being cleared for that purpose with great difficulty, so much snow was there to be dug out and carried away. The soldiers being then set to make a way down the cliff, by which alone a passage could be effected, and it being necessary that they should cut through the rocks, having felled and lopped a number of large trees which grew around, they make a huge pile of timber; and as soon as a strong wind fit for exciting the flames arose, they set fire to it, and, pouring vinegar on the heated stones, they render them soft and crumbling. They then open a road through the incandescent rock with iron tools, and reduce the grades by moderate windings, so that not only the draft animals but the elephants also can be brought down. Four days being spent around the cliff, the draft animals had nearly perished with hunger; for the peaks were almost bare, and what little forage there was, the snows buried up. The

lower levels have valleys and sunny knolls, and brooks near woods, and still more suitable spots under human cultivation. There the draft animals are turned out to pasture, and rest is given to the men tired out with fatigue duty.

The Escape by the Stratagem of the Oxen.

It happened that on that day Minucius had formed a junction with Fabius, having been sent to secure with a guard the pass above Tarracina, which, contracted into a narrow gorge, overhangs the sea, in order that Hannibal might not be able to get into the Roman territory by the Appian Way's being unguarded. The dictator and master of the horse, uniting their forces, lead them down into the road through which Hannibal was about to march his troops. The enemy was two miles from that place.

The following day the Carthaginian filled the whole road between the two camps with his troops in marching order; and though the Romans had taken their stand immediately under their rampart, having a decidedly superior position, yet the Carthaginian came up with his light horse, and, with a view to provoke the enemy, carried on a kind of desultory attack, first charging and then retreating. The Roman line remained in its position. The battle was slow, and more conformable to the wish of the dictator than of Hannibal. On the part of the Romans there fell two hundred, on the part of the enemy eight hundred. It now began to appear that Hannibal was hemmed in, the road to Casilinum being blockaded; and that while Capua, and Samnium, and so many wealthy allies in the rear of the Romans might supply them with provisions, the Carthaginian, on the other hand, must winter amidst the rocks of Formiæ and the sands and hideous swamps of Liternum. Nor did it escape Hannibal that he was assailed by his own arts; wherefore, since he could not escape by way of Casilinum, and since it was necessary to make for the mountains and pass the summit of Callicula, lest in any place the Romans should attack his troops while inclosed in valleys; having hit upon a stratagem calculated to deceive the sight, and excite terror from its appearance, by means of which he might baffle the enemy, he resolved to come up by stealth to the mountains at the commencement of night. The preparation of his wily stratagem was of this description. Torches, collected from every part of the country, and bundles of rods and dry cuttings, are fastened before the horns of oxen, of which, wild and

tame, he had driven away a great number among other plunder of the country: the number of oxen was made up to nearly two thousand. To Hasdrubal was assigned the task of driving to the mountains that herd, after having set fire to their horns as soon as ever it was dark; particularly, if he could, over the passes beset by the enemy.

As soon as it was dark the camp was moved in silence; the oxen were driven a little in advance of the standards. When they arrived at the foot of the mountains and the narrow passes, the signal is immediately given for setting fire to their horns and driving them violently up the mountains before them. The mere terror excited by the flame, which cast a glare from their heads, and the heat now approaching the quick and the roots of their horns, drove on the oxen as if goaded by madness. By which dispersion, on a sudden all the surrounding shrubs were in a blaze, as if the mountains and woods had been on fire; and the unavailing tossing of their heads quickening the flame, exhibited an appearance as of men running to and fro on every side. Those who had been placed to guard the passage of the wood, when they saw fires on the tops of the mountains, and some over their own heads, concluding that they were surrounded, abandoned their post; making for the tops of the mountains in the direction in which the fewest fires blazed, as being the safest course; however, they fell in with some oxen which had strayed from their herds. At first, when they beheld them at a distance, they stood fixed in amazement at the miracle, as it appeared to them, of creatures breathing fire; afterwards, when it showed itself to be a human stratagem, then, forsooth, concluding that there was an ambuscade, as they are hurrying away in flight with increased alarm, they fall in also with the light-armed troops of the enemy. But the night, when the fear was equally shared, kept them from commencing the battle till morning. Meanwhile Hannibal, having marched his whole army through the pass, and having cut off some of the enemy in the very defile, pitches his camp in the country of Allifæ.

Fabius perceived this tumult, but concluding that it was a snare, and being disinclined for a battle, particularly by night, kept his troops within the works. At break of day a battle took place under the summit of the mountain, in which the Romans, who were considerably superior in numbers, would have easily overpowered the light-armed of the enemy, cut off

as they were from their party, had not a cohort of Spaniards, sent back by Hannibal for that very purpose, reached the spot. That body being more accustomed to mountains, and being more adapted, both from the agility of their limbs and also from the character of their arms, to skirmishing amidst rocks and crags, easily foiled, by their manner of fighting, an enemy loaded with arms, accustomed to level ground and the steady kind of fighting. Separating from a contest thus by no means equal, they proceeded to their camps, — the Spaniards almost all untouched, the Romans having lost a few. Fabius also moved his camp, and passing the defile, took up a position above Allifæ, in a strong and elevated place. Then Hannibal, pretending to march to Rome through Samnium, came back as far as the Peligni, spreading devastation. Fabius led his troops along the heights midway between the army of the enemy and the city of Rome, neither avoiding him altogether, nor coming to an engagement. From the Peligni the Carthaginian turned his course, and going back again to Apulia, reached Geronium, a city deserted by its inhabitants from fear, as a part of its walls had fallen down together in ruins. The dictator formed a completely fortified camp in the territory of Larinum, and being recalled thence to Rome on account of some sacred rites, he not only urged the master of the horse, in virtue of his authority, but with advice and almost with prayers, that he would trust rather to prudence than fortune, and imitate him as a general rather than Sempronius and Flaminius; that he would not suppose that nothing had been achieved by having worn out nearly the whole summer in baffling the enemy; that physicians, too, sometimes gained more by rest than by motion and action. That it was no small thing to have ceased to be conquered by an enemy so often victorious, and to have taken breath after successive disasters. Having thus unavailingly admonished the master of the horse, he set out for Rome.

The Battle of Lake Trasimenus, B.C. 217.

Hannibal lays waste the country between the city Cortona and the lake Trasimenus with all the devastation of war, the more to exasperate the enemy to revenge the injuries inflicted on his allies. They had now reached a place formed by nature for an ambuscade, where the Trasimenus comes nearest to the mountains of Cortona. A very narrow passage only intervenes,

as though room enough just for that purpose had been left designedly; after that a somewhat wider plain opens itself, and then some hills rise up. On these he pitches his camp, in full view, where he himself, with his Spaniards and Africans, only might be posted. The Baliares and his other light troops he leads round the mountains; his cavalry he posts at the very entrance of the defile, some eminences conveniently concealing them; in order that when the Romans had entered, the cavalry advancing, every place might be inclosed by the lake and the mountains. Flaminius, passing the defiles before it was quite daylight, without reconnoitering, though he had arrived at the lake the preceding day at sunset, when the troops began to be spread into the wider plain, saw that part only of the enemy which was opposite to him; the ambuscade in his rear and overhead escaped his notice. And when the Carthaginian had his enemy inclosed by the lake and mountains, and surrounded by his troops, he gives the signal to all to make a simultaneous charge; and each running down the nearest way, the suddenness and unexpectedness of the event was increased to the Romans by a mist rising from the lake, which had settled thicker on the plain than on the mountains; and thus the troops of the enemy ran down from the various eminences, sufficiently well discerning each other, and therefore with the greater regularity. A shout being raised on all sides, the Roman found himself surrounded before he could well see the enemy; and the attack on the front and flank had commenced ere his line could be well formed, his arms prepared for action, or his swords unsheathed.

The consul, while all were panic-struck, himself sufficiently undaunted, though in so perilous a case, marshals, as well as the time and place permitted, the lines which were thrown into confusion by each man's turning himself towards the various shouts; and wherever he could approach or be heard, exhorts them, and bids them stand and fight: for that they could not escape thence by vows and prayers to the gods, but by exertion and valor; that a way was sometimes opened by the sword through the midst of marshaled armies, and that generally the less the fear the less the danger. However, from the noise and tumult, neither his advice nor command could be caught; and so far were the soldiers from knowing their own standards, and ranks, and position, that they had scarce sufficient courage to take up arms and make them ready for battle; and

certain of them were surprised before they could prepare them, being burdened rather than protected by them; while in so great darkness there was more use of ears than of eyes. They turned their faces and eyes in every direction towards the groans of the wounded, the sounds of blows upon the body or arms, and the mingled clamors of the menacing and the affrighted. Some, as they were making their escape, were stopped, having encountered a body of men engaged in fight; and bands of fugitives returning to the battle, diverted others. After charges had been attempted unsuccessfully in every direction, and on their flanks the mountains and the lake, on the front and rear the lines of the enemy inclosed them, when it was evident that there was no hope of safety but in the right hand and the sword; then each man became to himself a leader and encourager to action; and an entirely new contest arose, not a regular line, with principes, hastati, and triarii; nor of such a sort as that the vanguard should fight before the standards, and the rest of the troops behind them; nor such that each soldier should be in his own legion, cohort, or company: chance collects them into bands; and each man's own will assigned to him his post, whether to fight in front or rear; and so great was the ardor of the conflict, so intent were their minds upon the battle, that not one of the combatants felt an earthquake which threw down large portions of many of the cities of Italy, turned rivers from their rapid courses, carried the sea up into rivers, and leveled mountains with a tremendous crash.

The battle was continued near three hours, and in every quarter with fierceness; around the consul, however, it was still hotter and more determined. Both the strongest of the troops, and himself too, promptly brought assistance wherever he perceived his men hard pressed and distressed. But, distinguished by his armor, the enemy attacked him with the utmost vigor, while his countrymen defended him; until an Insubrian horseman, named Ducarius, knowing him also by his face, says to his countrymen, "Lo, this is the consul who slew our legions and laid waste our fields and city. Now will I offer this victim to the shades of my countrymen, miserably slain;" and putting spurs to his horse, he rushes through a very dense body of the enemy; and first slaying his armor bearer, who had opposed himself to his attack as he approached, ran the consul through with his lance; the triarii, opposing their shields, kept him off when

seeking to despoil him. Then first the flight of a great number began; and now neither the lake nor the mountains obstructed their hurried retreat; they run through all places, confined and precipitous, as though they were blind; and arms and men are tumbled one upon another. A great many, when there remained no more space to run, advancing into the water through the first shallows of the lake, plunge in, as far as they could stand above it with their heads and shoulders. Some there were whom inconsiderate fear induced to try to escape even by swimming; but as that attempt was inordinate and hopeless, they were either overwhelmed in the deep water, their courage failing, or, wearied to no purpose, made their way back, with extreme difficulty, to the shallows, and there were cut up on all hands by the cavalry of the enemy, which had entered the water. Near upon six thousand of the foremost body, having gallantly forced their way through the opposing enemy, entirely unacquainted with what was occurring in their rear, escaped from the defile; and having halted on a certain rising ground, and hearing only the shouting and clashing of arms, they could not know nor discern, by reason of the mist, what was the fortune of the battle. At length, the affair being decided, when the mist, dispelled by the increasing heat of the sun, had cleared the atmosphere, then, in the clear light, the mountains and plains showed their ruin, and the Roman army miserably destroyed; and thus, lest, being descried at a distance, the cavalry should be sent against them, hastily snatching up their standards, they hurried away with all possible expedition. On the following day, when in addition to their extreme sufferings in other respects, famine also was at hand, Maharbal, who had followed them during the night with the whole body of cavalry, pledging his honor that he would let them depart with single garments if they would deliver up their arms, they surrendered themselves; which promise was kept by Hannibal with Punic fidelity, and he threw them all into chains.

This is the celebrated battle at the Trasimenus, and recorded among the few disasters of the Roman people. Fifteen thousand Romans were slain in the battle. Ten thousand, who had been scattered in the flight through all Etruria, returned to the city by different roads. One thousand five hundred of the enemy perished in the battle; many on both sides died afterwards of their wounds.

The Battle of Cannæ, B.C. 216.

The consuls persisted in the same opinions they ever entertained; but nearly all acquiesced with Varro, and none with Paulus except Servilius, the consul of the former year. In compliance with the opinion of the majority, they set out, under the impulse of destiny, to render Cannæ celebrated by a Roman disaster. Hannibal had pitched his camp near that village, with his back to the wind Vulturnus, which, in those plains which are parched with drought, carries with it clouds of dust. This circumstance was not only very advantageous to the camp, but would be a great protection to them when they formed their line; as they, with the wind blowing only on their backs, would combat with an enemy blinded with the thickly blown dust.

When the consuls, employing sufficient diligence in exploring the road in pursuit of the Carthaginian, had arrived at Cannæ, where they had the enemy in the sight of them, having divided their forces, they fortify two camps, with nearly the same interval as before, at Geronium. The river Aufidus, which flowed by both the camps, afforded approach to the watering parties of each, as opportunity served, though not without contest. The Romans in the lesser camp, however, which was on the other side the Aufidus, were more freely furnished with water, because the farther bank had no guard of the enemy. Hannibal, entertaining a hope that the consuls would not decline a battle in this tract, which was naturally adapted to a cavalry engagement, in which portion of his forces he was invincible, formed his line, and provoked the enemy by a skirmishing attack with his Numidians. Upon this the Roman camp began again to be embroiled by a mutiny among the soldiers, and the disagreement of the consuls: since Paulus instanced to Varro the temerity of Sempronius and Flaminius; while Varro pointed to Fabius, as a specious example to timid and inactive generals. The latter called both gods and men to witness "that no part of the blame attached to him, that Hannibal had now made Italy his own, as it were, by right of possession; that he was held bound by his colleague; that the swords and arms were taken out of the hands of the indignant soldiers, who were eager to fight." The former declared "that, if any disaster should befall the legions thus exposed and betrayed into an ill-advised and imprudent

battle, he should be exempt from any blame, though the sharer of all the consequences. That he must take care that their hands were equally energetic in the battle, whose tongues were so forward and impetuous."

While time is thus consumed in altercation rather than deliberating, Hannibal, who had kept his troops drawn up in order of battle till late in the day, when he had led the rest of them back into the camp, sends Numidians across the river to attack a watering party of the Romans from the lesser camp. Having routed this disorderly band by shouting and tumult, before they had well reached the opposite bank, they advanced even to an outpost which was before the rampart, and near the very gates of the camp. It seemed so great an indignity, that now even the camp of the Romans should be terrified by a tumultuary band of auxiliaries, that this cause alone kept back the Romans from crossing the river forthwith, and forming their line, that the chief command was on that day held by Paulus. Accordingly, Varro, on the following day, on which it was his turn to hold the command, without consulting his colleague, displayed the signal for battle, and, forming his troops, led them across the river. Paulus followed, because he could better disapprove of the proceeding than withhold his assistance. Having crossed the river, they add to their forces those which they had in the lesser camp; and thus forming their line, place the Roman cavalry in the right wing, which was next the river; and next them the infantry: at the extremity of the left wing the allied cavalry; within them the allied infantry, extending to the center, and contiguous to the Roman legions. The darters, and the rest of the light-armed auxiliaries, formed the van. The consuls commanded the wings, — Terentius the left, Æmilius the right. To Germinus Servilius was committed the charge of maintaining the battle in the center.

Hannibal, at break of day, having sent before him the Baliares and other light-armed troops, crossed the river, and placed his troops in line of battle, as he had conveyed them across the river. The Gallic and Spanish cavalry he placed in the left wing, opposite the Roman cavalry: the right wing was assigned to the Numidian cavalry, the center of the line being strongly formed by the infantry, so that both extremities of it were composed of Africans, between which Gauls and Spaniards were placed. One would suppose the Africans were

for the most part Romans, they were so equipped with arms captured at the Trebia, and for the greater part at the Trasimenus. The shields of the Gauls and Spaniards were of the same shape, their swords unequal and dissimilar. The Gauls had very long ones, without points. The Spaniards, who were accustomed to stab, more than to cut, their enemy, had swords convenient, from their shortness, and with points. The aspect of these nations in other respects was terrific, both as to the appearance they exhibited and the size of their persons. The Gauls were naked above the navel: the Spaniards stood arrayed in linen vests resplendent with surprising whiteness, and bordered with purple. The whole amount of infantry standing in battle array was forty thousand; of cavalry ten. The generals who commanded the wings were, on the left, Hasdrubal; on the right, Maharbal: Hannibal himself, with his brother Mago, commanded the center. The sun very conveniently shone obliquely upon both parties — the Romans facing the south, and the Carthaginians the north; either placed so designedly, or having stood thus by chance. The wind, which the inhabitants of the district call the Vulturnus, blowing violently in front of the Romans, prevented their seeing far by rolling clouds of dust into their faces.

The shout being raised, the auxiliaries charged, and the battle commenced, in the first place, with the light-armed troops: then the left wing, consisting of the Gallic and Spanish cavalry, engages with the Roman right wing, by no means in the manner of a cavalry battle; for they were obliged to engage front to front; for, as on one side the river, on the other the line of infantry hemmed them in, there was no space left at their flanks for evolution, but both parties were compelled to press directly forward. At length the horses standing still, and being crowded together, man grappling with man, dragged him from his horse. The contest now came to be carried on principally on foot. The battle, however, was more violent than lasting; and the Roman cavalry being repulsed, turn their backs. About the conclusion of the contest between the cavalry, the battle between the infantry commenced. At first the Gauls and Spaniards preserved their ranks unbroken, not inferior in strength or courage; but at length the Romans, after long and repeated efforts, drove in with their even front and closely compacted line, that part of the enemy's line in the form of a wedge, which projected

beyond the rest, which was too thin, and therefore deficient in strength. These men, thus driven back and hastily retreating, they closely pursued ; and as they urged their course without interruption through this terrified band, as it fled with precipitation, were borne first upon the center line of the enemy ; and, lastly, no one opposing them, they reached the African reserved troops. These were posted at the two extremities of the line, where it was depressed ; while the center, where the Gauls and Spaniards were placed, projected a little. When the wedge thus formed being driven in, at first rendered the line level, but afterwards, by the pressure, made a curvature in the center, the Africans, who had now formed wings on each side of them, surrounded the Romans on both sides, who incautiously rushed into the intermediate space ; and presently extending their wings, inclosed the enemy on the rear also. After this the Romans, who had in vain finished one battle, leaving the Gauls and Spaniards, whose rear they had slaughtered, in addition commence a fresh encounter with the Africans, not only disadvantageous, because, being hemmed in, they had to fight against troops who surrounded them, but also because, fatigued, they fought with those who were fresh and vigorous.

Now also in the left wing of the Romans, in which the allied cavalry were opposed to the Numidians, the battle was joined, which was at first languid, commencing with a stratagem on the part of the Carthaginians. About five hundred Numidians, who, besides their usual arms, had swords concealed beneath their coats of mail, quitting their own party, and riding up to the enemy under the semblance of deserters, with their bucklers behind them, suddenly leap down from their horses, and, throwing down their bucklers and javelins at the feet of their enemies, are received into their center, and, being conducted to the rear, ordered to remain there ; and there they continued until the battle became general. But afterwards, when the thoughts and attention of all were occupied with the contest, snatching up the shields which lay scattered on all hands among the heaps of slain, they fell upon the rear of the Roman line, and striking their backs and wounding their hams, occasioned vast havoc, and still greater panic and confusion. While in one part terror and flight prevailed, in another the battle was obstinately persisted in, though with little hope. Hasdrubal, who was then commanding in that quarter, withdrawing the Numidians from the

center of the army, as the conflict with their opponents was slight, sends them in pursuit of the scattered fugitives, and joining the Africans, now almost weary with slaying rather than fighting the Spanish and Gallic infantry.

On the other side of the field, Paulus, though severely wounded from a sling in the very commencement of the battle, with a compact body of troops, frequently opposed himself to Hannibal, and in several quarters restored the battle, the Roman cavalry protecting him; who, at length, when the consul had not strength enough even to manage his horse, dismounted from their horses. And when some one brought intelligence that the consul had ordered the cavalry to dismount, it is said that Hannibal observed, "How much rather would I that he delivered them to me in chains." The fight maintained by the dismounted cavalry was such as might be expected, when the victory was undoubtedly on the side of the enemy, the vanquished preferring death in their places to flight; and the conquerors, who were enraged at them for delaying the victory, butchering those whom they could not put to flight. They at length, however, drove the few who remained away, worn out with exertion and wounds. After that they were all dispersed, and such as could sought to regain their horses for flight. Cneius Lentulus, a military tribune, seeing, as he rode by, the consul sitting upon a stone and covered with blood, said to him: "Lucius Æmilius! the only man whom the gods ought to regard as being guiltless of this day's disaster, take this horse, while you have any strength remaining, and I am with you to raise you up and protect you. Make not this battle more calamitous by the death of a consul. There is sufficient matter for tears and grief without this addition." In reply the consul said: "Do thou, indeed, go on and prosper, Cneius Servilius, in your career of virtue! But beware lest you waste in bootless commiseration the brief opportunity of escaping from the hands of the enemy. Go and tell the fathers publicly to fortify the city of Rome, and garrison it strongly before the victorious enemy arrive; and tell Quintus Fabius, individually, that Lucius Æmilius lived, and now dies, mindful of his injunctions. Allow me to expire amidst these heaps of my slaughtered troops, that I may not a second time be accused after my consulate, or stand forth as the accuser of my colleague, in order to defend my own innocence by criminating

another." While finishing these words, first a crowd of their flying countrymen, after that the enemy, came upon them; they overwhelm the consul with their weapons, not knowing who he was; in the confusion his horse rescued Lentulus. After that they fly precipitately.

Seven thousand escaped to the lesser camp, ten to the greater, about two thousand to the village of Cannæ itself; those were immediately surrounded by Carthalo and the cavalry, no fortifications protecting the village. The other consul, whether by design or by chance, made good his escape to Venusia with about seventy horse, without mingling with any party of the flying troops. Forty thousand foot and two thousand seven hundred horse, with an equal number of citizens and allies, are said to have been slain. Among these both the quæstors of the consuls, Lucius Atilius and Lucius Furius Bibaculus; twenty-one military tribunes; several who had passed the offices of consul, prætor, and ædile; among these they reckon Cneius Servilius Germinus, and Marcus Minucius, who had been master of the horse on a former year and consul some years before; moreover, eighty, either senators, or who had borne those offices by which they might be elected into the senate, and who had voluntarily enrolled themselves in the legions. Three thousand infantry and three hundred cavalry are said to have been captured in that battle.

The spoils having been gathered for a great part of the day, Hannibal leads his troops to storm the lesser camp; and first of all interposing a trench, cuts it off from the river. But as the men were fatigued with toil, watching, and wounds, a surrender was made sooner than he expected. Having agreed to deliver up their arms and horses for a ransom of 300 denarii [$50] for every Roman, 200 for an ally, and 100 for a slave, and that on payment of that ransom they should be allowed to depart with single garments, they received the enemy into the camp, and were all delivered into custody; citizens and allies being kept separate. While the time is being spent there, all who had strength or spirit enough, to the number of four thousand foot and two hundred horse, quitted the greater camp and arrived at Canusium; some in a body, others widely dispersed through the country, which was no less secure a course: the camp itself was surrendered to the enemy by the wounded and timid troops, on the same terms as the other was.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

By T. Maccius Plautus.

(From "Mostellaria.")

[Titus Maccius Plautus, one of the great comic dramatists of the world, was born in Umbria, Italy, probably about B.C. 254; died about 184. He and Terence may be called *pre-Roman* writers; that is, their dramas are not of Roman life, nor do they form even a germ of Roman literature proper (though, midway of the two, Ennius and his followers were laying the foundations of it), but are adaptations — though with genius — of Greek originals. Plautus was very fertile and immensely popular; some twenty of his plays still survive, entire save a few gaps. Lessing called Plautus' "Captives" the best-constructed drama in existence. The most famous besides this are perhaps the "Miles Gloriosus" (Braggart Soldier), "Trinummus" (Threepenny Piece), "Menæchmi" (Twins), "Aulularia" (Little Pot), "Mostellaria" (Ghost), and "Amphitruo" (Amphitryon). Every comic playwright since his time has borrowed freely from him. Ben Jonson and Shakespeare used the Miles Gloriosus for Captain Bobadil and Ancient Pistol; Molière took the hint of his "Miser" from "Aulularia"; Dryden cooked over "Amphitruo" as "The Two Sosias."]

Dramatis Personæ (as far as included in selections): Theuropides, an Athenian merchant; Simo, his neighbor, a grouty old man; Philolaches, son of Theuropides; Tranio, his servant; Grumio, his father's servant; Philematium, his mistress, a slave music girl he has bought; Scapha, her maid.

Act I. — Scene I.

Enter, from the house of Theuropides, Grumio, *pushing out* Tranio.

Grumio — Get out of the kitchen, will you; out of it, you whip-scoundrel, giving me back-talk among the platters; march out of the house, you ruin of your master! Upon my faith, if I live I'll be more than even with you in the country. Get out, I say, you kitchen-reek: what are you skulking here for?

Tranio — What the plague are *you* making a row here before the house for? Do you fancy yourself on the farm? Get out of the house; be off to the farm. Go and hang yourself. Get away from the door. [*Striking him.*] There now, was that what you wanted?

Grumio [*running away*] — I'm undone! What are you beating me for?

Tranio — Because you need it.

Grumio — I've got to stand it, I suppose. But only let the old gentleman come back; only let him come back safe, you eating him up while he is gone.

Tranio — Your lies are not even likely ones, you blockhead, — eating any one up while he is gone!

Grumio — Ah, you town wit, you minion of the mob, do you throw the farm in my teeth? Really, Tranio, I believe you feel sure you'll soon be handed over to the mill. Before long, i' faith, Tranio, you'll be adding to the iron-bound race in the country. While you choose, and have the chance, drink on, squander his property, corrupt my master's son, — a most worthy young man, — drink night and day, live like Greeks, buy mistresses, give them their freedom, feed parasites, feast yourselves sumptuously. Was this the old gentleman's injunction when he went abroad? Is it after this fashion he will find his property well husbanded? Do you suppose this is the duty of a good servant, to be ruining both the estate and the son of his master? For I do consider him as ruined when he gives himself up to these goings on. One with whom not one of all the young men of Attica was before thought equally frugal or more steady, the same is now carrying off the palm in the opposite direction. Through your management and your tutoring that has been done.

Tranio — What the plague business have you with me or with what I do? Haven't you got your cattle in the country to look after? I choose to drink, to intrigue, to keep my wenches; but I do it at the risk of my own back, not yours.

Grumio — What brass he talks with! [*Turning away in disgust.*] Faugh!

Tranio — But may Jupiter and all the deities confound you, you stink of garlic, you filth unmentionable, you clod, you goat, you pigsty, you mongrel of dog and goat!

Grumio — What do you want done? It isn't everybody that can smell of foreign perfumes, even if you smell of them; or that can take their places at table above their master, or live on such exquisite dainties as you do. Keep those turtledoves, fish, and poultry to yourself; let me enjoy my lot on garlic. You are fortunate; I unlucky. It must be borne. Let my good fortune be awaiting me, your bad yourself.

Tranio — You seem, Grumio, as though you envied me, because I enjoy myself and you are wretched. It is quite my due. It's proper for me to make love, and for you to feed the cattle; for me to fare handsomely, you in a miserable way.

Grumio — O riddle [sieve] for the executioner, as I guess it will turn out: they'll be so pinking you with goads, as you carry your gibbet along the streets one day, as soon as ever the old gentleman returns here.

Tranio — How do you know whether that mayn't happen to yourself sooner than to me?

Grumio — Because I have never deserved it: you have deserved it, and you now deserve it.

Tranio — Do cut short the trouble of your talking, unless you wish a heavy mischance to befall you.

Grumio — Are you going to give me the tares for me to take for the cattle? If you are not, give me the money. Go on, still persist in the way you've begun! Drink, live like Greeks, eat, stuff yourselves, slaughter your fatlings!

Tranio — Hold your tongue and be off into the country; I intend to go to the Piræus to get me some fish for the evening. To-morrow I'll make some one bring you the tares to the farm. What's the matter? What are you staring at me now for, gallows-bird?

Grumio — I' faith, I've an idea that will be your own title before long.

Tranio — So long as it is as it is, in the meantime I'll put up with that "before long."

Grumio — That's the way; and understand this one thing, that what is disagreeable comes much quicker than what you want.

Tranio — Don't make yourself a nuisance: now then, away with you into the country — take yourself off. Don't deceive yourself, you shan't be a hindrance in my way. [*Exit.*

Grumio [*to himself*] — Is he really gone? Not to care one straw for what I've said! O immortal gods, I implore your aid, do cause this old gentleman of ours, who has now been three years absent, to return as soon as possible before everything is gone, both house and land. Unless he does, only enough remnants to last for a few months are left. Now I'll be off to the country; but look! I see my master's son, one who has been corrupted from having been a most excellent young man. [*Exit.*

[SCENE II. — PHILOLACHES *comes in, soliloquizes, and remains on one side.*]

Scene III.

Enter Philematium *and* Scapha, *with all the requisites for a toilet.*

Philematium — On my word, for this long time I've not bathed in cold water with more delight than just now; nor do I think that I ever was, my dear Scapha, more thoroughly cleansed than now.

Scapha — May the upshot of everything be unto you like a plenteous year's harvest.

Philematium — What has this harvest got to do with my bathing?

Scapha — Not a bit more than your bathing has to do with the harvest.

Philolaches [*apart*] — O beauteous Venus, this is that storm of mine which stripped off all the modesty with which I was roofed; through which Desire and Cupid poured their shower into my breast; and never since have I been able to roof it in. Now are my walls soaking in my heart; this building is utterly undone.

Philematium — Do look, my Scapha, there's a dear, whether this dress quite become me. I wish to please Philolaches my protector, the apple of my eye.

Scapha — Nay, but you set yourself off to advantage with pleasing manners, inasmuch as you yourself are pleasing. The lover isn't in love with a woman's dress, but with that which stuffs out the dress.

Philolaches [*apart*] — So may the Gods bless me, Scapha is waggish; the hussy's quite knowing. How cleverly she understands all matters, the maxims of lovers, too!

Philematium — Well, now?

Scapha — What is it?

Philematium — Why, look at me and examine how this becomes me.

Scapha — Thanks to your good looks, it happens that whatever you put on becomes you.

Philolaches [*apart*] — Now then, for that expression, Scapha, I'll make you some present or other to-day, and I won't allow you to have praised for nothing her who is so pleasing to me.

Philematium — I don't want you to flatter me.

Scapha — Really, you are a very simple woman. Come now, would you rather be censured undeservedly, than be praised with truth? Upon my faith, for my own part, even though undeservedly, I'd much rather be praised than be found fault with with reason, or that other people should laugh at my appearance.

Philematium — I love the truth; I wish the truth to be told me; I detest a liar.

Scapha — So may you love me, and so may your Philolaches love you, how charming you are!

Philolaches [*apart*] — How say you, you hussy? In what words did you adjure? "So may I love her?" Why wasn't "So may she love me," added as well? I revoke the present. What I just now promised you is done for; you have lost the present.

Scapha — Troth, for my part I am surprised that you, a person so knowing, so clever, and so well educated, are not aware that you are acting foolishly.

Philematium — Then give me your advice, I beg, if I have done wrong in anything.

Scapha — I' faith, you certainly do wrong in setting your mind upon him alone, in fact, and humoring him in particular in this way and slighting other men. It's the part of a married woman, and not of courtesans, to be devoted to a single lover.

Philolaches [*apart*] — O Jupiter! Why, what pest is this that has befallen my house? May all the gods and goddesses destroy me in the worst of fashions, if I don't kill this old hag with thirst, and hunger, and cold.

Philematium — I don't want you, Scapha, to be giving me bad advice.

Scapha — You are clearly a simpleton in thinking that he'll for everlasting be your friend and well-wisher. I warn you, he'll forsake you by reason of age and satiety.

Philematium — I hope not.

Scapha — Things which you don't hope happen more frequently than things which you do hope. In fine, if you cannot be persuaded by words to believe this to be the truth, judge of my words from facts; consider this instance, who I now am, and who I once was. No less than you are now, was I once beloved, and I devoted myself to one who, faith, when with age

this head changed its hue, forsook and deserted me. Depend on it, the same will happen to yourself.

Philolaches [*apart*] — I can scarcely withhold myself from flying at the eyes of this mischief maker.

Philematium — I am of opinion that I ought to keep myself alone devoted to him, since to myself alone has he given freedom for himself alone.

Philolaches [*apart*] — O ye immortal gods! what a charming woman, and of a disposition how chaste! By heaven, 'tis excellently done, and I'm rejoiced at it, that it is for her sake I've got nothing left.

Scapha — On my word you really are silly.

Philematium — For what reason?

Scapha — Because you care for this, whether he loves you.

Philematium — Prithee, why should I not care for it?

Scapha — You now are free. You've now got what you wanted; if he didn't still love you, as much money as he gave for your liberty he'd lose.

Philolaches [*apart*] — Heavens, I'm a dead man if I don't torture her to death after the most shocking fashion. That evil-persuading enticer to vice is corrupting this damsel.

Philematium — Scapha, I can never return him sufficient thanks for what he deserves of me; don't you be persuading me to esteem him less.

Scapha — But take care and reflect upon this one thing, if you devote yourself to him alone, while now you are at this youthful age, you'll be complaining to no purpose in your aged years.

Philolaches [*apart*] — I could wish myself this instant changed into a quinsy, that I might seize the throat of that old witch, and put an end to the wicked mischief maker.

Philematium — It befits me now to have the same grateful feelings since I obtained it, as formerly before I acquired it, when I used to lavish caresses upon him.

Philolaches [*apart*] — May the gods do towards me what they please, if for that speech I don't make you free over again, and if I don't torture Scapha to death.

Scapha — If you are quite assured that you will have a provision to the end, and that this lover will be your own for life, I think that you ought to devote yourself to him alone, and put on a wife's coiffure.

Philematium — Just as a person's character is, he's in the

habit of finding means accordingly. If I keep a good character for myself, I shall be rich enough.

Philolaches [*apart*] — By my troth, since selling there must be, my father shall be sold much sooner than, while I'm alive, I'll ever permit you to be in want or go a-begging.

Scapha — What's to become of the rest of those who are in love with you?

Philematium — They'll love me the more when they see me displaying gratitude to one who has done me services.

Philolaches [*apart*] — I do wish that news were brought me now that my father's dead, that I might disinherit myself of my property, and that she might be my heir.

Scapha — This property of his will certainly soon be at an end; day and night there's eating and drinking, and no one displays thriftiness; 'tis downright cramming.

Philolaches [*apart*] — I' faith, I'm determined to make trial on yourself for the first to be thrifty; for you shall neither eat nor drink anything at my house for the next ten days.

Philematium — If you choose to say anything good about him, you shall be at liberty to say it; if you speak otherwise than well, on my word you shall have a beating instantly.

Philolaches [*apart*] — Upon my faith, if I had paid sacrifice to supreme Jove with that money which I gave for her liberty, never could I have so well employed it. Do see how, from her very heart's core, she loves me! Oh, I'm a fortunate man; I've liberated a patron to plead my cause for me.

Scapha — I see that, compared with Philolaches, you disregard all other men; now, that on his account I mayn't get a beating, I'll agree with you in preference, if you are quite satisfied that he will always prove a friend to you.

Philematium — Give me the mirror, and the casket with my trinkets, directly, Scapha, that I may be quite dressed when Philolaches, my delight, comes here.

Scapha — A woman who neglects herself and her youthful age has occasion for a mirror: what need of a mirror have you, who yourself are in especial a mirror for a mirror?

Philolaches [*apart*] — For that expression, Scapha, that you mayn't have said anything so pretty in vain, I'll to-day give something for your savings — to you, my Philematium.

Philematium [*while* SCAPHA *is dressing her hair*] — Will you see that each hair is nicely arranged in its own place?

Scapha — When you are so nice, do believe that your hair must be nice.

Philolaches [*apart*] — Out upon it! what worse thing can possibly be spoken of than this woman? Now the jade's a flatterer, just now she was all contradictory.

Philematium — Hand me the ceruse.

Scapha — Why, what need of ceruse have you?

Philematium — To paint my cheeks with it.

Scapha — On the same principle, you would want to be making ivory white with ink.

Philolaches [*apart*] — Cleverly said that, about the ink and the ivory! Bravo! I applaud you, Scapha.

Philematium — Well, then, do you give me the rouge.

Scapha — I shan't give it. You really are a clever one. Do you wish to patch up a most clever piece with new daubing? It's not right that any paint should touch that person, neither ceruse, nor quince ointment, nor any other wash. Take the mirror, then. [*Hands her the glass.*]

Philolaches [*apart*] — Ah, wretched me! — she gave the glass a kiss. I could much wish for a stone, with which to break the head of that glass.

Scapha — Take the towel and wipe your hands.

Philematium — Why so, prithee?

Scapha — As you've been holding the mirror, I'm afraid that your hands may smell of silver; lest Philolaches should suspect you've been receiving silver somewhere.

Philolaches [*apart*] — I don't think that I ever did see any one more cunning. How cleverly and artfully did it occur to the jade's imagination about the mirror!

Philematium — Do you think I ought to be perfumed with unguents as well?

Scapha — By no means do so.

Philematium — For what reason?

Scapha — Because, i' faith, a woman smells best when she smells of nothing at all. For those old women who are in the habit of anointing themselves with unguents, vampt up, toothless old hags, who hide the blemishes of the person with paint, when the sweat has blended itself with the unguents, forthwith they stink just like when a cook has poured together a variety of broths; what they smell of you don't know, except this only, that you understand that badly they do smell.

Philolaches [*apart*] — How very cleverly she does under-

stand everything! There's nothing more knowing than this knowing woman! [*To the* AUDIENCE.] This is the truth, and in fact a very great portion of you know it, who have old women for wives at home who purchased you with their portions.

Philematium — Come now, examine my golden trinkets and my mantle; does this quite become me, Scapha?

Scapha — It befits not me to concern myself about that.

Philematium — Whom then, prithee?

Scapha — I'll tell you: Philolaches, so that he may not buy anything except that which he fancies will please you. For a lover buys the favors of a mistress for himself with gold and purple garments. What need is there for that which he doesn't want as his own, to be shown him still? Age is to be enveloped in purple; gold ornaments are unsuitable for a woman. A beautiful woman will be more beautiful naked than drest in purple. Besides, it's in vain she's well-drest if she's ill-conducted; ill conduct soils fine ornaments worse than dirt. But if she's beauteous, she's sufficiently adorned.

Philolaches [*apart*] — Too long have I withheld my hand. [*Coming forward.*] What are you about here?

Philematium — I'm decking myself out to please you.

Philolaches — You are dressed enough. [*To* SCAPHA.] Go you hence in doors, and take away this finery. [SCAPHA *goes into the house.*] But, my delight, my Philematium, I have a mind to regale together with you.

Philematium — And, i' faith, so I have with you; for what you have a mind to, the same have I a mind to, my delight.

Philolaches — Ha! at twenty minæ that expression were cheap.

Philematium — Give me ten, there's a dear; I wish to let you have that expression bought at a bargain.

Philolaches — You've already got ten minæ with you; or reckon up the account: thirty minæ I gave for your freedom —

Philematium — Why reproach me with that?

Philolaches — What, I reproach you with it? Why, I had rather that I myself were reproached with it; no money whatever for this long time have I ever laid out equally well.

Philematium — Surely, in loving you, I never could have better employed my pains.

Philolaches — The account, then, of receipts and expenditure fully tallies between ourselves; you love me, I love you.

Each thinks that it is so deservedly. Those who rejoice at this, may they ever rejoice at the continuance of their own happiness. Those who envy, let not any one henceforth be ever envious of their blessings.

[A friend and his mistress came in; and while the party are carousing, the arrival of Philolaches' father is announced. The friend is too drunk to leave, and the party are at their wits' end. Tranio tells them to remain quiet in the house, which is shut up, and he sallies out to meet the father.]

Act II. — Scene I.

Enter Theuropides, *followed by* Attendants.

Theuropides [*to himself*] — Neptune, I do return extreme thanks to thee that thou hast just dismissed me from thee, though scarce alive. But if, from this time forward, thou shalt only know that I have stirred a foot upon the main, there is no reason why, that instant, thou shouldst not do with me that which thou hast now wished to do. Away with you, away with you from me henceforth forever after to-day; what I was to intrust to thee, all of it have I now intrusted.

Enter Tranio, *overhearing him.*

Tranio [*apart*] — By my troth, Neptune, you've been much to blame, to have lost this opportunity so fair.

Theuropides — After three years, I've arrived home from Egypt. I shall come a welcome guest to my household, I suppose.

Tranio [*apart*] — Upon my faith, he might have come a much more welcome one, who had brought the tidings you were dead.

Theuropides [*looking at the door*] — But what means this? Is the door shut in the daytime? I'll knock. [*Knocks at the door.*] Hallo, there! is any one going to open this door for me?

Tranio [*coming forward, and speaking aloud*] — What person is it that has come so near to our house?

Theuropides — Surely, this is my servant Tranio.

Tranio — O Theuropides, my master, welcome; I'm glad that you've arrived in safety. Have you been well all along?

Theuropides — All along, as you see.

Tranio — That's very good.

Theuropides — What about yourselves? Are you all mad?

Tranio — Why so?

Theuropides — For this reason; because you are walking about outside; not a born person is keeping watch in the house, either to open or to give an answer. With kicking with my feet I've almost broken in the panels.

Tranio — How now? Have you been touching this house?

Theuropides — Why shouldn't I touch it? Why, with kicking it, I tell you, I've almost broken down the door.

Tranio — What, you touched it?

Theuropides — I touched it, I tell you, and knocked at it.

Tranio — Out upon you!

Theuropides — Why so?

Tranio — By heavens! 'twas ill done.

Theuropides — What is the matter?

Tranio — It cannot be expressed how shocking and dreadful a mischief you've been guilty of.

Theuropides — How so?

Tranio — Take to flight, I beseech you, and get away from the house. Fly in this direction, fly closer to me. [*He runs towards* TRANIO.] What, did you touch the door?

Theuropides — How could I knock, if I didn't touch it?

Tranio — By all that's holy, you've been the death ——

Theuropides — Of what person?

Tranio — Of all your family.

Theuropides — May the gods and goddesses confound you with that omen.

Tranio — I'm afraid that you can't make satisfaction for yourself and them.

Theuropides — For what reason, or what new affair is this that you thus suddenly bring me news of?

Tranio — And [*whispering*] hark you, prithee, do bid those people to move away from here. [*Pointing to the* ATTENDANTS *of* THEUROPIDES.]

Theuropides [*to the* ATTENDANTS] — Move away from here.

Tranio — Don't you touch the house. Touch you the ground as well. [*Exeunt the* ATTENDANTS.

Theuropides — I' faith, prithee, do speak out now.

Tranio — Because it is now seven months that not a person has set foot within this house, and since we once for all left it.

Theuropides — Tell me, why so?

Tranio — Just look around, whether there's any person to overhear our discourse.

Theuropides [*looking around*] — All's quite safe.

Tranio — Look around once more.

Theuropides [*looking around*] — There's nobody; now then, speak out.

Tranio [*in a loud whisper*] — The house has been guilty of a capital offense.

Theuropides — I don't understand you.

Tranio — A crime, I tell you, has been committed there, a long while ago, one of olden time and ancient date.

Theuropides — Of ancient date?

Tranio — 'Tis but recently, in fact, that we've discovered this deed.

Theuropides — What is this crime, or who committed it? Tell me.

Tranio — A host slew his guest, seized with his hand; he, I fancy, who sold you the house.

Theuropides — Slew him?

Tranio — And robbed this guest of his gold, and buried this guest there in the house, on the spot.

Theuropides — For what reason do you suspect that this took place?

Tranio — I'll tell you; listen. One day, when your son had dined away from home, after he returned home from dining, we all went to bed and fell asleep. By accident, I had forgotten to put out my lamp; and he, all of a sudden, called out aloud ——

Theuropides — What person? My son?

Tranio — Hist! hold your peace; just listen. He said that a dead man came to him in his sleep ——

Theuropides — In his dreams, then, you mean?

Tranio — Just so. But only listen. He said that he had met with his death by these means ——

Theuropides — What, in his sleep?

Tranio — It would have been surprising if he had told him awake, who had been murdered sixty years ago. On some occasions you are absurdly simple. But look, what he said: "I am the guest of Diapontius, from beyond the seas; here do I dwell; this has been assigned me as my abode; for Orcus would not receive me in Acheron, because prematurely I lost

my life. Through confiding was I deceived; my entertainer slew me here, and that villain secretly laid me in the ground without funereal rites, in this house, on the spot, for the sake of gold. Now do you depart from here; this house is accursed, this dwelling is defiled." The wonders that here take place, hardly in a year could I recount them. Hush, hush! [*He starts.*]

Theuropides — Troth now, what has happened, prithee?

Tranio — The door made a noise. Was it he that was knocking?

Theuropides [*turning pale*] — I have not one drop of blood! Dead men are come to fetch me to Acheron while alive!

Tranio [*aside*] — I'm undone! those people there will mar my plot. [*A noise is heard from within.*] How much I dread, lest he should catch me in the fact.

Theuropides — What are you talking about to yourself? [*Goes near the door.*]

Tranio — Do get away from the door. By heavens, fly, I do beseech you.

Theuropides — Fly where? Fly yourself, as well.

Tranio — I am not afraid: I am at peace with the dead.

A Voice [*from within*] — Hallo! Tranio.

Tranio [*in a low voice near the door*] — You won't be calling me, if you are wise. [*Aloud as if speaking to the* APPARITION.] 'Tis not I that's guilty; I did not knock at the door.

Theuropides — Pray, what is it that's wrong? What matter is agitating you, Tranio? To whom are you saying these things?

Tranio — Prithee, was it you that called me? So may the gods bless me, I fancied it was this dead man expostulating because you had knocked at the door. But are you still standing there, and not doing what I advise you?

Theuropides — What am I to do?

Tranio — Take care not to look back. Fly; cover up your head!

Theuropides — Why don't you fly?

Tranio — I am at peace with the dead.

Theuropides — I recollect. Why then were you so dreadfully alarmed just now?

Tranio — Have no care for me, I tell you; I'll see to myself. You, as you have begun to do, fly as quick as ever you can; Hercules, too, you will invoke.

Theuropides — Hercules, I do invoke thee! [*Runs off.*]

Tranio [*to himself*] — And I, as well, old fellow, that this

day he'll send some heavy mishap upon you. O ye immortal gods, I do implore your aid. Plague on it! what a mess I have got into to-day. [*Exit.*

[He pretends to Theuropides that the house has been shut up for some months past, in consequence of its being haunted. In the midst of the conversation, he is accosted by a banker, who duns him for the interest of some money which Philolaches has borrowed of him for the purpose of procuring the freedom of Philematium, his mistress. Theuropides inquires what the money was borrowed for, on which Tranio says that Philolaches has purchased a house with it. On Theuropides making further inquiries, Tranio says that he has bought the house in which Simo is living. On this, Theuropides wishes to examine this new purchase, and sends Tranio to request Simo to allow him to do so, if not inconvenient. Tranio obtains the permission as follows.]

Simo — What is the matter? Do inform me.

Tranio — I will inform you. My master has arrived from abroad.

Simo — In that case the cord will be stretched for you; thence to the place where iron fetters clink; after that, straight to the cross.

Tranio — Now, by your knees, I do implore you, don't give information to my master.

Simo — Don't you fear; he shall know nothing from me.

Tranio — Blessings on you, my patron.

Simo — I don't care for clients of this description for myself.

Tranio — Now as to this about which our old gentleman has sent me.

Simo — First answer me this that I ask you. As yet, has your old gentleman discovered anything of these matters?

Tranio — Nothing whatever.

Simo — Has he censured his son at all?

Tranio — He is as calm as the calm weather is wont to be. Now he has requested me most earnestly to beg this of you, that leave may be given him to see over this house of yours.

Simo — It's not for sale.

Tranio — I know that indeed; but the old gentleman wishes to build a woman's apartment here in his own house, baths, too, and a piazza, and a porch.

Simo — What has he been dreaming of?

Tranio — I'll tell you. He wishes to give his son a wife as soon as he can; for that purpose he wants a new apartment for the women. But he says that some builder, I don't know who, has been praising up to him this house of yours, as being

remarkably well built; now he's desirous to take a model from it, if you don't make any objection ——

Simo — He may look over it, if he likes. If there is anything that takes his fancy, let him build after my plan.

* * * * * * *

Simo — I'm glad that you've arrived safely from abroad, Theuropides.

Theuropides — May the gods bless you.

Simo — Your servant was telling me that you were desirous to look over this house.

Theuropides — Unless it's inconvenient to you.

Simo — Oh no; quite convenient. Do step indoors and look over it.

Theuropides [*pausing*] — But yet — the ladies ——

Simo — Take you care not to trouble yourself a straw about any lady. Walk in every direction, wherever you like, all over the house, just as though it were your own.

Theuropides [*apart* to TRANIO] — "Just as though ——?"

Tranio [*whispering*] — Oh, take care that you don't throw it in his teeth now in his concern, that you have bought it. Don't you see him, how sad a countenance the old gentleman has?

Theuropides [*apart*] — I see.

Tranio [*apart*] — Then don't seem to exult, and to be overmuch delighted; in fact, don't make mention that you've bought it.

Theuropides [*apart*] — I understand; and I think you've given good advice, and that it shows a humane disposition. [*Turning to* SIMO.] What now?

Simo — Won't you go in? Look over it at your leisure, just as you like.

Theuropides — I consider that you are acting civilly and kindly.

Simo — Troth, I wish to do so. Should you like some one to show you over?

Theuropides — Away with any one to show me over. I don't want him.

Simo — Why? What's the matter?

Theuropides — I'll go wrong, rather than any one should show me over.

Tranio [*pointing*] — Don't you see, this vestibule before the house, and the piazza, of what a compass it is?

Theuropides — Troth, really handsome!

Tranio — Well, look now, what pillars there are, with what strength they are built, and of what a thickness.

Theuropides — I don't think that I ever saw handsomer pillars.

Simo — I' faith, they were some time since bought by me at such a price!

Tranio [*aside, whispering*] — Don't you hear — "They were once"? He seems hardly able to refrain from tears.

Theuropides — At what price did you purchase them?

Simo — I gave three minæ for the two, besides the carriage. [*He retires to some distance.*]

Theuropides [*after looking close at them, to* TRANIO] — Why, upon my word, they are much more unsound than I thought them at first.

Tranio — Why so?

Theuropides — Because, i' faith, the woodworm has split them both from the bottom.

Tranio — I think they were cut at an improper season; that fault damages them; but even as it is, they are quite good enough, if they are covered with pitch. And it was no foreign pulse-eating artisan did this work. Don't you see the joints in the door? [*Pointing.*]

Theuropides — I see them.

Tranio — Look, how close together they are sleeping.

Theuropides — Sleeping?

Tranio — That is, how they wink, I intended to say. Are you satisfied?

Theuropides — The more I look at each particular, the more it pleases me.

Tranio [*pointing*] — Don't you see the painting, where one crow is baffling two vultures? The crow stands there; it's pecking at them both in turn. This way, look, prithee, towards me, that you may be able to see the crow. [THEUROPIDES *turns towards him.*] Now do you see it?

Theuropides [*looking about*] — For my part I really see no crow there.

Tranio — But do you look in that direction, towards yourselves, since you cannot discover the crow, if perchance you may be able to espy the vultures. [THEUROPIDES *turns towards* SIMO.] Now do you see them?

Theuropides — Upon my faith, I don't see them.

Tranio — But I can see two vultures.

Theuropides — To make an end of it with you, I don't see any bird at all painted here.

Tranio — Well, then, I give it up. I excuse you; it is through age you cannot see.

Theuropides — These things which I can see, really they do all please me mightily.

Simo [*coming forward*] — Now, at length, it's worth your while to move further on.

Theuropides — Troth, you give good advice.

Simo [*calling at the door*] — Ho there, boy! take this person round this house and the apartments. But I myself would have shown you round, if I hadn't had business at the Forum.

Theuropides — Away with any one to show me over. I don't want to be shown over. Whatever it is, I'd rather go wrong than any one should show me over.

Simo — The house I'm speaking of.

Theuropides — Then I'll go in without any one to show me over.

Simo — Go, by all means.

Theuropides — I'll go indoors, then.

Tranio [*holding him back*] — Stop, please; let me see whether the dog ——

Theuropides — Very well then, look. [TRANIO *looks into the passage.*]

Tranio — There is one.

Theuropides [*looking in*] — Where is it?

Tranio [*to the dog*] — Be off and be hanged! 'St, won't you be off to utter perdition with you? What, do you still linger? 'St, away with you from here!

Simo [*coming nearer to the door*] — There's no danger. You only move on. It's as gentle as a woman in childbed. You may boldly step indoors wherever you like. I'm going hence to the Forum.

Theuropides — You've acted obligingly. Good speed to you. [*Exit* SIMO.] — Tranio, come, make that dog move away from the door inside, although it isn't to be feared.

Tranio — Nay but [*pointing*], you look at it, how gently it lies. Unless you'd like yourself to appear troublesome and cowardly ——

Theuropides — Very well, just as you like.

Tranio — Follow me this way then.

Theuropides — For my part, I shall not move in any direction from your feet. [*They go into the house.*

[The trick is of course found out, and the young scapegrace pardoned.]

THE END OF THE MACEDONIAN KINGDOM.

By Bishop THIRLWALL.

[Connop Thirlwall, bishop of St. David's from 1840, was born at London in 1797 and educated at Cambridge. He was admitted to the bar, but left it for the church in 1828. He gained high repute as a classical scholar of remarkably sound and massive judgment, and began in 1835 his great "History of Greece" (eight volumes), completed in 1847 — which, instead of becoming obsolete with time, is increasingly valued for its justice and penetration, and the portion on Alexander's reign and after, scholars agree, has never been equaled.]

At Rome, though no apprehension was felt as to the final issue of the Macedonian war, its state at the end of the third year was not regarded as promising; and L. Æmilius Paullus was raised for the second time to the consulate, with a general hope that his tried abilities would bring the contest to a speedy close, though the province was not assigned to him, as Plutarch relates, but, apparently at least, fell to him by lot. He himself, after his election, caused commissioners to be sent to inspect the condition of the army, and their report of it was not at all cheering. A levy of 14,000 foot and 1200 horse was decreed to reenforce it. He set out from Rome with Cn. Octavius, who commanded the fleet, on the first of April; arrived at Corcyra on the same day on which he sailed from Brundusium; five days after celebrated a sacrifice at Delphi, and in five more had reached the camp in Pieria. His soldiers, who had been accustomed to great license, soon learned, by the regulations which he introduced, that they had now a general as well as a consul at their head; and Perseus no longer felt himself safe behind the Enipeus, when he saw the Roman camp moved forward to the opposite bank. The terror with which he was inspired by the fame of Paullus was soon heightened by tidings that whatever hopes he had built on his alliance with Gentius had fallen to the ground. After a war of not more than twenty or thirty days, Gentius, being besieged in his capital, Scodra, surrendered to the prætor Anicius, and was carried with all his family to Rome, to adorn his triumph, having received ten talents as the price of his throne and his liberty.

Perseus, however, did not neglect the precautions which his situation required. He fortified his position on the Enipeus; detached a body of cavalry to protect the coast of Macedonia

from the operations of the Roman fleet, which had entered the gulf of Thessalonica; and sent 5000 men to guard the northern pass of Olympus at Petra, which opened a way near the highest summit of the mountain, the Pythium, by which an enemy might descend to the plains in his rear. This was, indeed, the danger which he had most reason to provide against; for Paullus, having weighed all the modes of attack by which he might attempt to dislodge the enemy from his position, finally decided on this. He sent P. Scipio Nasica, accompanied by his eldest son, Fabius Maximus, with 8000 men, to force this pass, while he occupied the attention of Perseus with a series of assaults on his intrenchments. Nasica, after a long circuit, surprised the Macedonians at Petra, and drove them down before him; and Perseus, at his approach, hastily abandoned his position, and retreated towards Pydna, where the consul, having been joined by Nasica, came up with him the same day, but deferred giving battle until the morrow. An eclipse of the moon, which took place in the night, filled the Macedonians with superstitious terror; the Romans had a tribune in their army who was able to predict and explain it. Perseus, though with blank misgivings, yielded to the advice of his friends, who exhorted him to risk an engagement; he could not but perceive that further retreat would be attended with the dispersion of his forces and the loss of his kingdom.

The next day (June 22, B.C. 168) a short combat decided the fate of the Macedonian monarchy. The power of the phalanx was again tried, under circumstances the most advantageous to it, and again failed, through the same causes which occasioned the loss of the battle of Cynoscephalæ. Victorious on the level ground, it fell into disorder when it had advanced upon the retreating enemy to the foot of the hills, where it could no longer preserve the evenness of its front, and the compactness of its mass; and opened numerous passages through its ranks for the legionaries, who rushed in to an almost unresisted slaughter. The slain on the Macedonian side are said to have amounted to 20,000; upwards of 10,000 were made prisoners: the Romans lost scarcely 100 men. Perseus took little part in the battle, as the Romans gave out, through cowardice; but it appears that he had received a kick from a horse the day before, which compelled him to use a litter. It is certain, however, that, as soon as the rout began, he left the field with the cavalry, which remained untouched, and fled towards

Pella. He was soon deserted by his Macedonian followers, and even at Pella found that he was no longer obeyed by his subjects. In the first movement of his passion he killed two officers of his household with his own hand; and continued his flight with no attendants beside the royal pages but three foreigners, — Evander the Cretan, Neon the Bœotian, and the Ætolian Archidamus, — with 500 Cretans, whose attachment was only retained by permission to plunder the royal plate, which Perseus afterwards recovered from them by a disgraceful trick. At Amphipolis he sent three persons of low rank, the only messengers he could find, with a letter to Paullus; but only stayed long enough to embark the treasure deposited there, and sailed with it down the Strymon to Galepsus, and thence to Samothrace.

Little loyalty could seem due to such a king, even if his fortunes had been less desperate. The whole of Macedonia submitted immediately without resistance to the conqueror. The Roman fleet soon pursued the royal fugitive to Samothrace. But Octavius spared the sanctity of the asylum, and only demanded Evander, as a man whose hands were stained with the blood of Eumenes, and Perseus was said to have dispatched him, to prevent a disclosure of his own guilt. But he suffered himself to be overreached by another Cretan, who engaged to convey him to the coast of Thrace, where he hoped to find refuge at the court of Cotys; but sailed away without him, as soon as his treasure had been put on board. He then hid himself in a nook of the temple, until his remaining servants had been tempted by a promise of free pardon to surrender themselves, and his younger children had been betrayed into the hands of Octavius by the friend who had charge of them. He then gave himself up, with his eldest son Philip, to the pretor, and was immediately conducted to the consul's camp.

He was courteously received by the conqueror, but is said to have forfeited the respect which would have been paid to his rank, by the abjectness of his demeanor; though he was thought to have been guilty of extravagant presumption, when in the letter which he wrote immediately after his defeat, he retained the title of king. About the same time that these events were taking place in Macedonia, Anicius, after the subjugation of Illyria, marched into Epirus. At Phanota, where the plot had been laid for the seizure of the consul Hostilius, the

whole population went out to meet him with the ensigns of suppliants. All the other towns of Epirus submitted likewise without resistance: only in four, in Molossis, was there so much as an appearance of hesitation, which was the effect of the presence of Cephalus, and some other leaders of the Macedonian party. But this obstacle was soon removed by their execution or voluntary death, and these towns also surrendered without any opposition. Anicius distributed his troops among the principal cities, and left the whole country perfectly tranquil when he returned to Illyria to meet the five commissioners, who were sent from Rome to regulate its affairs.

A commission of Ten was appointed as usual to settle those of Macedonia. In the summer of 167, before the arrival of the commissioners, Paullus, accompanied by his second son, the future conqueror of Carthage and Numantia [Scipio the younger], and by Athenæus, a brother of Eumenes, made a tour in Greece: not with any political object, but simply to gratify the curiosity of a stranger, who was familiar with Greek literature, and whose house at Rome was full of Greek rhetoricians, and artists, and masters of all kinds for the education of his sons. He went to view the monuments of art, scenes celebrated in history or fable, or hallowed by religion: to compare Phidias with Homer. It was not only Athens and Sparta, Sicyon and Argos, and Epidaurus, Corinth, and Olympia that attracted his attention: the comparatively obscure shrines of Lebadea and Oropus were not without their interest for the Roman augur, who was no less exact in the observance of the sacerdotal ritual than in the maintenance of military discipline, but sacrificed at Olympia before the work of Phidias with as much devotion as in the capitol. He did not indeed wholly lay aside the majesty of the proconsul; at Delphi he ordered his own statues to be placed on the pedestals which had been erected for those of Perseus. But he made no inquiries into recent political transactions, and displayed his power chiefly in acts of beneficence; for amidst so many memorials of ancient prosperity he everywhere found signs of present poverty and distress, and the vast magazines of corn and oil which had fallen into his hands in Macedonia enabled him to relieve the indigence of the Greeks by liberal largesses. His visit to Greece is a pleasing idyllian episode in a life divided between the senate and the camp; and it is characteristic of the begin-

ning of a new period, being as far as we know the first ever paid to the country for such a purpose.

It would have been happy for Greece if her destinies had now depended on the will of Paullus. But he was the minister of a system by which the rapacious oligarchy, which wielded the Roman legions, was enabled to treat the fairest portion of the civilized world as its prey, and, as it grew bolder with success, became more and more callous to shame and remorse in the prosecution of its iniquitous ends, which it scarcely deigned to cover with the threadbare mantle of its demure hypocrisy. Such men as Q. Marcius and C. Popillius were now the fittest agents for its work. A scene occurred to Paullus, as he passed through Thessaly on his return to Macedonia, which exhibited a slight prelude to the miseries which Greece was to endure under the absolute ascendency of this system. He was met by a multitude of Ætolians in the garb of suppliants, who related that Lyciscus and another of his party, having obtained a body of troops from a Roman officer, had surrounded the council room, had put 550 of their opponents to death, forced others into exile, and taken possession of the property both of the dead and the banished. Paullus could only bid the suppliants repair to Amphipolis, where he was to arrange the affairs of his province in concert with the ten commissioners, who had already arrived in Macedonia. They had brought with them the outlines of a decree, which when the details had been adjusted was solemnly published from the proconsular tribunal at Amphipolis, in the presence of a great concourse of people: first recited in Latin by Paullus, and then in a Greek translation by the propretor Octavius.

By its provisions Macedonia was divided into four districts, to which Amphipolis, Thessalonica, Pella, and Pelagonia were assigned as capitals. They were to be governed each by its own councils and magistrates, and were to be not only independent of each other, but separated from each other by the strictest prohibition of mutual intercourse, both of intermarriage and of contracts for the acquisition of land or houses beyond the border within which either of the parties dwelt. Even the importation of salt was forbidden, as well as the working of gold and silver mines — to guard against the abuses which were admitted to be inseparable from the administration of these royalties on the Roman system — and the felling of ship timber. As

the three regions which bordered on the territories of barbarian tribes were expressly permitted to keep garrisons for the protection of their frontiers, the use of arms for any other purpose seems to have been tacitly, if not expressly, interdicted.

A tribute of 100 talents, one half of the amount of the taxation under the royal government, was reserved for the Romans. Whether the burdens of the people were lightened to the same extent, or the difference was more than equal to the increased expense of the quadruple administration, has been perhaps justly questioned. The most important benefits conferred on the conquered nation were exemption from the rule of a Roman magistrate and the rapacity of Roman farmers of the revenue,—which, however, was only a precarious and temporary boon,—and a new code of laws, compiled under the care of Paullus himself, and therefore probably framed on equitable principles, and wisely adapted to the condition of the country, as it is said to have stood the test of experience. That nevertheless the decree was received with deep discontent by every Macedonian who retained any degree of national feeling, may be easily supposed; and we hardly know whether Livy is in earnest, when he affects to correct the error of those who complained of the dismemberment of their country, not aware, he thinks, how adequate each region was to the supply of its own wants. The jealousy of the senate, however, was not satisfied with these precautions. The government of each region was committed to an oligarchical council; and to secure an election of its members conformable to the interests of Rome, all the Macedonians who had held any office in the king's service were ordered, under pain of death, to go with their children, who had passed the age of fifteen, to Italy.

The authority of the commissioners was not confined to Macedonia. They were invested with an unlimited jurisdiction over all political causes in Greece, and even beyond the shores of Europe; for they sent one of their number to raze the town of Antissa in Lesbos to the ground, and to remove its whole population to Methymna, because it had received a Macedonian admiral in its port, and supplied his fleet with provisions. Every part of their instructions seems to have breathed the same spirit of vindictive cruelty, and insolent, shameless tyranny; or they were directed to follow the counsels of Callicrates, Charops, and Lyciscus. From all parts of Greece the principal traitors and

sycophants flocked to their tribunal; for no state ventured to send any representatives but the men who had been most forward on the side of Rome. From Achaia, Callicrates, Aristodamus, Agesias, and Philippus; from Bœotia, Mnasippus; from Acarnania, Chremes; from Epirus, Charops and Nicias; from Ætolia, Lyciscus and Tisippus,—the authors of the recent massacre,—are named among the men who came to share the triumph of the Romans, and to direct their persecution against the best and most patriotic of their fellow-countrymen.

Paullus saw and despised the baseness of these miscreants, and would not have sacrificed better men to their malice; but his was only one voice against ten. His colleagues were better informed as to the intentions of the senate, and knew that Callicrates and Charops possessed, as they deserved, its entire confidence. The manner in which they decided on the case of the Ætolians, who had been the victims of the recent violence, removed all doubt as to the course which they meant to pursue, and encouraged their partisans to lay aside all shame and reserve. No inquiry was made except as to the political principles of the actors and the sufferers. The bloodshed, the banishment, and the confiscation were all sanctioned and ratified; only Bæbius was pronounced to have been in fault, when he lent his soldiers for such a purpose. Still even Ætolia was not deemed to be yet sufficiently purged from disaffection. There, as well as in Acarnania, Epirus, Bœotia, and Achaia, as the commissioners were assured by their Greek advisers, there were still many covert enemies of Rome, and until this party was everywhere crushed, and the ascendency of the decided advocates of the Roman supremacy firmly established, there could be no security for the public loyalty and tranquillity. Lists of the suspected citizens were drawn up by their adversaries, and letters were dispatched in the name of the proconsul to Ætolia, Acarnania, Epirus, and Bœotia, commanding them all to proceed to Rome to take their trial. With the Achæans it was thought prudent to adopt a different course; for it was doubted whether they might submit so quietly to such an order; especially as no papers had been discovered in the Macedonian archives to implicate any of their proscribed citizens in a charge of correspondence with Perseus. Two of the commissioners, C. Claudius and Cn. Domitius, were sent to Peloponnesus to accomplish their object without danger of tumult or opposition.

In the meanwhile, for a specimen of the justice which awaited the accused, Neon, the Bœotian, and Andronicus, the Ætolian, were beheaded: Neon, as the author of the alliance with Perseus; Andronicus, because he had followed his father to the war against the Romans.

When these affairs had been transacted, after having celebrated magnificent games at Amphipolis, in which the spoils of the Macedonian monarchy, which were about to be transported to Rome, formed the most splendid part of the spectacle, Paullus set out for Epirus. On his arrival at Passaro he sent for ten of the principal citizens from each of seventy towns, mostly of the Molossians, which had been involved in the revolt of Cephalus, or in a suspicion of disloyalty to Rome, and ordered that the gold and silver of every town should be collected and brought forth into the public place. A detachment of soldiers was then sent into each, in such order that all were occupied precisely at the same time; and at the same hour, at a preconcerted signal, were all given up to pillage. The inhabitants, whose fears had been previously lulled by an intimation that the garrisons were to be withdrawn, were carried away as slaves. A hundred and fifty thousand human beings were thus at one blow torn from their homes, and reduced into the lowest depth of wretchedness. The produce of the spoil was divided among the troops. The guilt of this atrocious wickedness rests with the senate, by whose express command it was perpetrated. Paullus, though a severe exacter of discipline, who threw the deserters under the feet of his elephants, was of an affectionate and gentle nature, softened by study, inclined to contemplation, deeply sensible of the instability of mortal greatness, and shrinking with religious awe from wanton oppression of a vanquished enemy, as he showed when, after his triumph, he interceded for Perseus, and procured his release from the dungeon to which he had been mercilessly consigned. That such a man should have been made the instrument of such a deed, may be numbered among the most melancholy examples of military servitude.

THE LAST TWO ORACLES OF GREECE.

TRANSLATED BY F. W. H. MYERS.

I.

AN ORACLE CONCERNING THE ETERNAL GOD.

O GOD ineffable eternal Sire,
Throned on the whirling spheres, the astral fire,
Hid in whose heart thy whole creation lies, —
The whole world's wonder mirrored in thine eyes, —
List thou thy children's voice, who draw anear,
Thou hast begotten us, thou too must hear!
Each life thy life her Fount, her Ocean knows,
Fed while it fosters, filling as it flows;
Wrapt in thy light the star-set cycles roll,
And worlds within thee stir into a soul;
But stars and souls shall keep their watch and way,
Nor change the going of thy lonely day.
Some sons of thine, our Father, King of kings,
Rest in the sheen and shelter of thy wings, —
Some to strange hearts the unspoken message bear,
Sped on thy strength through the haunts and homes of air, —
Some where thine honor dwelleth hope and wait,
Sigh for thy courts and gather at thy gate;
These from afar to thee their praises bring,
Of thee, albeit they have not seen thee, sing;
Of thee the Father wise, the Mother mild,
Thee in all children the eternal Child,
Thee the first Number and harmonious Whole,
Form in all forms, and of all souls the Soul.

II.

TO AMELIUS, WHO INQUIRED, "WHERE IS NOW PLOTINUS' SOUL?"

PURE spirit — once a man — pure spirits now
Greet thee rejoicing, and of these art thou;
Not vainly was thy whole soul alway bent
With one same battle and one the same intent
Through eddying cloud and earth's bewildering roar
To win her bright way to that stainless shore.
Ay, 'mid the salt spume of this troublous sea,
This death in life, this sick perplexity,

Oft on thy struggle through the obscure unrest
A revelation opened from the Blest —
Showed close at hand the goal thy hope would win,
Heaven's kingdom round thee and thy God within.
So sure a help the eternal Guardians gave,
From Life's confusion so were strong to save,
Upheld thy wandering steps that sought the day
And set them steadfast on the heavenly way.
Nor quite even here on thy broad brows was shed
The sleep which shrouds the living, who are dead;
Once by God's grace was from thine eyes unfurled
This veil that screens the immense and whirling world,
Once, while the spheres around thee in music ran,
Was very Beauty manifest to man; —
Ah, once to have seen her, once to have known her there,
For speech too sweet, for earth too heavenly fair!
But now the tomb where long thy soul had lain
Bursts, and thy tabernacle is rent in twain;
Now from about thee, in thy new home above,
Has perished all but life, and all but love, —
And on all lives and on all loves outpoured
Free grace and full, a Spirit from the Lord,
High in that heaven whose windless vaults enfold
Just men made perfect, and an age all gold.
Thine own Pythagoras is with thee there,
And sacred Plato in that sacred air,
And whoso followed, and all high hearts that knew
In death's despite what deathless Love can do.
To God's right hand they have scaled the starry way —
Pure spirits these, thy spirit pure as they.
Ah saint! how many and many an anguish past,
To how fair haven art thou come at last!
On thy meek head what Powers their blessing pour,
Filled full with life, and rich for evermore!

PERIODS OF GREEK HISTORY AFTER THE CONQUEST OF GREECE.

By GEORGE FINLAY.

(From "Greece under the Romans.")

[George Finlay: An English historian; born in Faversham, Kent, December 21, 1799; died in Athens, Greece, January 26, 1875. He was one of the early volunteers in the liberation of Greece, a companion of Byron at Missolonghi in 1823, and took up permanent residence there. He was for many years the Greek correspondent of the London *Times*. His fame, however, rests upon one great work, now collected as "Greece under Foreign Domination" (7 vols., 1877), but the first volume published as "Greece under the Romans" (1844), and the last two volumes being a "History of the Greek Revolution."]

The condition of Greece during its long period of servitude was not one of uniform degeneracy. Under the Romans, and subsequently under the Othomans, the Greeks formed only an insignificant portion of a vast empire. Their unwarlike character rendered them of little political importance, and many of the great changes and revolutions which occurred in the dominions of the emperors and of the sultans, exerted no direct influence on Greece. Consequently, neither the general history of the Roman nor of the Othoman empire forms a portion of Greek history. Under the Byzantine emperors the case was different: the Greeks became then identified with the imperial administration. The dissimilarity in the political position of the nation during these periods requires a different treatment from the historian to explain the characteristics of the times.

The changes which affected the political and social condition of the Greeks divide their history, as a subject people, into six distinct periods.

1. The first of these periods comprises the history of Greece under the Roman government. The physical and moral degradation of the people deprived them of all political influence, until Greek society was at length regenerated by the Christian religion. After Christianity became the religion of the Roman emperors, the predominant power of the Greek clergy, in the ecclesiastical establishment of the Eastern Empire, restored to the Greeks some degree of influence in the government, and gave them a degree of social authority over human civilization in the East which rivaled that which they had formerly obtained by the Macedonian conquests. In the portion of this work devoted to the condition of Greece under the Romans,

the author has confined his attention exclusively to the condition of the people, and to those branches of the Roman administration which affected their condition. The predominant influence of Roman feelings and prejudices in the Eastern Empire terminates with the accession of Leo the Isaurian, who gave the administration at Constantinople a new character.

2. The second period embraces the history of the Eastern Roman Empire in its new form, under its conventional title of the Byzantine Empire. The records of this despotism, modified, renovated, and reinvigorated by the Iconoclast emperors, constitute one of the most remarkable and instructive lessons in the history of monarchial institutions. They teach us that a well-organized central government can with ease hold many subject nations in a state of political nullity. During this period the history of the Greeks is closely interwoven with the annals of the imperial government, so that the history of the Byzantine Empire forms a portion of the history of the Greek nation. Byzantine history extends from the accession of Leo the Isaurian, in the year 716, to the conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1204.

3. After the destruction of the Eastern Roman Empire, Greek history diverges into many channels. The exiled Roman-Greeks of Constantinople fled to Asia, and established their capital at Nicæa; they prolonged the Imperial administration in some provinces on the old model and with the old names. After the lapse of less than sixty years, they recovered possession of Constantinople; but though the government they exercised retained the proud title of the Roman Empire, it was only a degenerate representative even of the Byzantine state. This third period is characterized as the Greek Empire of Constantinople. Its feeble existence was terminated by the Othoman Turks at the taking of Constantinople in 1453.

4. When the Crusaders conquered the greater part of the Byzantine Empire, they divided their conquests with the Venetians, and founded the Latin Empire of Romania, with its feudal principalities in Greece. The domination of the Latins is important, as marking the decline of Greek influence in the East, and as causing a rapid diminution in the wealth and numbers of the Greek nation. This period extends from the conquest of Constantinople in 1204, until the conquest of Naxos by the Othoman Turks in 1566.

5. The conquest of Constantinople in 1204 caused the

foundation of a new Greek state in the eastern provinces of the Byzantine Empire, called the Empire of Trebizond. Its existence is a curious episode in Greek history, though the government was characterized by peculiarities which indicated the influence of Asiatic rather than of European manners. It bore a strong resemblance to the Iberian and Armenian monarchies. During two centuries and a half it maintained a considerable degree of influence, based, however, rather on its commercial position and resources than on its political strength or its Greek civilization. Its existence exerted little influence on the fate or fortunes of Greece, and its conquest, in the year 1461, excited little sympathy.

6. The sixth and last period of the history of Greece under foreign domination extends from 1453 to 1821, and embraces the records both of the Othoman rule and of the temporary occupation of the Peloponnesus by the Venetian Republic, from 1685 to 1715. Nations have, perhaps, perpetuated their existence in an equally degraded position; but history offers no other example of a nation which had sunk to such a state of debasement making a successful effort to recover its independence.

GLEANINGS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

By RICHARD GARNETT.

[Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., English poet and man of letters, was born at Lichfield, England, in 1835; son and namesake of the Assistant Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum. He was himself in its service from 1851 to 1899, latterly as Keeper of Printed Books. He has published, besides volumes of collected original poems, "Poems from the German," "A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology," "Sonnets from Dante, Petrarch, and Camoens"; also "Io in Egypt," "Iphigenia in Delphi," "The Twilight of the Gods," etc.; Lives of Milton, Carlyle, Emerson, William Blake, and Edward Gibbon Wakefield; "History of Italian Literature," etc.]

I. — Bion.

Young was I, when I saw fair Venus stand,
Before me, leading in her lovely hand
Eros, whose drooping eye the herbage sought,
And thus, "Dear herdsman, let my child be taught
Music by thee," therewith she went away.

Then did I in all innocence essay
To teach, as though he could have learned of me,
The sources of sweet-flowing melody: —
Pan's pipe and Pallas' flute, how Hermes bade
The tortoise sing, and how Apollo made
The cittern. But, not heeding mine a whit,
He sang himself a song, and taught me it.
How Venus reigns, and all in heaven above
And land and sea is subject unto love.
And I forgot all I to Love did tell,
But all he taught me I remember well.

II. — Mnasalcas.

Vine that, not tarrying till the storm bereaves,
Strewest on autumnal air thy glorious leaves,
Reserve them for her couch whom I await;
Bacchus was ever Venus' willing mate.

III. — Marcus Argentarius.

Warble no more thy mellow melody,
Sweet Blackbird, from that knotty oaken tree,
But where the clambering vine her tendril weaves,
Come winging to the hospitable eaves,
And chant uncaged, for that, thy race's foe,
Fosters the birdlime-bearing mistletoe;
But this, the purple grape, so duly thine,
For Minstrelsy should ne'er be scant of wine.

IV. — Anonymous.

I send thee myrrh, not that thou mayest be
By it perfumed, but it perfumed by thee.

Imitation by Ben Jonson.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
  It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
  And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself, but thee.

V. — Marcus Argentarius.

Call it not love when the delighted eye
Is lured by charm into captivity;
But when wild fires for weak attractions waste:
To pine for beauty is not love, but taste.

VI. — Meleager.

O Love that flew so lightly to my heart,
Why are thy wings so feeble to depart?

Translation by H. H. Milman.

Still Love's sweet voice is trembling in mine ears,
Still silent flow mine eyes with Love's sweet tears;
Nor night nor day I rest; by magic spells
Stamped on my soul the well-known image dwells.
O Love! how swift thy flight to reach the heart!
Thy wings are only powerless to depart.

VII. — Callimachus.

The hunter, Epicydes, will not spare
To follow on the trace of fawn and hare
Through snow and frost, so long as still they fly;
But if one say, "'Tis hit," he passes by.
Even so my love, winged for no willing prize,
Follows what flees, and flees what fallen lies.

VIII. — Antipater of Sidon.

THE SEA VENUS.

Not vast this shrine, where by wet sand I sit
Ruling the sea that surges up to it;
But dear, for much I love submissive sea,
And much the mariner preserved by me:
Entreat her then, whose smile thy speed can prove
On the wild waves of Ocean and of Love.

IX. — Agathias.

My wreath, my hair, my girdle gratefully
To Venus, Pallas, Dian offered be.
By whose concurring favor I enjoy
My wedded bliss, my chastity, my boy.

X. — Leonidas of Tarentum.

Venus, at Rhodo's prayer this stick, and these
Sandals, the spoil of sage Posochares;
This dirty leather flask, this wallet torn,
Suffer thy sanctuary to adorn:
Trophies not rich but glorious, for they prove
Philosophy's subjection unto Love.

XI. — Mnasalcus.

The crooked bow and arrow-spending case
Promachus hangs up in this holy place,
Phœbus, to thee. The shafts remain apart,
For each is buried in a foeman's heart.

XII. — Leonidas of Alexandria.

Menodotis's portrait here is kept:
Most odd it is
How very like to all the world, except
Menodotis.

XIII. — Lucian.

"PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING."

Stern Cynicus doth war austerely wage
With endive, lentils, chicory, and sage;
Which shouldst thou thoughtless proffer,
"Wretch," saith he,
"Wouldst thou corrupt my life's simplicity?"
Yet is not his simplicity so great
But that he can digest a pomegranate;
And peaches, he esteems, right well agree
With Spartan fare and sound philosophy.

XIV. — Nicarchus.

A starry seer's oracular abodes
One sought, to know if he should sail for Rhodes,
When thus the sage, "I rede thee, let thy ships
Be new, and choose the summer for thy trips;
Safe then thou'lt leave, and safe regain this spot,
If those confounded pirates catch thee not."

XV. — Antiphilus.

Eubule, craving Heaven's will to know,
Would poise a pebble. Wished she to hear *no*,
The stone was ponderous past all belief;
If *yes*, 'twas lighter than a withered leaf;
And did the divination prove at fault,
"Phœbus," she'd say, "thou art not worth thy salt."

XVI. — Lucillius.

A MISER COMMENDED.

Great soul! who nobly thus allots his pelf;
All to his heir and nothing to himself.

XVII. — Marcus Argentarius.

Thou art in danger, Cincius, on my word,
To die ere thou hast lived, which were absurd.
Open thy ears to song, thy throat to wine,
Thy arms unto that pretty wife of thine.
Philosophy, I have nowise forgot,
Is deathless, but philosophers are not.

XVIII. — Philodemus.

I loved, who not? I drank, who doth not know
Wine's joys? I raved, the gods would have it so.
But love and wine adieu, for now my tress
Whitens with Gaiety's hoar monitress.
'Twas well to sport, and well it is to see
When gravity befits, and grave to be.

WIT AND SATIRE OF THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

Translated by LORD NEAVES, Senator of the College of Justice, Scotland.

It would not have been conformable either to human nature in general, or to Greek nature in particular, if the country and the literature that produced Aristophanes should not in its less

serious compositions have given some place for wit and sarcasm. We find, accordingly, that these elements are not wanting. A great many epigrams both of a jocular and of a satirical kind are well deserving of notice, of which specimens shall now be given.

Nowhere, perhaps, are the proper objects of ridicule better set forth than in the Introduction to one of Foote's farces. He refuses to bring on the stage mere bodily defects or natural misfortunes; and when asked to say at what things we may laugh with propriety, answers thus: "At an old beau, a superannuated beauty, a military coward, a stuttering orator, or a gouty dancer. In short, whoever affects to be what he is not, or strives to be what he cannot, is an object worthy the poet's pen and your mirth."

We do not say that the Greek epigrammatist always abstained from making merry at mere bodily defects; but we shall avoid as much as possible those that have no other recommendation. The proper object of ridicule is surely Folly, and the proper object of satire, Vice. Within the present section, however, will be included not merely the ridicule of sarcasm and the attacks of satire, but any also of those merry or witty views of nature and things that tend to produce sympathetic laughter.

Of bodily peculiarities there are some at which it is difficult not to smile; and if it is done good-humoredly, and rather as a warning to abstain from vanity or conceit, there is no harm in it. Many of such epigrams were probably written upon merely imaginary persons: —

A New Use of a Human Face.

(Attributed to the Emperor Trajan: the translation old.)

With nose so long and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders side by side,
Dick, with a very little trial,
Would make an excellent sundial.

Some of the critics are greatly delighted to find that in this epigram the Emperor's knowledge of Greek was not such as to prevent him committing a false quantity.

A Counterpart to Narcissus.

(By Lucilius: translated by Cowper.)

Beware, my friend! of crystal brook
Or fountain, lest that hideous hook,
  Thy nose, thou chance to see;
Narcissus' fate would then be thine,
And self-detested thou wouldst pine,
  As self-enamored he.

Long and Short.

(Anonymous: translated by Merivale.)

Dick cannot blow his nose whene'er he pleases,
  His nose so long is, and his arm so short;
Nor ever cries, God bless me! when he sneezes —
  He cannot hear so distant a report.

A variety of trades and professions have been traditional objects of ridicule. Schoolmasters and professors come in for their share.

On a Schoolmaster who had a Gay Wife.

(By Lucilius.)

You in your school forever flog and flay us,
Teaching what Paris did to Menelaus;
But all the while, within your private dwelling,
There's many a Paris courting of your Helen.

On a Professor who had a Small Class.

Hail, Aristides, Rhetoric's great professor!
Of wondrous words we own thee the possessor.
Hail ye, his pupils seven, that mutely hear him —
His room's four walls, and the three benches near him!

This that follows is on Cadmus, without whom there might have been no grammar, and little rhetoric. It is said to be by Zeno — not the philosopher, we presume. We give first a translation by Wellesley: —

Take it not ill that Cadmus, Phœnician though he be,
Can say that Greece was taught by him to write her A, B, C.

This is good; but even "English readers" may know that A, B, C, is not the right name of the Greek alphabet. Let us respectfully propose a slight change: —

> Cadmus am I: then grudge me not the boast, that, though I am a Phœnician born, I taught you Greeks your Alpha, Beta, Gamma.

The medical profession as usual comes in for some of those touches which we are ready enough to give or to enjoy when we are not actually in their hands.

A Convenient Partnership.

(Anonymous.)

> Damon, who plied the Undertaker's trade,
> With Doctor Crateas an agreement made.
> What linens Damon from the dead could seize,
> He to the doctor sent for bandages;
> While the good Doctor, here no promise breaker,
> Sent all his patients to the Undertaker.

Grammar and Medicine.

(By Agathias.)

> A thriving doctor sent his son to school
> To gain some knowledge, should he prove no fool;
> But took him soon away with little warning,
> On finding out the lesson he was learning —
> How great Pelides' wrath, in Homer's rhyme,
> Sent many souls to Hades ere their time.
> "No need for this my boy should hither come;
> That lesson he can better learn at home —
> For I myself, now, I make bold to say,
> Send many souls to Hades ere their day,
> Nor e'er find want of Grammar stop my way."

Musical attempts, when unsuccessful, are a fruitful and fair subject of ridicule. The following is by Nicarchus: —

> Men die when the night raven sings or cries:
> But when Dick sings, e'en the night raven dies.

EPIPHANY APOSTOLIC COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Compensation.

(By Leonidas.)

The harper Simylus, the whole night through,
Harped till his music all the neighbors slew:
All but deaf Origen, for whose dull *ears*
Nature atoned by giving length of *years*.

The Musical Doctor.

(By Ammianus: the translation altered from Wellesley.)

Nicias, a doctor and musician,
Lies under very foul suspicion.
He sings, and without any shame
  He murders all the finest music:
Does he prescribe? our fate's the same,
  If he shall e'er find me or you sick.

Unsuccessful painters, too, are sneered at. This is by Lucilius: —

Eutychus many portraits made, and many sons begot;
But, strange to say! none ever saw a likeness in the lot.

Compliments to the fair sex are often paid by the epigrammatists in a manner at once witty and graceful.

We have seen how Sappho was described as a tenth Muse; but this epigram by an unknown author goes further. The translation is old and anonymous, though borrowed apparently from one by Swift, on which it has improved. It has been slightly altered: —

The world must now two Venuses adore;
Ten are the Muses, and the Graces four.
Such Dora's wit, so fair her form and face,
She's a new Muse, a Venus, and a Grace.

We find an adaptation of this to an accomplished Cornish lady, in an old magazine: —

Now the Graces are four and the Venuses two,
  And ten is the number of Muses;
For a Muse and a Grace and a Venus are you,
  My dear little Molly Trefusis.

Finally, we have another edition of this idea with a bit of satire at the end, which has been maliciously added by the translator:—

Of Graces four, of Muses ten,
  Of Venuses now two are seen;
Doris shines forth to dazzled men,
  A Grace, a Muse, and Beauty's Queen; —
But let me whisper one thing more;
The Furies now are likewise four.

The faults and foibles of women, springing often so naturally from their innate wish to please, have not escaped such of the epigrammatists as were inclined to satire, and some of them are bitter enough. The first we give must have been occasioned by some irritating disappointment, or have sprung from an unworthy opinion of the sex. It is by our friend Palladas: —

All wives are plagues; yet two blest times have they, —
Their bridal first, and then their burial day.

The others we give are less sweeping, and more directed against individual failings, particularly the desire to appear more beautiful or more youthful than the facts warranted. This is by Lucilius: —

Chloe, those locks of raven hair, —
  Some people say you dye them black;
But that's a libel, I can swear,
  For I know where you buy them black.

Our next deals with a very systematic dyer and getter-up of artificial juvenility, who seems to have been her own Madame Rachel. The Greek is Lucian's, and the translation by Merivale. There is also one by Cowper, which will be found among his works: —

Yes, you may dye your hair, but not your age,
  Nor smooth, alas! the wrinkles of your face:
Yes, you may varnish o'er the telltale page,
  And wear a mask for every vanished grace.
But there's an end. No Hecuba, by aid
Of rouge and ceruse, is a Helen made."

The inactive habits of most of the Greek women are thought to have created a temptation to the use of these artificial modes of heightening the complexion, which would have been better

effected by the natural pigments laid on by fresh air and exercise.

This is by Nicarchus, upon an old woman wishing to be married at rather an advanced period of life: —

> Niconoè has doubtless reached her prime:
> Yes, for she did so in Deucalion's time.
> We don't know as to that, but think her doom
> Less fitted for a husband than a tomb.

This also is upon an old, or at least a plain woman, by Lucilius: —

> Gellia, your mirror's false; you could not bear,
> If it were true, to see your image there.

On a Woman scornful in Youth playing the Coquette when Old.

(By Rufinus.)

> You now salute me graciously, when gone
> Your beauty's power, that once like marble shone;
> You now look sweet, though forced to hide away
> Those locks that o'er your proud neck used to stray.
> Vain are your arts: your faded charms I scorn;
> The rose now past, I care not for the thorn.

Upon a Lady's Coy, Reluctant, "Unamorous" Delay.

(By Rufinus.)

> How long, hard Prodicè, am I to kneel,
> And pray and whine, to move that breast of steel?
> You e'en are getting gray, as much as I am;
> We soon shall be — just Hecuba and Priam.

Deafness is an infirmity which is a proper object, not of ridicule, but of pity; but then the deaf person should not pretend to hear when he or she cannot, as was the case with the old lady now to be noticed: —

On a Deaf Housekeeper.

(Paraphrased.)

> Of all life's plagues I recommend to no man
> To hire as a domestic a deaf woman.

I've got one who my orders does not hear,
Mishears them rather, and keeps blundering near.
Thirsty and hot, I asked her for a *drink*;
She bustled out, and brought me back some *ink*.
Eating a good rump steak, I called for *mustard*;
Away she went, and whipped me up a *custard*.
I wanted with my chicken to have *ham*;
Blundering once more, she brought a pot of *jam*.
I wished in season for a cut of *salmon*,
And what she bought me was a huge fat *gammon*.
I can't my voice raise higher and still higher,
As if I were a herald or town-crier.
'Twould better be if she were deaf outright;
But anyhow she quits my house this night.

Those ladies — generally, of course, such as were advanced in life — who unblushingly betook themselves to the bottle, are an inevitable subject of satire. It has already been mentioned that even men were considered intemperate who drank wine without a large admixture of water; but apparently the female topers, having once broken bounds, took their wine unmixed.

Epitaph on Maronis.

This rudely sculptured Cup will show
Where gray Maronis lies below.
She talked, and drank strong unmixed stuff,
Both of them more than *quantum suff.*
She does not for her children grieve,
Nor their poor father grudge to leave;
It only vexes her to think
This drinking cup's not filled with drink.

The last couplet might be more literally translated thus: —

But in the grave she scarcely can lie still,
To think, what Bacchus owns, she can't with Bacchus fill.

Love is sometimes treated of in a vein of pleasantry, very different from the deep and impassioned tone in which it is exhibited in more serious compositions. Take some examples: —

Is a *Black* Woman one of the *Fair* Sex?

(By Meleager.)

By Didyma's beauty I'm carried away;
I melt, when I see it, like wax before fire:
She is black, it is true: so are coals; but even they,
When they're warmed, a bright glow like the rose cup acquire.

This is by Archias, Cicero's friend and client, written perhaps to illustrate some piece of art: —

What! fly from Love? vain hope: there's no retreat,
When he has wings and I have only feet.

This is by Crates, translated by Sayers, Southey's friend: —

Cures for Love.

Hunger, perhaps, may cure your love
  Or time your passion greatly alter:
If both should unsuccessful prove,
  I strongly recommend a halter.

Venus and the Muses.

(By some said to be Plato's.)

To the Muses said Venus: "Maids, mind what you do;
Honor me, or I'll set my boy Cupid on you."
Then to Venus the Muses: "To Mars chatter thus:
Your urchin ne'er ventures to fly upon us."

The light and cheerful way in which poor men speak of their poverty is often pleasant. Here are some examples: —

Want a Good Watchdog.

(By Julian: the translation by Wellesley.)

Seek a more profitable job,
  Good housebreakers, elsewhere:
These premises you cannot rob,
  Want guards them with such care.

The Poor Scholar's Admonition to the Mice.

(By Aristo.)

O mice! if here you come for food, you'd better go elsewhere,
For in this cabin, small and rude, you'll find but slender fare.

Go where you'll meet with good fat cheese, and sweet dried
figs in plenty,
Where even the scraps will yield with ease a banquet rich
and dainty:
If to devour my books you come, you'll rue it, without question,
And find them all, as I find some, of very hard digestion.

The folly of fools is a fair subject of ridicule. This is by Lucian: —

A blockhead bit by fleas put out the light,
And chuckling cried, Now you can't see to bite.

Here is something which the Greeks considered folly, by Lucian: —

While others tippled, Sam from drinking shrunk,
Which made the rest think Sam alone was drunk.

Without recommending excess, there are a good many invitations to jollity. Here is one: —

Sober Eubulus, friends, lies here below:
So then, let's drink: to Hades all must go.

What follows is a favorite sentiment — perhaps too much so — with the old poets: —

Wine to the poet is a wingèd steed;
Those who drink water come but little speed.

One great poet has existed in our day who was a signal exception to this alleged rule.

The following is by the Emperor Julian, and refers to that substitute for wine which the Germans discovered by fermenting, or, as Tacitus calls it, *corrupting*, grain. It does not seem to have pleased the imperial wine drinker. The translation is necessarily paraphrastic: —

Who? whence this, Bacchus? for by Bacchus' self,
The son of Jove, I know not this strange elf.
The other smells like nectar: but thou here
Like the he-goat. Those wretched Celts, I fear,
For want of grapes made thee of ears of corn.
Demetrius art thou, of Demeter born,
Not Bacchus, Dionysus, nor yet wine —
Those names but fit the products of the vine;
Beer thou mayst be from Barley; or, that failing,
We'll call thee Ale, for thou wilt keep us ailing.

A bath to the Greeks, as we might expect — at least, in their later development — was a great enjoyment, if not a necessity of life. The epigrammatists supply us with many pleasant and playful inscriptions for baths or bathing places, illustrating their virtues and attractions. The purity and freshness of the water are natural themes of eulogium, and the patronage of divine beings is readily supposed. Here is a selection, all of them apparently anonymous : —

> This bath may boast the Graces' own to be, —
> And for that reason it holds only three.
>
> Here bathed the Graces, and at leaving gave
> Their choicest splendors to requite the wave.

Or thus, which we may suppose written of the draped Graces : —

> Here bathed the Graces, and, by way of payment,
> Left half their charms when they resumed their raiment.
>
> Here Venus bathed, ere she to Paris' eyes
> Displayed the immortal form that gained the prize.

Or thus : —

> Straight from this bath went Venus, wet and dripping;
> To Paris showed herself — and won the pippin.
>
> Either these waves gave Venus birth, or she,
> Her form here bathing, made them what we see.

On a Small-sized Bath.

> Blame not things little: Grace may on them wait.
> Cupid is little; but his godhead's great.

We are warned, however, that excess in the use of the warm bath, as in other indulgences, may be injurious : —

> Wine and the bath, and lawless love for ladies,
> Just send us quicker down the hill to Hades.

Some vices are particularly obnoxious to the satirical epigrammatist, especially avarice and envy : —

Stinginess in Hospitality.

(By Pallas: translation altered from Wellesley.)

Most people dine but once, but when we've dined
With our friend Salaminus,
We dine again at home, for faith! we find
He did not truly dine us.

Board or Lodging.

(By Lucilius: translation altered from Cowper.)

Asclépiades, the Miser, in his house
Espied one day, with some surprise, a mouse:
"Tell me, dear mouse," he cried, "to what cause is it
I owe this pleasant but unlooked-for visit?"
The mouse said, smiling: "Fear not for your hoard:
I come, my friend, to lodge, and not to board."

There are several vigorous denunciations of the vice of envy. This is anonymous: —

Envy is vile, but plays a useful part,
Torturing in envious men both eyes and heart.

This is in that exaggerated style which the epigrams sometimes exhibit. It is by Lucilius — the translation from Wellesley: —

Poor Diophon of envy died,
His brother thief to see
Nailed near him, to be crucified,
Upon a higher tree.

But the best epigram on this subject is to be found in one which seems to describe a picture of Momus the fault-finder, the impersonation of Envy, perhaps also, some will say, of Criticism, — the Power who could produce nothing excellent himself, and who never saw unmixed excellence in the works of others. The picture is supposed to have been by Apelles. The epigram is anonymous; the translation partly from Hay: —

Who here has formed, with faultless hand and skill,
Fault-finding Momus, source of endless ill?
On the bare earth his aged limbs are thrown,

As if in life, to lie and sigh and groan.
His frame is wasted, and his scanty hairs
One trembling hand from his thin temple tears:
With his old staff the other strikes the ground,
Which all insensate to the blows is found.
In double row his gnashing teeth declare
How much his neighbor's weal o'erwhelms him with despair.

Swift made a well-known epitaph upon Vanbrugh as an architect: —

Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

This is nearly the counterpart of the following Greek epigram: —

Hail, Mother Earth! lie light on him
Whose tombstone here we see:
Æsigenes, his form was slim,
And light his weight on thee.

A similar request is made in another epigram by Ammianus, but with a very different feeling. The translation is by Merivale: —

Light lie the earth, Nearchus, on thy clay, —
That so the dogs may easier find their prey.

This anonymous epigram is upon a matricide, who does not deserve burial: —

Bury him not! no burial is for him:
Let hungry dogs devour him limb by limb.
Our general Mother, Earth, on her kind breast
Will ne'er allow a matricide to rest.

The satirical epigrammatists indulge often in national invective, and indeed the Greeks were too fond of abusing some of their neighbors. Here are specimens: —

A viper bit a Cappadocian's hide;
But 'twas the viper, not the man, that died.

The natives of many other countries besides Cappadocia were called *bad:* among the rest the Lerians; thus: —

Lerians are bad: not *some* bad, and some *not,*
But all; there's not a Lerian in the lot,
Save Procles, that you could a good man call; —
And Procles — is a Lerian after all.

Our readers will here recognize the original of a well-known epigram by Porson, which exists both in a Greek and English shape, and where the satirist, after denouncing the Germans as *all* ignorant of Greek meters, concludes : —

All, save only Hermann; —
And Hermann's a German.

It was unfortunate for poor Hermann that his name and his nationality rhymed so well together.

An epigram may here be given in conclusion on this head, as tending, perhaps, to illustrate the transition by which the satirical Greek epigram came to resemble the favorite style of Martial, which has been so much adopted in modern times.

The epigram we refer to is by Lucilius : —

On a Declamatory Pleader.

A little pig, an ox, a goat (my only one), I lost,
And Menecles, to plead my cause, I fee'd at some small cost.
I only wanted back my beasts, which seemed my simple due;
Then, Menecles, what had I with Othryades to do?
I never thought in this affair to charge with any theft
The men who, at Thermopylæ, their lives and bodies left.
My suit is with Eutychides; and if I get decree,
Leonidas and Xerxes both are welcome to go free.
Plead my true case: lest I cry out (I can't my feelings smother),
"The little pig one story tells, and Menecles another."

This chapter may be concluded with a mild satire upon the conditions of the times, with reference to the two ancient worthies, Heraclitus and Democritus, the weeping and the laughing philosopher. The translation is mainly from Prior : —

Sad Heraclitus with thy tears return;
Life more than ever gives us cause to mourn.
Democritus, dear droll, revisit earth:
Life more than ever gives us cause for mirth.
Between you both I stand in thoughtful pother,
How I should weep with one, how laugh with t'other.

FRAGMENTS OF EARLY ROMAN POETS.

(In part translated for this work.)

Chant of the Arval Brothers.

Give to us thy help, O Lars!
Suffer not the plague to fall upon thy people, Mars!
Be thy fury sated, Mars! — [*To the dancers.*
Leap on the sill:
Let the beating be still.
Call on the demigods to shield us from ill. —
Once again, Mars, we implore! —
Triumph, triumph, triumph, triumph, we will sing it o'er and o'er!

Nævius.

[Flourished about B.C. 235–204. One of the earliest of Roman dramatists, ranked by them as third among their comedians; but more important as poet, being the forerunner of Roman satiric poetry, and creator of the Roman epic.]

On a Coquette.

As if in a ring at play, tossing a ball,
To one after another, the same with them all,
She turns: here a nod, there a wink she bestows:
To one she makes love, to another clings close;
Here she busies her hand, there a foot she will press;
The next has her ring to inspect and caress;
There's a kiss blown to one, and she sings with a second,
While with signs on her fingers another is beckoned.

Epitaph on Himself.

If e'er o'er beings mortal might sorrow those divine,
Then o'er the poet Nævius would weep the heavenly Nine;
For since the bard was treasured old Orcus' store among,
At Rome they have forgotten to speak the Latin tongue.

Plautus.

[See "Mostellaria" for biography.]

Epitaph on Himself.

Since Plautus died, Thalia beats her breast;
The stage is empty: Laughter, Sport, and Jest,
And all the tuneless measures, weep distrest.

Ennius.

[Usually considered the greatest of Roman poets before the time of Lucretius, and the real founder of the indigenous Roman school of verse. Born B.C. 239, in the half Greek, half Oscan town of Rudiæ, probably educated at Tarentum, and serving as soldier and centurion till middle age, he came to Rome with Cato the Censor in 204, having a remarkable variety of influences, cultivation, and experience; taught Greek; went campaigning again; was intimate with the best families in Rome, a friend of Scipio Major among others, and died B.C. 169. He wrote tragedies, satires, a long historical poem called the "Annals," and other works.]

Pyrrhus to the Roman Envoy.

[After the early victories of Pyrrhus over the Romans (B.C. 280–279), he sent an embassy to negotiate a peace. They refused, but sent Fabricius to make terms for ransoming the prisoners in Pyrrhus's hands. Ennius puts these words into his mouth in reply, which in substance must be historical.]

I SEEK no gold, nor must you offer me
A payment. Let us wage this war together
As soldiers, not as hucksters in the market;
With steel, not gold — our lives to be the stake.
Whether our mistress Fortune purposes
That you or I should rule, or what she wills,
That let us leave to valor. Further, hear
What I now say: the brave man whom the chance
Of battle spares to life, his freedom too
I have resolved to spare. Take this my offer
Even as I make it, by the great gods' grace.

Roman Quackery.

I value not a mite your Marsian augurs,
Your village seers, your market fortune tellers,
Egyptian sorcerers, dream interpreters:
No prophets they by knowledge or by skill;
But superstitious quacks, shameless impostors,
Lazy or crazy slaves of indigence,
Who tell fine stories for their proper lucre;
Teach others the highway, and cannot find
A byway for themselves; promise us riches,
And beg of us a drachma; — let them give
Their riches first, then take their drachma out.

Moral to a Fable.

Learn from my tale this ready saw and true:
Ne'er trust your friends for what yourself can do.

The Lament of Andromache.

(Translated by W. E. Aytoun.)

Whither shall I flee for refuge? Whither shall I look for aid?
Flight or exile, which is safer? Tower and town are both betrayed.
Whom shall I implore for succor? Our old altars are no more,
Broken, crushed they lie, and splintered, and the flames above them roar.
And our walls all blackened stand — O my father! fatherland!
O thou haughty house of Priam — temple with the gates surrounded,
I have seen thee — all thy splendor, all thy Eastern pomp unbounded —
All thy roofs and painted ceilings — all the treasures they contain,
I have seen them, seen them blazing — I have seen old Priam slain,
Foully murdered, and the altar of the Highest bears the stain.

A Possible Portrait of Himself.

Thus speaking, he calls one with whom he is wont, and most gladly, to share
His table and converse alike, and the load of his business and care,
When wearied with making great part of the counsel and day-long debate
In broad Forum and reverend Senate, on highest concerns of the State;
To whom matters of moment and trifles and jest he can speak and be bold, —
Can pour forth all at once, if he wish, good and bad, what there is to be told,
And put in safe keeping; with whom both in public and private he knows
High pleasure and joy; whom no evil nature the fancies dispose
To base acts out of malice or levity; learned, and loyal in act,
Agreeable, eloquent, cheerful, content with himself, full of tact,
Suiting speech to the season, right courteous, with words not too many for need;
Versed in buried antiquities, gaining from years and from study the meed
Of knowing the old ways and new, many laws both of men and divine; —
Who knows when the counsels of prudence to speech and to silence incline.

The Problem of Divine Government.

That the race of gods exists in heaven, I have ever said and say:
But I do not think they care how the race of men live out their day;
For then the good would have good, the bad bad, which now is far away.

Inscription for Tomb of Scipio Major.

Here lies on whom compatriot or foe
Meed for his actions never could bestow.

Another for the Same.

From dawn-land, or Mæotis' swamp beyond,
  There lives no man whose deeds can match my own.
Could any climb with right the gods' domain,
  Heaven's mighty gate stands wide to me alone.

To Himself.

Hail, poet Ennius, who to mortal men
Pledgest thy flaming verses marrow-born.

His Old Age.

So a strong steed, who oft the race has run
Around the vast Olympian course, and won,
Now rests in peaceful age, his service done.

Epitaph on Himself.

Compatriots, come and look upon old Ennius' sculptured form:
He penned your fathers' mighty deeds to keep their memory warm.
Let no one honor mine with tears, nor weep the funeral day:
Why? I still live, and through men's mouths flit to and fro for aye.

PACUVIUS.

[Nephew of Ennius, and like him a native of Brundisium, South Italy; born B.C. 220, and died about B.C. 130. He was a painter of great celebrity, and held in the front rank of tragic poets.]

Departure of the Greeks from Troy.

Now the crested billows whiten as the sun is hasting down;
Twofold darkness falls around us, night and storm-clouds blind the sight;
'Mid the clouds the levin blazes; trembles heaven beneath the crash;
Hail with torrent rain commingling, bursts in headlong whirlwind down;
All the winds rush forth about us; sweeps the wild tornado round;
Boils the sea with glowing fury.

Epitaph on Himself.

Youth, even though thou art hurrying, this stone asks a boon of thee:
That thou wilt gaze upon it, then read what its gravings tell.
Here are the bones of Pacuvius Marcus, the poet, laid.
I could wish this, all unknowing what thou mayst be. Farewell.

Attius or Accius.

[Born B.C. 170; lived to a great age, as Cicero when a young man (B.C. 85–80) frequently conversed with him. His tragedies are praised by the ancients for vigor of language and elevation of thought. He also wrote annals in verse, like Ennius; and prose works.]

Dialogue between Tarquin and the Diviners.

Tarquin —

When at night's urgency I gave my frame
To rest, and soothed my languid limbs with sleep,
A shepherd seemed in slumber to accost me. . . .
Two kindred rams were chosen from the flock,
A fleecy treasure of a beauty rare;
Whereof I slew the fairer on an altar.
Then did his fellow with his horns essay
To butt, and overthrew me on the ground;
Where as I lay sore wounded in the dirt,
I gazed on heaven, and there beheld a sad
And wondrous sign: the fiery ray-girt sun
Passed back in strange disorder to his right.

Diviners —

Good my liege, it is no marvel if the forms of waking thought,
Care, and sight, and deed, and converse, all revisit us in sleep:
But we may not pass regardless sight so unforedeemed as this.
Wherefore see lest one thou thinkest stupid as the flocks that graze
Bear a heart with choicest wisdom purified and fortified,
And expel thee from thy kingdom. For the portent of the sun
Shows there is a change impending o'er the people of thy sway.
May the gods avert the omen! it is near! the mighty star
From his left to right returning, shows thee clearly as his light
That the Roman people's greatness shall become supreme at last.

A Shepherd describes his First Sight of a Ship.

The monster bulk sweeps on
Loud from the deep, with mighty roar and panting.
It hurls the waves before; it stirs up whirlpools;
On, on it bounds; it dashes back the spray.
Awhile, it seems a bursting tempest cloud;

Awhile, a rock uprooted by the winds,
And whirled aloft by hurricane; or masses
Beaten by concourse of the crashing waves;
The sea seems battering o'er the wrecks of land;
Or Triton, from their roots the caves beneath
Upturning with his trident, flings to heaven
A rocky mass from out the billowy deep.

Lucilius.

[Born B.C. 148, at Suessa, on the Santa Croce mountains; died 103, at Naples. He served under Scipio in Spain; and is said to have been a grand-uncle, if not grandfather, of Pompey the Great. Roman writers proclaim him a satirist of immense vigor and great poetic force, the founder of Roman satiric poetry in its artistic form, and by some regarded as the greatest of all in his own class.]

The Ideal of Life.

Virtue, Albinus, is the power to give
Their due to objects amid which we live;
What each possesses, faithfully to scan;
To know the right, the good, the true for man;
Again to know the wrong, the base, the ill;
What we should seek, and how we should fulfill;
Honor and wealth at their true worth to prize;
Ill men and deeds repudiate, hate, despise;
Good men and deeds uphold, promote, defend,
Exalt them, seek their welfare, live their friend;
To place our country's interests first alone;
Our parents' next; the third and last, our own.

Debating in Place of Action.

But now from morning till night, work-day and holiday too,
The whole day just the same, people and Senate alike
Bustle about in the Forum, and never keep quiet a moment,
Each singly devoting himself to the self-same study and art, —
To bandy words with the utmost wariness, fighting with craft,
Vying in outward politeness, and plotting — with counterfeit airs
Of being virtuous men — as if each were the foe of the rest.

Græcomania in Rome.

Albucius, rather by the name of Greek
Than Roman or of Sabine, countryman
Of the Centurions, Pontius and Tritannius,
Distinguished men, our foremost, standard-bearers,
You would be called. As pretor of Athens, then,
Greek as you wish, when you approach, I hail you:

"Chære," I say, "O Titus." And my lictors,
My escort, all my staff, repeat with me,
"Chære, O Titus." Then from hence, Albucius,
You are my private and my public foe.

The Superstitious Man.

The hobgoblins and bogies set up from Faunus and Numa Pompilius,
He trembles before them, there's nothing he does not credit them with;
As babies imagine all figures of bronze are alive and are men,
So such persons believe that those figments are true, and that souls
Indwell in these statues of bronze, — painters' blocks, nothing true, all a fable.

VARRO.

[The most learned and one of the most voluminous writers of Rome; he credits himself with writing 490 books. Born B.C. 116, and deeply studied in Roman antiquities and Greek philosophy, he entered public life, held high naval command against the pirates and Mithradates, was Pompey's legate in Spain, and held to his side at Pharsalia. Pardoned by Cæsar and employed in arranging the great public library, he lived in retirement, but was proscribed by the second triumvirate; his life was spared, however, and he died B.C. 28 under Augustus. His "Menippean Satires" formed a model for Petronius, Seneca, Julian, and others.]

From "Marcipor."

All suddenly, about the noon of night,
When far the sky, bedropt with fervid fires,
Displayed the starry firmamental dance,
The racking clouds, with cold and watery veil,
Closed up the golden hollows of the heaven,
Spouting on mortals Stygian cataracts.
The winds, the frantic offspring of the North,
Burst from the frozen pole, and swept along
Tiles, boughs, and hurricanes of whelming dust.
But we, poor trembling shipwrecked men, like storks
Whose wings the double-pinioned thunderbolt
Hath scorched, fell prone in terror on the ground.

From "Prometheus Free."

I am become like outer bark, or tops
Of oaks that in the forest die with drought;
My blood is drained; my color wan with anguish;
No mortal hears me; only Desolation,
That dwells abroad on Scythia's houseless plains.
My spirit ne'er parleys with sleep-gendered forms;
No shade of slumber rests upon my eyelids.

TO SAVE A SISTER.

By GEORG EBERS.

(From "The Sisters," a novel of the time of Ptolemy Euergetes, B.C. 164.)

[Georg Moritz Ebers: German Egyptologist and novelist; born at Berlin, March 1, 1837. He was educated at Göttingen and Berlin, and lectured for a while at Jena. In 1870 he became professor of Egyptian archæology at Leipsic, resigning in 1889 on account of ill health. Besides several important works on Egyptology, he has published a series of historical novels treating of ancient Egyptian life, which have enjoyed extraordinary popularity not only in Germany, but in other countries. The best known are: "An Egyptian Princess," "Uarda," "Homo Sum," "The Sisters," "Serapis," "The Bride of the Nile," and "Cleopatra." Also popular are: "In the Fire of the Forge," "The Burgomaster's Wife," and "Gred."]

The Greek temple of Serapis, to which the water-carriers belonged, was joined to the Egyptian of Osiris-Apis by a fine paved street for the use of processions; and along this Klea now rapidly proceeded. There was a shorter road to Memphis; but she chose this because the hills of sand on each side of the street bordered by Sphinxes, which had every day to be cleared of the desert drift, hid her from the sight of her companions in the temple; moreover, the best and safest way to the city was by a road starting from a crescent, adorned with busts of philosophers, which lay near the main entrance to the new Apis tombs.

She looked neither at the lion bodies with men's heads which guarded the road, nor at the figures of beasts on the wall inclosing it; nor did she heed the dusky temple slaves of Osiris-Apis, who with large brooms were sweeping the sand from the paved road: for she thought of nothing but Irene and the difficult task that lay before her, and walked swiftly onward with her eyes on the ground.

But she had taken only a few steps when she heard her name called quite near, and looking up in alarm she found herself standing opposite Krates, the little smith, who came close up to her, took hold of her veil, threw it back a little before she could prevent him, and asked: —

"Where are you going, child?"

"Do not keep me back," besought Klea. "You know that Irene, whom you were always so fond of, has been carried off; perhaps I may be able to save her, but if you betray me and they follow me —"

"I will not hinder you," interrupted the old man. "Indeed, if it were not for these swollen feet I would go with you, for I can think of nothing else but the poor dear little thing; but as it is, I shall be glad enough when I am sitting still again in my shop; it is just as if a workman of my own trade lived in each of my big toes, and was dancing round in them with hammer and file and chisel and nails. Very likely you may be lucky enough to find your sister, for a cunning woman succeeds in many things which are too hard for a wise man. Go on, and if they hunt for you, old Krates will not betray you."

He nodded kindly at Klea, and had half turned his back on her when he again looked round and called to her: —

"Wait a minute, my girl: you can do me a little service. I have just fitted a new lock to the door of the Apis tomb over there. It works finely, but the one key I have made for it is not enough: we need four, and you must order them for me from the locksmith Heri, to be sent me day after to-morrow; he lives opposite the gate of Sokari — to the left, next the bridge over the canal — you can't miss it. I hate repeating and copying as much as I like inventing and making new things, and Heri can work from a pattern as well as I can. If it were not for my legs I would give him the commission myself, for one who speaks by the lips of a go-between is often misunderstood or not understood at all."

"I will gladly save you the walk," replied Klea; while the smith sat down on the pedestal of one of the Sphinxes, and opening the leather wallet which hung by his side, shook out the contents. Some files, chisels, and nails fell out into his lap; then the key, and finally a sharp, pointed knife with which Krates had cut out the hollow in the door to insert the lock. Krates touched up the pattern key for the smith in Memphis with a few strokes of the file, and then, muttering thoughtfully and shaking his head doubtfully from side to side, he exclaimed: —

"You must come once more yet to the door with me, for I insist on accurate work from other people, and so I must be stern with my own."

"But I want so much to reach Memphis before dark," besought Klea.

"The whole thing won't take a minute, and if you will give me your arm I shall go twice as fast. There, here are the files, and here is the knife."

"Give it to me," Klea asked. "This blade is sharp and bright, and as soon as I saw it, I felt as if it bid me take it with me. Very likely I may have to come through the desert alone at night."

"Yes," said the smith, "and even the weakest feels stronger when he has a weapon. Hide the knife somewhere about you, my child, only take care not to hurt yourself with it. Now let me take your arm, and on we will go — but not quite so fast."

Klea led the smith to the door he indicated, and saw with admiration how unfailing the bolt sprang forward when one half of the door closed upon the other, and how easily the key pushed it back again; then, after conducting Krates back to the Sphinx near which she had met him, she went on her way at her quickest pace, for the sun was already very low, and it seemed scarcely possible to reach Memphis before it should set.

As she approached a tavern where soldiers and low people were accustomed to resort, she was met by a drunken slave. She went on and passed him without any fear, for the knife in her girdle, and on which she kept her hand, kept up her courage, and she felt as if she had thus acquired a third hand, which was more powerful and less timid than her own. A company of soldiers had encamped in front of the tavern, and the wine of Khakem, which was grown close by, on the eastern declivity of the Libyan range, had an excellent savor. The men were in capital spirits, for at noon to-day — after they had been quartered here for months as guards of the tombs of Apis and of the temples of the Necropolis — a commanding officer of the Diadoches had arrived at Memphis, who had ordered them to break up at once, and to withdraw into the capital before nightfall. They were not to be relieved by other mercenaries till the next morning.

All this Klea learned from a messenger from the Egyptian temple in the Necropolis, who recognized her, and who was going to Memphis, commissioned by the priests of Osiris-Apis and Sokari to convey a petition to the king, praying that fresh troops might be promptly sent to replace those now withdrawn.

For some time she went on side by side with this messenger, but soon she found that she could not keep up with his hurried pace, and had to fall behind. In front of another tavern sat the officers of the troops, whose noisy mirth she had heard as she passed the former one; they were sitting over their wine and looking on at the dancing of two Egyptian girls, who screeched

like cackling hens over their mad leaps, and who so effectually riveted the attention of the spectators, who were beating time for them by clapping their hands, that Klea, accelerating her step, was able to slip unobserved past the wild crew. All these scenes, nay, everything she met with on the high-road, scared the girl, who was accustomed to the silence and the solemn life of the temple of Serapis, and she therefore struck into a side path that probably also led to the city, which she could already see lying before her with its pylons, its citadel, and its houses veiled in evening mist. In a quarter of an hour at most she would have crossed the desert, and reach the fertile meadow land, whose emerald hue grew darker and darker every moment. The sun was already sinking to rest behind the Libyan range, and soon after, for twilight is short in Egypt, she was wrapped in the darkness of night. The west wind, which had begun to blow even at noon, now rose higher, and seemed to pursue her with its hot breath and the clouds of sand it carried with it from the desert.

She must certainly be approaching water, for she heard the deep boom of the bittern in the reeds, and fancied she breathed a moister air. A few steps more, and her foot sank in mud; and she now saw that she was standing on the edge of a wide ditch in which tall papyrus plants were growing. The side path she had struck into ended at this plantation, and there was nothing to be done but to turn about and continue her walk against the wind and with the sand blowing in her face.

The light from the drinking-booth showed her the direction she must follow, for though the moon was up, it is true, black clouds swept across it, covering it and the smaller lights of heaven for many minutes at a time. Still she felt no fatigue, but the shouts of the men and the loud cries of the women that rang out from the tavern filled her with alarm and disgust. She made a wide circuit round the hostelry, wading through the sand hillocks and tearing her dress on the thorns and thistles that had boldly struck deep root in the desert, and had grown up there like the squalid brats in the hovel of a beggar. But still, as she hurried on by the high-road, the hideous laughter and the crowing mirth of the dancing-girls still rang in her mind's ear.

Her blood coursed more swiftly through her veins, her head was on fire, she saw Irene close before her, tangibly distinct—

with flowing hair and fluttering garments, whirling in a wild dance like a Mænad at a Dionysiac festival, flying from one embrace to another, and shouting and shrieking in unbridled folly like the wretched girls she had seen on her way. She was seized with terror for her sister — an unbounded dread such as she had never felt before, and as the wind was now once more behind her, she let herself be driven on by it, lifting her feet in a swift run and flying, as if pursued by the Erinnyes, without once looking round her, and wholly forgetful of the smith's commission, on toward the city along the road planted with trees, which, as she knew, led to the gate of the citadel.

In front of the gate of the king's palace sat a crowd of petitioners, who were accustomed to stay here from early dawn till late at night, until they were called into the palace to receive the answer to the petition they had drawn up. When Klea reached the end of her journey, she was so exhausted and bewildered that she felt the imperative necessity of seeking rest and quiet reflection, so she seated herself among these people, next to a woman from Upper Egypt. But hardly had she taken her place by her with a silent greeting, when her talkative neighbor began to relate with particular minuteness why she had come to Memphis, and how certain unjust judges had conspired with her bad husband to trick her — for men were always ready to join against a woman — and to deprive her of everything which had been secured to her and her children by her marriage contract. For two months now, she said, she had been waiting early and late before the sublime gate, and was consuming her last ready cash in the city where living was so dear; but it was all one to her, and at a pinch she would sell even her gold ornaments, for sooner or later her cause must come before the king, and then the wicked villain and his accomplices would be taught what was just.

Klea heard but little of this harangue; a feeling had come over her like that of a person who is having water poured again and again on the top of his head. Presently her neighbor observed that the newcomer was not listening at all to her complainings; she slapped her shoulder with her hand, and said: —

"You seem to think of nothing but your own concerns; and I dare say they are not of such a nature as that you should

relate them to any one else; so far as mine are concerned, the more they are discussed the better."

The tone in which these remarks were made was so dry, and at the same time so sharp, that it hurt Klea, and she rose hastily to go closer to the gate. Her neighbor threw a cross word after her; but she did not heed it, and drawing her veil closer over her face, she went through the gate of the palace into a vast courtyard, brightly lighted up by cressets and torches, and crowded with foot-soldiers and mounted guards.

The sentry at the gate perhaps had not observed her, or perhaps had let her pass unchallenged from her dignified and erect gait, and the numerous armed men through whom she now made her way seemed to be so much occupied with their own affairs, that no one bestowed any notice on her. In a narrow alley, which led to a second court and was lighted by lanterns, one of the body-guard known as Philobasilistes, a haughty young fellow in yellow riding-boots and a shirt of mail over his red tunic, came riding toward her on his tall horse, and noticing her, he tried to squeeze her between his charger and the wall, and put out his hand to raise her veil; but Klea slipped aside, and put up her hands to protect herself from the horse's head, which was almost touching her.

The cavalier, enjoying her alarm, called out: —

"Only stand still — he is not vicious."

"Which, you or your horse?" asked Klea, with such a solemn tone in her deep voice that for an instant the young guardsman lost his self-possession, and this gave her time to go farther from the horse. But the girl's sharp retort had annoyed the conceited young fellow, and not having time to follow her himself, he called out in a tone of encouragement to a party of mercenaries from Cyprus, whom the frightened girl was trying to pass: —

"Look under this girl's veil, comrades, and if she is as pretty as she is well-grown, I wish you joy of your prize."

He laughed as he pressed his knees against the flanks of his bay and trotted slowly away, while the Cypriotes gave Klea ample time to reach the second court, which was more brightly lighted even than the first, that they might there surround her with insolent importunity.

The helpless and persecuted girl felt the blood run cold in her veins, and for a few minutes she could see nothing but a bewildering confusion of flashing eyes and weapons, of beards

and hands, could hear nothing but words and sounds, of which she understood and felt only that they were revolting and horrible, and threatened her with death and ruin. She had crossed her arms over her bosom, but now she raised her hands to hide her face, for she felt a strong hand snatch away the veil that covered her head. This insolent proceeding turned her numb horror to indignant rage, and, fixing her sparkling eyes on her bearded opponents, she exclaimed : —

"Shame upon you, who in the king's own house fall like wolves on a defenseless woman, and in a peaceful spot snatch the veil from a young girl's head. Your mothers would blush for you, and your sisters cry shame on you — as I do now!"

Astonished at Klea's distinguished beauty, startled at the angry glare in her eyes, and the deep chest-tones of her voice, which trembled with excitement, the Cypriotes drew back, while the same audacious rascal that had pulled away her veil came closer to her, and cried: —

"Who would make such a noise about a rubbishy veil! If you will be my sweetheart, I will buy you a new one, and many things besides."

At the same time he tried to throw his arm round her; but at his touch Klea felt the blood leave her cheeks and mount to her bloodshot eyes, and at that instant her hand, guided by some uncontrollable inward impulse, grasped the handle of the knife which Krates had lent her; she raised it high in the air, though with an unsteady arm, exclaiming: —

"Let me go or, by Serapis whom I serve, I will strike you to the heart!"

The soldier to whom this threat was addressed was not the man to be intimidated by a blade of cold iron in a woman's hand: with a quick movement he seized her wrist in order to disarm her; but although Klea was forced to drop the knife, she struggled with him to free herself from his clutch, and this contest between a man and a woman, who seemed to be of superior rank to that indicated by her very simple dress, seemed to most of the Cypriotes so undignified, so much out of place within the walls of a palace, that they pulled their comrade back from Klea, while others on the contrary came to the assistance of the bully, who defended himself stoutly. And in the midst of the fray, which was conducted with no small noise, stood Klea with flying breath. Her antagonist, though flung to the ground, still held her wrist with his left hand, while he defended him-

self against his comrades with the right, and she tried with all her force and cunning to withdraw it; for at the very height of her excitement and danger she felt as if a sudden gust of wind had swept her spirit clear of all confusion, and she was again able to contemplate her position calmly and resolutely.

If only her hand were free, she might perhaps be able to take advantage of the struggle between her foes, and to force her way out between their ranks.

Twice, thrice, four times, she tried to wrench her hand with a sudden jerk through the fingers that grasped it; but each time in vain. Suddenly, from the man at her feet there broke a loud, long-drawn cry of pain which reëchoed from the high walls of the court, and at the same time she felt the fingers of her antagonist gradually and slowly slip from her arm like the straps of a sandal carefully lifted by the surgeon from a broken ankle.

"It is all over with him!" exclaimed the eldest of the Cypriotes. "A man never calls out like that but once in his life! True enough — the dagger is sticking here just under the ninth rib! This is mad work! That is your doing again, Lykos, you savage wolf!"

"He bit deep into my finger in the struggle —"

"And you are for ever tearing each other to pieces for the sake of the women," interrupted the elder, not listening to the other's excuses. "Well, I was no better than you in my time, and nothing can alter it! You had better be off now, for if the Epistrategist learns we have fallen to stabbing each other again —"

The Cypriote had not ceased speaking, and his countrymen were in the very act of raising the body of their comrade, when a division of the civic watch rushed into the court in close order and through the passage near which the fight for the girl had arisen, thus stopping the way against those who were about to escape, since all who wished to get out of the court into the open street must pass through the doorway into which Klea had been forced by the horseman. Every other exit from this second court of the citadel led into the strictly guarded gardens and buildings of the palace itself.

The noisy strife round Klea, and the cry of the wounded man, had attracted the watch; the Cypriotes and the maiden soon found themselves surrounded, and they were conducted through a narrow side passage into the courtyard of the prison.

After a short inquiry, the men who had been taken were allowed to return under an escort to their own phalanx, and Klea gladly followed the commander of the watch to a less brilliantly illuminated part of the prison yard, for in him she had recognized at once Serapion's brother, Glaucus, and he in her the daughter of the man who had done and suffered so much for his father's sake; besides, they had often exchanged greetings and a few words in the temple of Serapis.

"All that is in my power," said Glaucus, — a man somewhat taller but not so broadly built as his brother, — when he had read the recluse's note and when Klea had answered a number of questions, "all that is in my power I will gladly do for you and your sister, for I do not forget all that I owe to your father; still I cannot but regret that you have incurred such risk, for it is always hazardous for a pretty young girl to venture into this palace at a late hour, and particularly just now, for the courts are swarming not only with Philometor's fighting men, but with those of his brother, who have come here for their sovereign's birthday festival. The people have been liberally entertained, and the soldier who has been sacrificing to Dionysus seizes the gifts of Eros and Aphrodite wherever he may find them. I will at once take charge of my brother's letter to the Roman, Publius Cornelius Scipio, but when you have received his answer you will do well to let yourself be escorted to my wife or my sister, who both live in the city, and to remain till to-morrow morning with one or the other. Here you cannot remain a minute unmolested while I am away — Where now — Aye! The only safe shelter I can offer you is the prison down there; the room where they lock up the subaltern officers when they have committed any offense is quite unoccupied, and I will conduct you thither. It is always kept clean, and there is a bench in it too."

Klea followed her friend, who, as his hasty demeanor plainly showed, had been interrupted in important business. In a few steps they reached the prison; she begged Glaucus to bring her the Roman's answer as quickly as possible, declared herself quite ready to remain in the dark, — since she perceived that the light of a lamp might betray her, and she was not afraid of the dark, — and suffered herself to be locked in.

As she heard the iron bolt creak in its brass socket a shiver ran through her, and although the room in which she found herself was neither worse nor smaller than that in which she and

her sister lived in the temple, still it oppressed her, and she even felt as if an indescribable something hindered her breathing, as she said to herself that she was locked in and no longer free to come and go. A dim light penetrated into her prison through the single barred window that opened on to the court, and she could see a little bench of palm-branches, on which she sat down to seek the repose she so sorely needed. All sense of discomfort gradually vanished before the new feeling of rest and refreshment, and pleasant hopes and anticipations were just beginning to mingle themselves with the remembrance of the horrors she had just experienced, when suddenly there was a stir and a bustle just in front of the prison — and she could hear, outside, the clatter of harness and words of command. She rose from her seat and saw that about twenty horsemen, whose golden helmets and armor reflected the light of the lanterns, cleared the wide court by driving the men before them, as the flames drive the game from a fired hedge, and by forcing them into a second court from which again they proceeded to expel them. At least Klea could hear them shouting "In the king's name" there as they had before done close to her. Presently the horsemen returned and placed themselves, ten and ten, as guards at each of the passages leading into the court. It was not without interest that Klea looked on at this scene, which was perfectly new to her; and when one of the fine horses, dazzled by the light of the lanterns, turned restive and shied, leaping and rearing and threatening his rider with a fall, — when the horseman checked and soothed it, and brought it to a standstill, — the Macedonian warrior was transfigured in her eyes to Publius, who no doubt could manage a horse no less well than this man.

No sooner was the court completely cleared of men by the mounted guard than a new incident claimed Klea's attention. First she heard footsteps in the room adjoining her prison, then bright streaks of light fell through the cracks of the slight partition which divided her place of retreat from the other room, then the two window-openings close to hers were closed with heavy shutters, then seats or benches were dragged about and various objects were laid upon a table, and finally the door of the adjoining room was thrown open and slammed to again so violently that the door which closed hers and the bench near which she was standing trembled and jarred.

At the same moment a deep, sonorous voice called out with a loud and hearty shout of laughter: —

"A mirror — give me a mirror, Eulæus. By heaven! I do not look much like prison fare — more like a man in whose strong brain there is no lack of deep schemes, who can throttle his antagonist with a grip of his fist, and who is prompt to avail himself of all the spoil that comes in his way, so that he may compress the pleasures of a whole day into every hour, and enjoy them to the utmost! As surely as my name is Euergetes my uncle Antiochus was right in liking to mix among the populace. The splendid puppets who surround us kings, and cover every portion of their own bodies in wrappings and swaddling bands, also stifle the expression of every genuine sentiment; and it is enough to turn our brain to reflect that, if we would not be deceived, every word that we hear — and, oh dear! how many words we must needs hear — must be pondered in our minds. Now, the mob, on the contrary — who think themselves beautifully dressed in a threadbare cloth hanging round their brown loins — are far better off. If one of them says to another of his own class — a naked wretch who wears about him everything he happens to possess — that he is a dog, he answers with a blow of his fist in the other's face, and what can be plainer than that! If on the other hand he tells him he is a splendid fellow, he believes it without reservation, and has a perfect right to believe it.

"Did you see how that stunted little fellow with a snub nose and bandy legs, who is as broad as he is long, showed all his teeth in a delighted grin when I praised his steady hand? He laughs like a hyena, and every respectable father of a family looks on the fellow as a god-forsaken monster; but the immortals must think him worth something to have given him such magnificent grinders in his ugly mouth, and to have preserved him mercifully for fifty years — for that is about the rascal's age. If that fellow's dagger breaks, he can kill his victim with those teeth, as a fox does a duck, or smash his bones with his fist."

"But, my lord," replied Eulæus, dryly and with a certain matter-of-fact gravity, to King Euergetes — for he it was who had come with him into the room adjoining Klea's retreat, "the dry little Egyptian with the thin straight hair is even more trustworthy and tougher and nimbler than his companion, and, so far, more estimable. One flings himself on his prey with a rush like a block of stone hurled from a roof, but the other, without being seen, strikes his poisoned fang into his flesh like an adder hidden in the sand. The third, on whom I had set great hopes,

was beheaded the day before yesterday without my knowledge; but the pair whom you have condescended to inspect with your own eyes are sufficient. They must use neither dagger nor lance, but they will easily achieve their end with slings and hooks and poisoned needles, which leave wounds that resemble the sting of an adder. We may safely depend on these fellows."

Once more Euergetes laughed loudly, and exclaimed: —

"What an elaborate criticism! Exactly as if these bloodhounds were tragic actors, of which one could best produce his effects by fire and pathos, and the other by the subtlety of conception. I call that an unprejudiced judgment. And why should not a man be great even as a murderer? From what hangman's noose did you drag out the neck of one, and from what headsman's block did you rescue the other, when you found them?

"It is a lucky hour in which we first see something new to us, and, by Heracles! I never before in the whole course of my life saw such villains as these. I do not regret having gone to see them and talked to them as if I were their equal. Now, take this torn coat off me, and help me to undress. Before I go to the feast I will take a hasty plunge in my bath, for I twitch in every limb, I feel as if I had got dirty in their company.

"There lie my clothes and my sandals; strap them on for me, and tell me as you do it how you lured the Roman into the toils."

Klea could hear every word of this frightful conversation, and clasped her hand over her brow with a shudder, for she found it difficult to believe in the reality of the hideous images that it brought before her mind. Was she awake or was she a prey to some horrid dream?

She hardly knew, and, indeed, she scarcely understood half of all she heard till the Roman's name was mentioned. She felt as if the point of a thin, keen knife was being driven obliquely through her brain from right to left, as it now flashed through her mind that it was against him, against Publius, that the wild beasts, disguised in human form, were directed by Eulæus, and face to face with this — the most hideous, the most incredible of horrors — she suddenly recovered the full use of her senses. She softly slipped close to that rift in the partition through which the broadest beam of light fell into the room, put her ear close to it, and drank in, with fearful attention, word for word the report made by the eunuch to his iniquitous superior, who frequently interrupted him with remarks,

words of approval, or a short laugh — drank them in, as a man perishing in the desert drinks the loathsome waters of a salt pool.

And what she heard was indeed well fitted to deprive her of her senses, but the more definite the facts to which the words referred that she could overhear, the more keenly she listened, and the more resolutely she collected her thoughts. Eulæus had used her own name to induce the Roman to keep an assignation at midnight in the desert close to the Apis tombs. He repeated the words that he had written to this effect on a tile, and which requested Publius to come quite alone to the spot indicated, since she dare not speak with him in the temple. Finally, he was invited to write his answer on the other side of the square of clay. As Klea heard these words, put into her own mouth by a villain, she could have sobbed aloud heartily with anguish, shame, and rage; but the point now was to keep her ears wide open, for Euergetes asked his odious tool, "And what was the Roman's answer?"

Eulæus must have handed the tile to the king, for he laughed loudly again, and cried out: —

"So he will walk into the trap — will arrive by half an hour after midnight at the latest, and greets Klea from her sister Irene. He carries on love-making and abduction wholesale, and buys water-bearers by the pair, like doves in the market or sandals in a shoemaker's stall. Only see how the simpleton writes Greek; in these few words there are two mistakes, two regular schoolboy's blunders.

"The fellow must have had a very pleasant day of it, since he must have been reckoning on a not unsuccessful evening — but the gods have an ugly habit of clenching the hand with which they have long caressed their favorites, and striking him with their fist.

"Amalthea's horn has been poured out on him to-day; first he snapped up, under my very nose, my little Hebe, the Irene of Irenes, whom I hope to-morrow to inherit from him; then he got the gift of my best Cyrenæan horses, and at the same time the flattering assurance of my valuable friendship; then he had audience of my fair sister — and it goes more to the heart of a republican than you would believe when crowned heads are graciously disposed toward him; finally the sister of his pretty sweetheart invites him to an assignation, and she, if you and Zoë speak the truth, is a beauty in the grand style. Now

these are really too many good things for one inhabitant of this most stingily provided world; and in one single day, too, which, once begun, is so soon ended; and justice requires that we should lend a helping hand to destiny, and cut off the head of this poppy that aspires to rise above its brethren; the thousands who have less good fortune than he would otherwise have great cause to complain of neglect."

"I am happy to see you in such good humor," said Eulæus.

"My humor is as may be," interrupted the king. "I believe I am only whistling a merry tune to keep up my spirits in the dark. If I were on more familiar terms with what other men call fear, I should have ample reason to be afraid; for in the quail-fight we have gone in for I have wagered a crown — aye, and more than that even. To-morrow only will decide whether the game is lost or won, but I know already to-day that I would rather see my enterprise against Philometor fail, with all my hopes of the double crown, than our plot against the life of the Roman; for I was a man before I was a king, and a man I should remain, if my throne, which now indeed stands on only two legs, were to crash under my weight.

"My sovereign dignity is but a robe, though the costliest, to be sure, of all garments. If forgiveness were any part of my nature, I might easily forgive the man who should soil or injure that — but he who comes too near to Euergetes the man, who dares to touch this body and the spirit it contains, or to cross it in its desires and purposes — him I will crush unhesitatingly to the earth, I will see him torn in pieces. Sentence is passed on the Roman, and if your ruffians do their duty, and if the gods accept the holocaust that I had slain before them at sunset for the success of my project, in a couple of hours Publius Cornelius Scipio will have bled to death.

"He is in a position to laugh at me — as a man — but I, therefore, — as a man — have the right, and — as a king — have the power, to make sure that that laugh shall be his last. If I could murder Rome as I can him how glad should I be! for Rome alone hinders me from being the greatest of all the great kings of our time; and yet I shall rejoice to-morrow when they tell me 'Publius Cornelius Scipio has been torn by wild beasts, and his body is so mutilated that his own mother could not recognize it' more than if a messenger were to bring me the news that Carthage had broken the power of Rome."

Euergetes had spoken the last words in a voice that sounded like the roll of thunder as it growls in a rapidly approaching storm, louder, deeper, and more furious each instant. When at last he was silent, Eulæus said: —

"The immortals, my lord, will not deny you this happiness. The brave fellows whom you condescended to see and to talk to strike as certainly as the bolt of our father Zeus, and as we have learned from the Roman's horse-keeper where he has hidden Irene, she will no more elude your grasp than the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt. Now, allow me to put on your mantle, and then to call the bodyguard, that they may escort you as you return to your residence."

"One thing more," cried the king, detaining Eulæus. "There are always troops by the Tombs of Apis, placed there to guard the sacred places; may not they prove a hindrance to your friends?"

"I have withdrawn all the soldiers and armed guards to Memphis, down to the last man," replied Eulæus, "and quartered them within the White Wall. Early to-morrow, before you proceed to business, they will be replaced by a stronger division, so that they may not prove a reënforcement to your brother's troops here, if things come to fighting."

"I shall know how to reward your foresight," said Euergetes as Eulæus quitted the room.

Again Klea heard a door open, and the sound of many hoofs on the pavement of the courtyard, and when she went, all trembling, up to the window, she saw Euergetes himself, and the powerfully knit horse that was led in for him. The tyrant twisted his hand in the mane of the restless and pawing steed, and Klea thought that the monstrous mass could never mount on to the horse's back without the aid of many men; but she was mistaken, for with a mighty spring the giant flung himself high in the air and on to the horse, and then, guiding his panting steed by the pressure of his knees alone, he bounded out of the prison yard surrounded by his splendid train.

For some minutes the courtyard remained empty, then a man hurriedly crossed it, unlocked the door of the room where Klea was, and informed her that he was a subaltern under Glaucus, and had brought her a message from him.

"My lord," said the veteran soldier to the girl, "bid me greet you, and say that he found neither the Roman, Publius Scipio, nor his friend the Corinthian at home. He is prevented from

coming to you himself; he has his hands full of business, for soldiers in the service of both the kings are quartered within the White Wall, and all sorts of squabbles break out between them. Still, you cannot remain in this room, for it will shortly be occupied by a party of young officers who began the fray. Glaucus proposes for your choice that you should either allow me to conduct you to his wife or return to the temple to which you are attached. In the latter case a chariot shall convey you as far as the second tavern in Khakem on the borders of the desert — for the city is full of drunken soldiery. There you may probably find an escort, if you explain to the host who you are. But the chariot must be back again in less than an hour, for it is one of the king's, and when the banquet is over there may be a scarcity of chariots."

"Yes — I will go back to the place I came from," said Klea eagerly, interrupting the messenger. "Take me at once to the chariot."

"Follow me, then," said the old man.

"But I have no veil," observed Klea, "and have only this thin robe on. Rough soldiers snatched my wrapper from my face, and my cloak from off my shoulders."

"I will bring you the captain's cloak which is lying here in the orderly's room, and his traveling hat too; that will hide your face with its broad flap. You are so tall that you might be taken for a man, and that is well, for a woman leaving the palace at this hour would hardly pass unmolested. A slave shall fetch the things from your temple to-morrow. I may inform you that my master ordered me to take as much care of you as if you were his own daughter. And he told me too — and I had almost forgotten it — to tell you that your sister was carried off by the Roman, and not by that other dangerous man — you would know whom he meant. Now please wait till I return; I shall not be gone long."

In a few minutes the guard returned with a large cloak, in which he wrapped Klea, and a broad-brimmed traveling hat which she pressed on her head; then led her to the quarter of the palace where the king's stables were. She kept close to the officer, and was soon seated on a chariot, and then conducted by the driver — who took her for a young Macedonian noble tempted out at night by an assignation — as far as the second tavern on the road back to the Serapeum.

BRAGGART AND PARASITE.

By TERENCE.

(From "The Eunuch.")

[P. Terentius Afer was a Carthaginian, born probably B.C. 185; brought to Rome early, it is said, as a slave; was emancipated, became a protégé of the younger Scipio, exhibited his first play at nineteen, wrote five others in the next six years, and died B.C. 159 at twenty-six, one of the world's great classics from the purity and delicacy of his art, the universality of his types of character, the charm of his grace and humane irony. His work was largely a close imitation of the Greek Menander, and he combined scenes from other Greek originals; but his own contribution, like Virgil's to the epic, was still greater than his borrowing. The names of his plays are: "Andria" (The Maid of Andros), "Eunuchus" (The Eunuch), "Heautontimorumenos" (The Self-Tormentor), "Adelphi" (The Brothers), "Hecyra" (The Mother-in-Law), "Phormio."]

Chief Dramatis Personæ: Gnatho, a parasite; Thraso, a military officer, braggart, and coxcomb; Laches, an old Athenian gentleman, with two sons, Phædria and Chærea, the former having a servant Parmeno; Chremes, an Athenian youth; Thais, a courtesan admired by Thraso, and one of the two heroines of the piece, the other being Pamphila, sister of Chremes, who is second only to Mrs. Grundy as a curious stage heroine, for the latter never appears at all, while Pamphila appears but once, and never opens her mouth. She is a slave girl, originally of good family, who has been kidnapped when a baby and brought up by Thais' courtesan mother with her own daughter in Rhodes; Thais goes to Athens, her mother dies, and Pamphila is bought by Thraso, who intends giving her to Thais at Athens as a present, not knowing their old relations. He finds Thais in liaison with Phædria, and will not give her the girl till she has discarded her new lover; she, finding who the girl is and having discovered from Chremes' talk that she must be his sister, is determined to get her back, but not to give up Phædria, whom she likes much better than Thraso. Finally she induces Phædria to leave Thraso a clear field for two days, promising to throw him over as soon as she has the girl in her possession; he agrees, and sends her a eunuch and a negro girl by Parmeno, while Thraso sends Pamphila by his lickspittle Gnatho. Chærea sees and admires Pamphila; his brother's servant, Parmeno, dresses him in the eunuch's clothes and lets him into the house as her guardian, where he takes full advantage of the situation. Thraso quarrels with Thais, and comes with a train to demand Pamphila back, but cannot get her. Finally Pamphila is recognized by Chremes, and Chærea makes amends by marrying her — the standpoint of Clarissa Harlowe not being intelligible then or usual at any time.

Act II. — Scene III.

Enter Gnatho *at a distance, leading* Pamphila.

Gnatho [*to himself*] — Immortal Gods! how much does one man excel another! What a difference there is between a

wise person and a fool! This strongly came into my mind from the following circumstance. As I was coming along to-day, I met a certain person of this place, of my own rank and station, no mean fellow, one who, like myself, had guttled away his paternal estate; I saw him, shabby, dirty, sickly, beset with rags and years; — "What's the meaning of this garb?" said I; he answered, "Because, wretch that I am, I've lost what I possessed: see to what I am reduced, — all my acquaintances and friends forsake me." On this I felt contempt for him in comparison with myself. "What!" said I, "you pitiful sluggard, have you so managed matters as to have no hope left? Have you lost your wits together with your estate? Don't you see me, who have risen from the same condition? What a complexion I have, how spruce and well dressed, what portliness of person? I have everything, yet have nothing; and although I possess nothing, still, of nothing am I in want." "But I," said he, "unhappily, can neither be a butt nor submit to blows." "What!" said I, "do you suppose it is managed by those means? You are quite mistaken. Once upon a time, in the early ages, there was a calling for that class: this is a new mode of coney-catching; I, in fact, have been the first to strike into this path. There is a class of men who strive to be the first in everything, but are not; to these I make my court; I do not present myself to them to be laughed at; but I am the first to laugh with them, and at the same time to admire their parts; whatever they say, I commend; if they contradict that selfsame thing, I commend again. Does any one deny? I deny: does he affirm? I affirm: in fine, I have so trained myself as to humor them in everything. This calling is now by far the most productive."

Parmeno [*apart*] — A clever fellow, upon my faith! From being fools he makes men mad outright.

Gnatho [*to himself, continuing*] — While we were thus talking, in the meantime we arrived at the market place; overjoyed, all the confectioners ran at once to meet me; fishmongers, butchers, cooks, sausage makers, and fishermen, whom, both when my fortunes were flourishing and when they were ruined, I had served, and often serve still: they complimented me, asked me to dinner, and gave me a hearty welcome. When this poor hungry wretch saw that I was in such great esteem, and that I obtained a living so easily, then the fellow began to entreat me that I would allow him to learn this method of me;

I bade him become my follower if he could; as the disciples of the Philosophers take their names from the Philosophers themselves, so, too, the Parasites ought to be called Gnathonics.

Parmeno [*apart to the* AUDIENCE] — Do you see the effects of ease and feeding at another's cost?

Gnatho [*to himself, continuing*] — But why do I delay to take this girl to Thais, and to ask her to come to dinner? [*Aside, on seeing* PARMENO.] But I see Parmeno, our rival's servant, waiting before the door of Thais with a sorrowful air; all's safe; no doubt these people are finding a cold welcome. I'm resolved to have some sport with this knave.

Parmeno [*aside*] — They fancy that, through this present, Thais is quite their own.

Gnatho [*accosting* PARMENO] — With his very best wishes Gnatho greets Parmeno, his very good friend. — What are you doing?

Parmeno — I'm standing.

Gnatho — So I perceive. Pray, do you see anything here that don't please you?

Parmeno — Yourself.

Gnatho — I believe you — but anything else, pray?

Parmeno — Why so?

Gnatho — Because you are out of spirits.

Parmeno — Not in the least.

Gnatho — Well, don't be so; but what think you of this slave? [*Pointing to her.*

Parmeno — Really, not amiss.

Gnatho [*aside*] — I've galled the fellow.

Parmeno [*aside, on overhearing him*] — How mistaken you are in your notion!

Gnatho — How far do you suppose this gift will prove acceptable to Thais?

Parmeno — It's this you mean to say now, that we are discarded there. Hark you, there are vicissitudes in all things.

Gnatho — For the next six months, Parmeno, I'll set you at ease; you shan't have to be running to and fro, or sitting up till daylight. Don't I make you happy?

Parmeno — Me? O prodigiously!

Gnatho — That's my way with my friends.

Parmeno — I commend you.

Gnatho — I'm detaining you; perhaps you were about to go somewhere else.

Parmeno — Nowhere.

Gnatho — In that case, then, lend me your services a little; let me be introduced to her.

Parmeno — Very well [GNATHO *knocks at the door, which immediately opens*]; now the door is open for you [*aside*] because you are bringing her.

Gnatho [*going into the house of* THAIS, *ironically*] — Should you like any one to be called out from here?

[*Goes in with* PAMPHILA, *and shuts the door.*

ACT III. — SCENE I.

Enter THRASO *and* GNATHO.

Thraso — Did Thais really return me many thanks?

Gnatho — Exceeding thanks.

Thraso — Was she delighted, say you?

Gnatho — Not so much, indeed, at the present itself, as because it was given by you; really, in right earnest, she does exult at that.

Enter PARMENO *unseen, from* LACHES' *house.*

Parmeno [*apart*] — I've come here to be on the lookout, that when there is an opportunity I may take the presents. But see, here's the Captain.

Thraso — Undoubtedly it is the case with me, that everything I do is a cause for thankfulness.

Gnatho — Upon my faith, I've observed it.

Thraso — The most mighty King, even, always used to give me especial thanks for whatever I did; but not so to others.

Gnatho — He who has the wit that you have, often by his words appropriates to himself the glory that has been achieved by the labor of others.

Thraso — You've just hit it.

Gnatho — The king, then, kept you in his eye.

Thraso — Just so.

Gnatho — To enjoy your society.

Thraso — True; he intrusted to me all his army, all his state secrets.

Gnatho — Astonishing!

Thraso — Then, if on any occasion a surfeit of society, or a dislike of business, came upon him, when he was desirous to take some recreation; just as though — you understand?

Gnatho — I know; just as though on occasion he would rid his mind of those anxieties.

Thraso — You have it. Then he used to take me aside as his only boon companion.

Gnatho — Whew! You are telling of a king of refined taste.

Thraso — Aye, he is a person of that sort; a man of but very few acquaintanceships.

Gnatho [*aside*] — Indeed, of none, I fancy, if he's on intimate terms with you.

Thraso — All the people envied me, and attacked me privately. I didn't care one straw. They envied me dreadfully; but one in particular, whom the King had appointed over the Indian elephants. Once, when he became particularly troublesome, "Prithee, Strato," said I, "are you so fierce because you hold command over the wild beasts?"

Gnatho — Cleverly said, upon my faith, and shrewdly. Astounding! You did give the fellow a home thrust. What said he?

Thraso — Dumfounded, instantaneously.

Gnatho — How could he be otherwise?

Parmeno [*apart*] — Ye Gods, by our trust in you! a lost and miserable fellow the one, and the other a scoundrel.

Thraso — Well then, about that matter, Gnatho, the way in which I touched up the Rhodian at a banquet — did I never tell you?

Gnatho — Never; but pray, do tell me. [*Aside.*] I've heard it more than a thousand times already.

Thraso — There was in my company at a banquet, this young man of Rhodes, whom I'm speaking of. By chance I had a mistress there; he began to toy with her, and to annoy me. "What are you doing, sir impudence?" said I to the fellow; "a hare yourself, and looking out for game?"

Gnatho [*pretending to laugh very heartily*] — Ha, ha, ha!

Thraso — What's the matter?

Gnatho — How apt, how smart, how clever; nothing could be more excellent. Prithee, was this a saying of yours? I fancied it was an old one.

Thraso — Did you ever hear it before?

Gnatho — Many a time; and it is mentioned among the first-rate ones.

Thraso — It's my own.

Gnatho — I'm sorry though that it was said to a thoughtless young man, and one of respectability.

Parmeno [*apart*] — May the Gods confound you!

Gnatho — Pray, what did he do?

Thraso — Quite disconcerted. All who were present were dying with laughter; in short, they were all quite afraid of me.

Gnatho — Not without reason.

Thraso — But hark you, had I best clear myself of this to Thais, as to her suspicion that I'm fond of this girl?

Gnatho — By no means: on the contrary, rather increase her jealousy.

Thraso — Why so?

Gnatho — Do you ask me? Don't you see, if on any occasion she makes mention of Phædria or commends him, to provoke you ——

Thraso — I understand.

Gnatho — That such may not be the case, this method is the only remedy. When she speaks of Phædria, do you instantly mention Pamphila. If at any time she says, "Let's invite Phædria to make one," do you say, "Let's ask Pamphila to sing." If she praises his good looks, do you, on the other hand, praise hers. In short, do you return like for like, which will mortify her.

Thraso — If, indeed, she loved me, this might be of some use, Gnatho.

Gnatho — Since she is impatient for and loves that which you give her, she already loves you; as it is, then, it is an easy matter for her to feel vexed. She will be always afraid lest the presents which she herself is now getting, you may on some occasion be taking elsewhere.

Thraso — Well said; that never came into my mind.

Gnatho — Nonsense. You never thought about it; else how much more readily would you yourself have hit upon it, Thraso!

Scene II.

Enter Thais *from her house, attended by* Pythias.

Thais [*as she comes out*] — I thought I just now heard the Captain's voice. And look, here he is. Welcome, my dear Thraso.

Thraso — O my Thais, my sweet one, how are you? How much do you love me in return for that music girl?

Parmeno [*apart*] — How polite! What a beginning he has made on meeting her!

Thais — Very much, as you deserve.

Gnatho — Let's go to dinner then. [*To* Thraso.] What do you stand here for?

Parmeno [*apart*] — Then there's the other one; you would declare that he was born for his belly's sake.

Thraso — When you please; I shan't delay.

Parmeno [*apart*] — I'll accost them, and pretend as though I had just come out. [*He comes forward.*] Are you going anywhere, Thais?

Thais — Ha! Parmeno; well done; just going out for the day.

Parmeno — Where!

Thais [*aside, pointing at* Thraso] — Why! don't you see him?

Parmeno [*aside*] — I see him, and I'm sorry for it. [*Aloud.*] Phædria's presents are ready for you when you please.

Thraso [*impatiently*] — Why are we to stand here? Why don't we be off?

Parmeno [*to* Thraso] — Troth now, pray, do let us, with your leave, present to her the things we intend, and accost and speak to her.

Thraso [*ironically*] — Very fine presents, I suppose, or at least equal to mine.

Parmeno — The fact will prove itself. [*Goes to the door of* Laches' *house and calls.*] Ho there! bid those people come out of doors at once, as I ordered.

Enter from the house a Black Girl.

Parmeno — Do you step forward this way. [*To* Thais.] She comes all the way from Æthiopia.

Thraso [*contemptuously*] — Here are some three minæ in value.

Gnatho — Hardly so much.

Parmeno — Where are you, Dorus? Step this way.

Enter CHÆREA *from the house dressed like the* EUNUCH.

Parmeno — There's a eunuch for you — of what a genteel appearance! of what a prime age!

Thais — God bless me, he's handsome.

Parmeno — What say you, Gnatho? Do you see anything to find fault with? And what say you, Thraso? [*Aside.*] They hold their tongues; they praise him sufficiently thereby. [*To* THAIS.] Make trial of him in literature, try him in exercises and in music; I'll warrant him well skilled in what it becomes a gentleman to know.

Thraso — If there were no women present, I ——

Parmeno — And he who has sent these things makes no request that you will live for him alone, and that for his own sake others may be excluded; he neither tells of battles nor shows his scars, nor does he restrict you as [*looking at* THRASO] a certain person does; but when it is not inconvenient, whenever you think fit, whenever you have the time, he is satisfied to be admitted.

Thraso [*to* GNATHO, *contemptuously*] — It appears that this is the servant of some beggarly, wretched master.

Gnatho — Why, faith, no person, I'm quite sure of that, could possibly put up with him, who had the means to get another.

Parmeno — You hold your tongue — a fellow whom I consider beneath all men of the very lowest grade: for when you can bring yourself to flatter that fellow [*pointing at* THRASO], I do believe you could pick your victuals off the funeral pyre.

Thraso — Are we to go now?

Thais — I'll take these indoors first [*pointing to* CHÆREA *and the* ÆTHIOPIAN], and at the same time I'll order what I wish; after that I'll return immediately.

[*Goes into the house with* PYTHIAS, CHÆREA, *and the* SLAVE.

Thraso [*to* GNATHO] — I shall be off. Do you wait for her.

Parmeno — It is not a proper thing for a general to be walking in the street with a mistress.

Thraso — Why should I use many words with you? You are the very ape of your master. [*Exit* PARMENO.

Gnatho [*laughing*] — Ha, ha, ha!

Thraso — What are you laughing at?

Gnatho — At what you were mentioning just now; that saying, too, about the Rhodian, recurred to my mind. But Thais is coming out.

Thraso — You go before; take care that everything is ready at home.

Gnatho — Very well. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. — SCENE VIII.

Enter THRASO, *followed by* GNATHO, SANGA, *and other* ATTENDANTS.

Thraso — Am I to submit, Gnatho, to such a glaring affront as this being put upon me? I'd die sooner. Simalio, Donax, Syriscus, follow me! First, I'll storm the house.

Gnatho — Quite right.

Thraso — I'll carry off the girl.

Gnatho — Very good.

Thraso — I'll give her own self a mauling.

Gnatho — Very proper.

Thraso [*arranging the men*] — Advance hither to the main body, Donax, with your crowbar; you, Simalio, to the left wing; you, Syriscus, to the right. Bring up the rest; where's the centurion Sanga, and his maniple of rogues?

Sanga [*coming forward*] — See, here he is.

Thraso — What, you booby, do you think of fighting with a dishclout, to be bringing that here?

Sanga — What, I? I knew the valor of the general, and the prowess of the soldiers; and that this could not possibly go on without bloodshed; how was I to wipe the wounds?

Thraso — Where are the others?

Sanga — Plague on you, what others? Sannio is the only one left on guard at home.

Thraso [*to* GNATHO] — Do you draw up your men in battle order; I'll be behind the second rank; from that position I'll give the word to all.

[*Takes his place behind the second rank.*

Gnatho [*aside*] — That's showing prudence; as soon as he has drawn them up, he secures a retreat for himself.

Thraso [*pointing to the arrangements*] — This is just the way Pyrrhus used to proceed.

CHREMES *and* THAIS *appear above at a window.*

Chremes — Do you see, Thais, what plan he is upon? Assuredly, that advice of mine about closing the door was good.

Thais — He who now seems to you to be a hero, is in reality a mere vaporer; don't be alarmed.

Thraso [*to* GNATHO] — What seems best to you?

Gnatho — I could very much like a sling to be given you just now, that you might pelt them from here on the sly at a distance; they would be taking to flight.

Thraso [*to* GNATHO] — But look [*pointing*], I see Thais there herself.

Gnatho — How soon are we to fall to?

Thraso — Hold [*holding him back*]; it behooves a prudent person to make trial of everything before arms. How do you know but that she may do what I bid her without compulsion?

Gnatho — Ye Gods, by our trust in you, what a thing it is to be wise! I never come near you but what I go away from you the wiser.

Thraso — Thais, in the first place, answer me this. When I presented you that girl, did you not say that you would give yourself up to me alone for some days to come?

Thais — Well, what then?

Thraso — Do you ask the question? You, who have been and brought your lover under my very eyes? What business had you with him? With him, too, you clandestinely betook yourself away from me.

Thais — I chose to do so.

Thraso — Then give me back Pamphila; unless you had rather she were taken away by force.

Chremes — Give her back to you, or you lay hands upon her? Of all the ——

Gnatho — Ha! What are you about? Hold your tongue.

Thraso — What do you mean? Am I not to touch my own?

Chremes — Your own, indeed, you gallows bird!

Gnatho [*to* CHREMES] — Have a care, if you please. You don't know what kind of man you are abusing now.

Chremes [*to* GNATHO] — Won't you be off from here? Do you know how matters stand with you? If you cause any disturbance here to-day, I'll make you remember the place and day, and me too, for the rest of your life.

Gnatho — I pity you, who are making so great a man as this your enemy.

Chremes — I'll break your head this instant if you are not off.

Gnatho — Do you really say so, puppy? Is it that you are at?

Thraso [*to* CHREMES] — What fellow are you? What do you mean? What business have you with her?

Chremes — I'll let you know: in the first place, I assert that she is a freeborn woman.

Thraso [*starting*] — Ha!

Chremes — A citizen of Attica.

Thraso — Whew!

Chremes — My own sister.

Thraso — Brazen face!

Chremes — Now, therefore, Captain, I give you warning; don't you use any violence towards her. Thais, I'm going to Sophrona, the nurse, that I may bring her here and show her these tokens.

Thraso — What! Are you to prevent me from touching what's my own?

Chremes — I will prevent it, I tell you.

Gnatho [*to* THRASO] — Do you hear him? He is convicting himself of theft. Is not that enough for you?

Thraso — Do you say the same, Thais?

Thais — Go, find some one to answer you.

[*She and* CHREMES *go away from the window.*

Thraso [*to* GNATHO] — What are we to do now?

Gnatho — Why, go back again: she'll soon be with you of her own accord, to entreat forgiveness.

Thraso — Do you think so?

Gnatho — Certainly, yes. I know the disposition of women: when you will they won't; when you won't, they set their hearts upon you of their own inclination.

Thraso — You judge right.

Gnatho — Shall I dismiss the army then?

Thraso — Whenever you like.

Gnatho — Sanga, as befits gallant soldiers, take care in your turn to remember your homes and hearths.

Sanga — My thoughts have been for some time among the saucepans.

Gnatho — You are a worthy fellow.

Thraso [*putting himself at their head*] — You follow me this way. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Act V. — Scene VIII.

Enter Thraso *and* Gnatho.

Gnatho [*to* Thraso] — Well now? With what hope, or what design, are we come hither? What do you intend to do, Thraso?

Thraso — What, I? To surrender myself to Thais, and do what she bids me.

Gnatho — What is it you say?

Thraso — Why any the less so, than Hercules served Omphale.

Gnatho — The precedent pleases me. [*Aside.*] I only wish I may see your head stroked down with a slipper; but her door makes a noise.

Thraso — Confusion! Why, what mischief's this? I never saw this person before; why, I wonder, is he rushing out in such a hurry? [*They stand aside.*

Scene IX.

Enter Chærea *from the house of* Thais, *on the other side of the stage.*

Chærea [*to himself, aloud*] — O fellow townsmen, is there any one alive more fortunate than me this day? Not any one, upon my faith: for clearly in me have the Gods manifested all their power, on whom, thus suddenly, so many blessings are bestowed.

Parmeno [*apart*] — Why is he thus overjoyed?

Chærea [*seeing* Parmeno, *and running up to him*] — O my dear Parmeno, the contriver, the beginner, the perfecter of all my delights, do you know what are my transports? Are you aware that my Pamphila has been discovered to be a citizen?

Parmeno — I have heard so.

Chærea — Do you know that she is betrothed to me?

Parmeno — So may the Gods bless me, happily done.

Gnatho [*apart to* THRASO] — Do you hear what he says?

Chærea — And then, besides, I am delighted that my brother's mistress is secured to him; the family is united. Thais has committed herself to the patronage of my father; she has put herself under our care and protection.

Parmeno — Thais, then, is wholly your brother's.

Chærea — Of course.

Parmeno — Then this is another reason for us to rejoice, that the Captain will be beaten out of doors.

Chærea — Wherever my brother is, do you take care that he hears this as soon as possible.

Parmeno — I'll go look for him at home.

[*Goes into the house of* LACHES.

Thraso [*apart to* GNATHO] — Do you at all doubt, Gnatho, but that I am now ruined everlastingly?

Gnatho [*to* THRASO] — Without doubt, I do think so.

Chærea [*to himself*] — What am I to make mention of first, or commend in especial? Him who gave me the advice to do so, or myself, who ventured to undertake it? Or ought I to extol fortune, who has been my guide, and has so opportunely crowded into a single day events so numerous, so important; or my father's kindness and indulgence? O Jupiter, I entreat you, do preserve these blessings unto us!

SCENE X.

Enter PHÆDRIA *from the house of* LACHES.

Phædria [*to himself*] — Ye Gods, by our trust in you, what incredible things has Parmeno just related to me! But where is my brother?

Chærea [*stepping forward*] — Here he is.

Phædria — I'm overjoyed.

Chærea — I quite believe you. There is no one, brother, more worthy to be loved than this Thais of yours: so much is she a benefactress to all our family.

Phædria — Whew! are you commending her too to me?

Thraso [*apart*] — I'm undone; the less the hope I have, the more I am in love. Prithee, Gnatho, my hope is in you.

Gnatho [*apart*] — What do you wish me to do?

Thraso [*apart*] — Bring this about, by entreaties or with money, that I may at least share Thais' favors in some degree.

Gnatho [*apart*] — It's a hard task.

Thraso [*apart*] — If you set your mind on anything, I know you well. If you manage this, ask me for any present you like as your reward; you shall have what you ask.

Gnatho [*apart*] — Is it so?

Thraso [*apart*] — It shall be so.

Gnatho [*apart*] — If I manage this, I ask that your house, whether you are present or absent, may be open to me; that, without invitation, there may always be a place for me.

Thraso [*apart*] — I pledge my honor that it shall be so.

Gnatho [*apart*] — I'll set about it then.

Phædria — Who is it I hear so close at hand? [*Turning round.*] O Thraso ——

Thraso [*coming forward*] — Save you both ——

Phædria — Perhaps you are not aware what has taken place here.

Thraso — I am quite aware.

Phædria — Why, then, do I see you in this neighborhood?

Thraso — Depending on your kindness.

Phædria — Do you know what sort of dependence you have? Captain, I give you notice, if ever I catch you in this street again, even if you should say to me, "I was looking for another person, I was on my road this way," you are undone.

Gnatho — Come, come, that's not handsome.

Phædria — I've said it.

Gnatho — I didn't know you gave yourself such airs.

Phædria — So it shall be.

Gnatho — First hear a few words from me; and when I have said the thing, if you approve of it, do it.

Phædria — Let's hear.

Gnatho — Do you step a little that way, Thraso. [THRASO *stands aside.*] In the first place, I wish you both implicitly to believe me in this, that whatever I do in this matter, I do it entirely for my own sake; but if the same thing is of advantage to yourselves, it would be folly for you not to do it.

Phædria — What is it?

Gnatho — I'm of opinion that the Captain, your rival, should be received among you.

Phædria [*starting*] — Hah!

Chærea — Be received?

Gnatho [*to* PHÆDRIA] — Only consider, i' faith, Phædria, at the free rate you are living with her, and indeed very freely you are living, you have but little to give; and it's necessary for Thais to receive a good deal. That all this may be supplied for your amour and not at your own expense, there is not an individual better suited or more fitted for your purpose than the Captain. In the first place, he both has got enough to give and no one does give more profusely. He is a fool, a dolt, a blockhead; night and day he snores away; and you need not fear that the lady will fall in love with him; you may easily have him discarded whenever you please.

Chærea [*to* PHÆDRIA] — What shall we do?

Gnatho — And this besides, which I deem to be of even greater importance, — not a single person entertains in better style or more bountifully.

Chærea — It's a wonder if this sort of man cannot be made use of in some way or other.

Phædria — I think so too.

Gnatho — You act properly. One thing I have still to beg of you, — that you'll receive me into your fraternity; I've been rolling that stone for a considerable time past.

Phædria — We admit you.

Chærea — And with all my heart.

Gnatho — Then I, in return for this, Phædria, and you, Chærea, make him over to you to be eaten and drunk to the dregs.

Chærea — Agreed.

Phædria — He quite deserves it.

Gnatho [*calling to* THRASO] — Thraso, whenever you please, step this way.

Thraso — Prithee, how goes it?

Gnatho — How? Why, these people didn't know you; after I had discovered to them your qualities, and had praised you as your actions and your virtues deserved, I prevailed upon them.

Thraso — You have managed well; I give you my best thanks. Besides, I never was anywhere but what all were extremely fond of me.

Gnatho [*to* PHÆDRIA *and* CHÆREA] — Didn't I tell you that he was a master of the Attic elegance?

Phædria — He is no other than you mentioned. [*Pointing to his* FATHER'S *house.*] Walk this way. [*To the* AUDIENCE.] Fare you well, and grant us your applause.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR.

BY TERENCE.

(From "Heautontimorumenos.")

ACT I. — SCENE I.

Enter CHREMES, *and* MENEDEMUS *with a spade in his hand, who falls to digging.*

Chremes — Although this acquaintanceship between us is of very recent date, from the time in fact of your purchasing an estate here in the neighborhood, yet either your good qualities, or our being neighbors (which I take to be a sort of friendship), induces me to inform you, frankly and familiarly, that you appear to me to labor beyond your years, and beyond what your affairs require. For, in the name of Gods and men, what would you have? What can be your aim? You are, as I conjecture, sixty years of age, or more. No man in these parts has a better or a more valuable estate, no one more servants; and yet you discharge their duties just as diligently as if there were none at all. However early in the morning I go out, and however late in the evening I return home, I see you either digging, or plowing, or doing something, in fact, in the fields. You take respite not an instant, and are quite regardless of yourself. I am very sure that this is not done for your amusement. But really I am vexed how little work is done here. If you were to employ the time you spend in laboring yourself, in keeping your servants at work, you would profit much more.

Menedemus — Have you so much leisure, Chremes, from your own affairs, that you can attend to those of others — those which don't concern you?

Chremes — I am a man; there is nothing human that I think no concern of mine. Suppose I wish either to advise you in this matter, or to be informed myself: if what you do is right, that I may do the same; if it is not, then that I may dissuade you.

Menedemus — It's requisite for me to do so; do you as it is necessary for you to do.

Chremes — Is it requisite for any person to torment himself?

Menedemus — It is for me.

Chremes — If you have any affliction, I could wish it otherwise. But prithee, what sorrow is this of yours? How have you deserved so ill of yourself?

Menedemus — Alas! alas! [*He begins to weep.*

Chremes — Do not weep, but make me acquainted with it, whatever it is. Do not be reserved; fear nothing; trust me, I tell you. Either by consolation, or by counsel, or by any means, I will aid you.

Menedemus — Do you wish to know this matter?

Chremes — Yes, and for the reason I mentioned to you.

Menedemus — I will tell you.

Chremes — But still, in the meantime, lay down that rake; don't fatigue yourself.

Menedemus — By no means.

Chremes — What can be your object?

[*Tries to take the rake from him.*

Menedemus — Do leave me alone, that I may give myself no respite from my labor.

Chremes — I will not allow it, I tell you.

[*Taking the rake from him.*

Menedemus — Ah! that's not fair.

Chremes [*poising the rake*] — Whew! such a heavy one as this, pray!

Menedemus — Such are my deserts.

Chremes — Now speak. [*Laying down the rake.*

Menedemus — I have an only son, — a young man, — alas! why did I say — "I have"? — rather I should say, "I had" one, Chremes: whether I have him now, or not, is uncertain.

Chremes — Why so?

Menedemus — You shall know: There is a poor old woman here, a stranger from Corinth: her daughter, a young

woman, he fell in love with, insomuch that he almost regarded her as his wife ; all this took place unknown to me. When I discovered the matter, I began to reprove him, not with gentleness, nor in the way suited to the lovesick mind of a youth, but with violence, and after the usual method of fathers. I was daily reproaching him, — "Look you, do you expect to be allowed any longer to act thus, myself, your father, being alive ; to be keeping a mistress pretty much as though your wife? You are mistaken, Clinia, and you don't know me, if you fancy that. I am willing that you should be called my son, just as long as you do what becomes you; but if you do not do so, I shall find out how it becomes me to act towards you. This arises from nothing, in fact, but too much idleness. At your time of life, I did not devote my time to dalliance, but, in consequence of my poverty, departed hence for Asia, and there acquired in arms both riches and military glory." At length the matter came to this, — the youth, from hearing the same things so often, and with such severity, was overcome. He supposed that I, through age and affection, had more judgment and foresight for him than himself. He went off to Asia, Chremes, to serve under the king.

Chremes — What is it you say?

Menedemus — He departed without my knowledge — and has been gone these three months.

Chremes — Both are to be blamed — although I still think this step shows an ingenuous and enterprising disposition.

Menedemus — When I learnt this from those who were in the secret, I returned home sad, and with feelings almost overwhelmed and distracted through grief. I sit down; my servants run to me; they take off my shoes: then some make all haste to spread the couches, and to prepare a repast; each according to his ability did zealously what he could, in order to alleviate my sorrow. When I observed this, I began to reflect thus: "What! are so many persons anxious for my sake alone, to pleasure myself only? Are so many female servants to provide me with dress? Shall I alone keep up such an expensive establishment, while my only son, who ought equally, or even more so, to enjoy these things — inasmuch as his age is better suited for the enjoyment of them — him, poor youth, have I driven away from home by my severity! Were I to do this, really I should deem myself deserving of any calamity. But so long as he leads this life of

penury, banished from his country through my severity, I will revenge his wrongs upon myself, toiling, making money, saving, and laying up for him." At once I set about it; I left nothing in the house, neither movables nor clothing; everything I scraped together. Slaves, male and female, except those who could easily pay for their keep by working in the country, all of them I set up to auction and sold. I at once put up a bill to sell my house. I collected somewhere about fifteen talents, and purchased this farm; here I fatigue myself. I have come to this conclusion, Chremes, that I do my son a less injury, while I am unhappy; and that it is not right for me to enjoy any pleasure here, until such time as he returns home safe to share it with me.

Chremes — I believe you to be of an affectionate disposition towards your children, and him to be an obedient son, if one were to manage him rightly or prudently. But neither did you understand him sufficiently well, nor he you — a thing that happens where persons don't live on terms of frankness together. You never showed him how highly you valued him, nor did he ever dare put that confidence in you which is due to a father. Had this been done, these troubles would never have befallen you.

Menedemus — Such is the fact, I confess; the greatest fault is on my side.

Chremes — But still, Menedemus, I hope for the best, and I trust that he'll be here safe before long.

Menedemus — Oh that the Gods would grant it!

Chremes — They will do so. Now, if it is convenient to you — the festival of Bacchus is being kept here to-day — I wish you to give me your company.

Menedemus — I cannot.

Chremes — Why not? Do, pray, spare yourself a little while. Your absent son would wish you to do so.

Menedemus — It is not right that I, who have driven him hence to endure hardships, should now shun them myself.

Chremes — Is such your determination?

Menedemus — It is.

Chremes — Then kindly fare you well.

Menedemus — And you the same. [*Goes into his house.*

THE CONSPIRACY OF CATILINE.

By SALLUST.

[Caius Sallustius Crispus, Roman historical writer, was born B.C. 86. He was expelled from the Senate for debauchery, B.C. 54; readmitted by Cæsar; made governor of Numidia by him, B.C. 46; gained immense wealth by plundering the inhabitants and worse unpopularity by seducing their women; the following year he returned to Rome and lived in lettered ease till his death, B.C. 35. His fame rests on his only surviving works, "The Conspiracy of Catiline" and "The War against Jugurtha," both pamphlets with an ulterior political purpose.]

Lucius Catiline was a man of noble birth, and of eminent mental and personal endowments, but of a vicious and depraved disposition. His delight, from his youth, had been in civil commotions, bloodshed, robbery, and sedition; and in such scenes he had spent his early years. His constitution could endure hunger, want of sleep, and cold, to a degree surpassing belief. His mind was daring, subtle, and versatile, capable of pretending or dissembling whatever he wished. He was covetous of other men's property, and prodigal of his own. He had abundance of eloquence, though but little wisdom. His insatiable ambition was always pursuing objects extravagant, romantic, and unattainable.

Since the time of Sylla's dictatorship, a strong desire of seizing the government possessed him, nor did he at all care, provided that he secured power for himself, by what means he might arrive at it. His violent spirit was daily more and more hurried on by the diminution of his patrimony, and by his consciousness of guilt; both which evils he had increased by those practices which I have mentioned above. The corrupt morals of the state, too, which extravagance and selfishness, pernicious and contending vices, rendered thoroughly depraved, furnished him with additional incentives to action.

When wealth was once considered an honor, and glory, authority, and power attended on it, virtue lost her influence, poverty was thought a disgrace, and a life of innocence was regarded as a life of ill nature. From the influence of riches, accordingly, luxury, avarice, and pride prevailed among the youth; they grew at once rapacious and prodigal; they undervalued what was their own, and coveted what was another's; they set at naught modesty and continence; they lost all dis-

tinction between sacred and profane, and threw off all consideration and self-restraint.

The love of irregular gratification, open debauchery, and all kinds of luxury, had spread abroad. Men forgot their sex; women threw off all the restraints of modesty. To gratify appetite, they sought for every kind of production by land and by sea; they slept before there was any inclination for sleep; they no longer waited to feel hunger, thirst, cold, or fatigue, but anticipated them all by luxurious indulgence. Such propensities drove the youth, when their patrimonies were exhausted, to criminal practices; for their minds, impregnated with evil habits, could not easily abstain from gratifying their passions, and were thus the more inordinately devoted in every way to rapacity and extravagance.

In so populous and so corrupt a city, Catiline, as it was very easy to do, kept about him, like a bodyguard, crowds of the unprincipled and desperate. For all those shameless, libertine, and profligate characters, who had dissipated their patrimonies by gaming, luxury, and sensuality; all who had contracted heavy debts, to purchase immunity for their crimes or offenses; all assassins or sacrilegious persons from every quarter, convicted or dreading conviction for their evil deeds; all, besides, whom their tongue or their hand maintained by perjury or civil bloodshed; all, in fine, whom wickedness, poverty, or a guilty conscience disquieted, were the associates and intimate friends of Catiline. And if any one, as yet of unblemished character, fell into his society, he was presently rendered, by daily intercourse and temptation, similar and equal to the rest. But it was the young whose acquaintance he chiefly courted; as their minds, ductile and unsettled from their age, were easily insnared by his stratagems. For as the passions of each, according to his years, appeared excited, he furnished mistresses to some, bought horses and dogs for others, and spared, in a word, neither his purse nor his character, if he could but make them his devoted and trustworthy supporters. There were some, I know, who thought that the youth who frequented the house of Catiline were guilty of crimes against nature; but this report arose rather from other causes than from any evidence of the fact.

Catiline, in his youth, had been guilty of many criminal connections, with a virgin of noble birth, with a priestess of Vesta, and of many other offenses of this nature, in defiance

alike of law and religion. At last, when he was smitten with a passion for Aurelia Orestilla, in whom no good man, at any time of her life, commended anything but her beauty, it is confidently believed that because she hesitated to marry him, from the dread of having a grown-up step-son, he cleared the house for their nuptials by putting his son to death. And this crime appears to me to have been the chief cause of hurrying forward the conspiracy. For his guilty mind, at peace with neither gods nor men, found no comfort either waking or sleeping; so effectually did conscience desolate his tortured spirit. His complexion, in consequence, was pale, his eyes haggard, his walk sometimes quick and sometimes slow, and distraction was plainly apparent in every feature and look.

The young men, whom, as I said before, he had enticed to join him, he initiated, by various methods, in evil practices. From among them he furnished false witnesses, and forgers of signatures; and he taught them all to regard, with equal unconcern, honor, property, and danger. At length, when he had stripped them of all character and shame, he led them to other and greater enormities. If a motive for crime did not readily occur, he incited them, nevertheless, to circumvent and murder inoffensive persons, just as if they had injured him; for, lest their hand or heart should grow torpid for want of employment, he chose to be gratuitously wicked and cruel.

Depending on such accomplices and adherents, and knowing that the load of debt was everywhere great, and that the veterans of Sylla, having spent their money too liberally, and remembering their spoils and former victory, were longing for a civil war, Catiline formed the design of overthrowing the government. There was no army in Italy; Pompey was fighting in a distant part of the world; he himself had great hopes of obtaining the consulship; the senate was wholly off its guard; everything was quiet and tranquil; and all these circumstances were exceedingly favorable for Catiline.

Accordingly, about the beginning of June, in the consulship of Lucius Cæsar and Caius Figulus, he at first addressed each of his accomplices separately, encouraged some, and sounded others, and informed them of his own resources, of the unprepared condition of the state, and of the great prizes to be expected from the conspiracy. When he had ascertained, to his satisfaction, all that he required, he summoned all whose

necessities were the most urgent, and whose spirits were the most daring, to a general conference.

When Catiline saw these assembled, though he had often discussed many points with them singly, yet thinking it would be to his purpose to address and exhort them in a body, retired with them into a private apartment of his house, where, when all witnesses were withdrawn, he harangued them.

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When these men, surrounded with numberless evils, but without any resources or hopes of good, had heard his address, though they thought it much for their advantage to disturb the public tranquillity, yet most of them called on Catiline to state on what terms they were to engage in the contest; what benefits they were to expect from taking up arms; and what support and encouragement they had, and in what quarters. Catiline then promised them the abolition of their debts; a proscription of the wealthy citizens; offices, sacerdotal dignities, plunder, and all other gratifications which war, and the license of conquerors, can afford. He added that Piso was in Hither Spain, and Publius Sittius Nucerinus with an army in Mauritania, both of whom were privy to his plans; that Caius Antonius, whom he hoped to have for a colleague, was canvassing for the consulship, a man with whom he was intimate, and who was involved in all manner of embarrassments; and that, in conjunction with him, he himself, when consul, would commence operations. He, moreover, assailed all the respectable citizens with reproaches, commended each of his associates by name, reminded one of his poverty, another of his ruling passion, several others of their danger or disgrace, and many of the spoils which they had obtained by the victory of Sylla. When he saw their spirits sufficiently elevated, he charged them to attend to his interest at the election of consuls, and dismissed the assembly.

There were some, at that time, who said that Catiline, having ended his speech, and wishing to bind his accomplices in guilt by an oath, handed round among them, in goblets, the blood of a human body mixed with wine; and that when all, after an imprecation, had tasted of it, as is usual in sacred rites, he disclosed his design; and they asserted that he did this, in order that they might be the more closely attached to one another, by being mutually conscious of such an atrocity. But

some thought that this report, and many others, were invented by persons who supposed that the odium against Cicero, which afterward arose, might be lessened by imputing an enormity of guilt to the conspirators who had suffered death. The evidence which I have obtained, in support of this charge, is not at all in proportion to its magnitude.

Among those present at this meeting was Quintus Curius, a man of no mean family, but immersed in vices and crimes, and whom the censors had ignominiously expelled from the senate. In this person there was not less levity than impudence; he could neither keep secret what he heard, nor conceal his own crimes; he was altogether heedless what he said or what he did. He had long had a criminal intercourse with Fulvia, a woman of high birth; but growing less acceptable to her, because, in his reduced circumstances, he had less means of being liberal, he began, on a sudden, to boast, and to promise her seas and mountains; threatening her, at times, with the sword, if she were not submissive to his will; and acting, in his general conduct, with greater arrogance than ever. Fulvia, having learned the cause of his extravagant behavior, did not keep such danger to the state a secret; but, without naming her informant, communicated to several persons what she had heard and under what circumstances, concerning Catiline's conspiracy. This intelligence it was that incited the feelings of the citizens to give the consulship to Marcus Tullius Cicero. For before this period, most of the nobility were moved with jealousy, and thought the consulship in some degree sullied, if a man of no family, however meritorious, obtained it. But when danger showed itself, envy and pride were laid aside.

Accordingly, when the comitia were held, Marcus Tullius and Caius Antonius were declared consuls; an event which gave the first shock to the conspirators. The ardor of Catiline, however, was not at all diminished; he formed every day new schemes; he deposited arms, in convenient places, throughout Italy; he sent sums of money borrowed on his own credit, or that of his friends, to a certain Manlius, at Fæsulæ, who was subsequently the first to engage in hostilities. At this period, too, he is said to have attached to his cause great numbers of men of all classes, and some women, who had, in their earlier days, supported an expensive life by the price of their beauty, but who, when age had lessened their gains but not their extravagance, had contracted heavy debts. By the influence of

these females, Catiline hoped to gain over the slaves in Rome, to get the city set on fire, and either to secure the support of their husbands or take away their lives.

In the number of those ladies was Sempronia, a woman who had committed many crimes with the spirit of a man. In birth and beauty, in her husband and her children, she was extremely fortunate; she was skilled in Greek and Roman literature; she could sing, play, and dance, with greater elegance than became a woman of virtue, and possessed many other accomplishments that tend to excite the passions. But nothing was ever less valued by her than honor or chastity. Whether she was more prodigal of her money or her reputation, it would have been difficult to decide. Her desires were so ardent that she oftener made advances to the other sex than waited for solicitation. She had frequently, before this period, forfeited her word, forsworn debts, been privy to murder, and hurried into the utmost excesses by her extravagance and poverty. But her abilities were by no means despicable; she could compose verses, jest, and join in conversation either modest, tender, or licentious. In a word, she was distinguished by much refinement of wit, and much grace of expression.

Catiline, having made these arrangements, still canvassed for the consulship for the following year; hoping that, if he should be elected, he would easily manage Antonius according to his pleasure. Nor did he, in the mean time, remain inactive, but devised schemes, in every possible way, against Cicero, who, however, did not want skill or policy to guard against them. For, at the very beginning of his consulship, he had, by making many promises through Fulvia, prevailed on Quintus Curius, whom I have already mentioned, to give him secret information of Catiline's proceedings. He had also persuaded his colleague, Antonius, by an arrangement respecting their provinces, to entertain no sentiment of disaffection toward the state; and he kept around him, though without ostentation, a guard of his friends and dependents.

When the day of the comitia came, and neither Catiline's efforts for the consulship, nor the plots which he had laid for the consuls in the Campus Martius, were attended with success, he determined to proceed to war, and resort to the utmost extremities, since what he had attempted secretly had ended in confusion and disgrace.

He accordingly dispatched Caius Manlius to Fæsulæ, and

the adjacent parts of Etruria; one Septimius, of Camerinum, into the Picenian territory; Caius Julius into Apulia; and others to various places, wherever he thought each would be most serviceable. He himself, in the mean time, was making many simultaneous efforts at Rome; he laid plots for the consul; he arranged schemes for burning the city; he occupied suitable posts with armed men; he went constantly armed himself, and ordered his followers to do the same; he exhorted them to be always on their guard and prepared for action; he was active and vigilant by day and by night, and was exhausted neither by sleeplessness nor by toil. At last, however, when none of his numerous projects succeeded, he again, with the aid of Marcus Porcius Læca, convoked the leaders of the conspiracy in the dead of night, when, after many complaints of their apathy, he informed them that he had sent forward Manlius to that body of men whom he had prepared to take up arms; and others of the confederates into other eligible places, to make a commencement of hostilities; and that he himself was eager to set out to the army, if he could but first cut off Cicero, who was the chief obstruction to his measures.

While, therefore, the rest were in alarm and hesitation, Caius Cornelius, a Roman knight, who offered his services, and Lucius Vargunteius, a senator, in company with him, agreed to go with an armed force, on that very night, and with but little delay, to the house of Cicero, under pretense of paying their respects to him, and to kill him unawares, and unprepared for defense, in his own residence. But Curius, when he heard of the imminent danger that threatened the consul, immediately gave him notice, by the agency of Fulvia, of the treachery which was contemplated. The assassins, in consequence, were refused admission, and found that they had undertaken such an attempt only to be disappointed.

In the mean time, Manlius was in Etruria, stirring up the populace, who, both from poverty, and from resentment for their injuries (for, under the tyranny of Sylla, they had lost their lands and other property), were eager for a revolution. He also attached to himself all sorts of marauders, who were numerous in those parts, and some of Sylla's colonists, whose dissipation and extravagance had exhausted their enormous plunder.

When these proceedings were reported to Cicero, he, being alarmed at the twofold danger, since he could no longer secure

the city against treachery by his private efforts, nor could gain satisfactory intelligence of the magnitude or intentions of the army of Manlius, laid the matter, which was already a subject of discussion among the people, before the senate. The senate, accordingly, as is usual in any perilous emergency, decreed that THE CONSULS SHOULD MAKE IT THEIR CARE THAT THE COMMONWEALTH SHOULD RECEIVE NO INJURY. This is the greatest power which, according to the practice at Rome, is granted by the senate to the magistrate, and which authorizes him to raise troops; to make war; to assume unlimited control over the allies and the citizens; to take the chief command and jurisdiction at home and in the field; rights which, without an order of the people, the consul is not permitted to exercise.

A few days afterward, Lucius Sænius, a senator, read to the senate a letter, which, he said, he had received from Fæsulæ, and in which it was stated that Caius Manlius, with a large force, had taken the field by the 27th of October. Others at the same time, as is not uncommon in such a crisis, spread reports of omens and prodigies; others of meetings being held, of arms being transported, and of insurrections of the slaves at Capua and Apulia. In consequence of these rumors, Quintus Marcius Rex was dispatched, by a decree of the senate, to Fæsulæ, and Quintus Metellus Creticus into Apulia and the parts adjacent; both which officers, with the title of commanders, were waiting near the city, having been prevented from entering in triumph, by the malice of a cabal, whose custom it was to ask a price for everything, whether honorable or infamous. The pretors, too, Quintus Pompeius Rufus and Quintus Metellus Celer, were sent off, the one to Capua, the other to Picenum, and power was given them to levy a force proportioned to the exigency and the danger. The senate also decreed, that if any one should give information of the conspiracy which had been formed against the state, his reward should be, if a slave, his freedom and a hundred sestertia; if a freeman, a complete pardon and two hundred sestertia. They further appointed that the schools of gladiators should be distributed in Capua and other municipal towns, according to the capacity of each; and that, at Rome, watches should be posted throughout the city, of which the inferior magistrates should have the charge.

By such proceedings as these the citizens were struck with alarm, and the appearance of the city was changed. In place

of that extreme gayety and dissipation to which long tranquillity had given rise, a sudden gloom spread over all classes; they became anxious and agitated; they felt secure neither in any place, nor with any person; they were not at war, yet enjoyed no peace; each measured the public danger by his own fear. The women, also, to whom, from the extent of the empire, the dread of war was new, gave way to lamentation, raised supplicating hands to heaven, mourned over their infants, made constant inquiries, trembled at everything, and, forgetting their pride and their pleasures, felt nothing but alarm for themselves and their country.

Yet the unrelenting spirit of Catiline persisted in the same purposes, notwithstanding the precautions that were adopted against him, and though he himself was accused by Lucius Paullus under the Plautian law. At last, with a view to dissemble, and under pretense of clearing his character, as if he had been provoked by some attack, he went into the senate house. It was then that Marcus Tullius, the consul, whether alarmed at his presence, or fired with indignation against him, delivered that splendid speech, so beneficial to the public, which he afterward wrote and published. [See following selection.]

When Cicero sat down, Catiline being prepared to pretend ignorance of the whole matter, entreated, with downcast looks and suppliant voice, that "the Conscript Fathers would not too hastily believe anything against him"; saying "that he was sprung from such a family, and had so ordered his life from his youth, as to have every happiness in prospect; and that they were not to suppose that he, a patrician, whose services to the Roman people, as well as those of his ancestors, had been so numerous, should want to ruin the state, when Marcus Tullius, a mere adopted citizen of Rome, was eager to preserve it." When he was proceeding to add other invectives, they all raised an outcry against him, and called him an enemy and a traitor. Being thus exasperated, "Since I am encompassed by enemies," he exclaimed, "and driven to desperation, I will extinguish the flame kindled around me in a general ruin."

He then hurried from the senate to his own house; and then, after much reflection with himself, thinking that, as his plots against the consul had been unsuccessful, and as he knew the city to be secured from fire by the watch, his best course would be to augment his army, and make provision for the war before the legions could be raised, he set out in the dead of

night, and with a few attendants, to the camp of Manlius. But he left in charge to Lentulus and Cethegus, and others of whose prompt determination he was assured, to strengthen the interests of their party in every possible way, to forward the plots against the consul, and to make arrangements for a massacre, for firing the city, and for other destructive operations of war; promising that he himself would shortly advance on the city with a large army.

Catiline himself, having stayed a few days with Caius Flaminius Flamma in the neighborhood of Arretium, while he was supplying the adjacent parts, already excited to insurrection, with arms, marched with his fasces, and other ensigns of authority, to join Manlius in his camp.

When this was known at Rome, the senate declared Catiline and Manlius enemies to the state, and fixed a day as to the rest of their force, before which they might lay down their arms with impunity, except such as had been convicted of capital offenses. They also decreed that the consuls should hold a levy; that Antonius, with an army, should hasten in pursuit of Catiline; and that Cicero should protect the city.

At this period the empire of Rome appears to me to have been in an extremely deplorable condition; for though every nation, from the rising to the setting of the sun, lay in subjection to her arms, and though peace and prosperity, which mankind think the greatest blessings, were hers in abundance, there yet were found, among her citizens, men who were bent with obstinate determination to plunge themselves and their country into ruin; for, notwithstanding the two decrees of the senate, not one individual, out of so vast a number, was induced by the offer of reward to give information of the conspiracy; nor was there a single deserter from the camp of Catiline. So strong a spirit of disaffection had, like a pestilence, pervaded the minds of most of the citizens.

Nor was this disaffected spirit confined to those who were actually concerned in the conspiracy; for the whole of the common people, from a desire of change, favored the projects of Catiline. This they seemed to do in accordance with their general character; for, in every state, they that are poor envy those of a better class, and endeavor to exalt the factious; they dislike the established condition of things, and long for something new; they are discontented with their own circumstances, and desire a general alteration; they can support themselves amid

tumult and sedition, without anxiety, since poverty does not easily suffer loss.

As for the populace of the city, they had become disaffected from various causes. In the first place, such as everywhere took the lead in crime and profligacy, with others who had squandered their fortunes in dissipation, and, in a word, all whom vice and villainy had driven from their homes, had flocked to Rome as a general receptacle of impurity. In the next place, many, who thought of the success of Sylla, when they had seen some raised from common soldiers into senators, and others so enriched as to live in regal luxury and pomp, hoped, each for himself, similar results from victory, if they should once take up arms. In addition to this, the youth, who, in the country, had earned a scanty livelihood by manual labor, tempted by public and private largesses, had preferred idleness in the city to unwelcome toil in the field. To these, and all others of similar character, public disorders would furnish subsistence. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that men in distress, of dissolute principles and extravagant expectations, should have consulted the interest of the state no further than as it was subservient to their own. Besides, those whose parents, by the victory of Sylla, had been proscribed, whose property had been confiscated, and whose civil rights had been curtailed, looked forward to the event of a war with precisely the same feelings.

All those, too, who were of any party opposed to that of the senate, were desirous rather that the state should be embroiled, than that they themselves should be out of power. This was an evil which, after many years, had returned upon the community to the extent to which it now prevailed.

Much about the same time there were commotions in Hither and Further Gaul, in the Picenian and Bruttian territories, and in Apulia. For those whom Catiline had previously sent to those parts had begun, without consideration, and seemingly with madness, to attempt everything at once; and by nocturnal meetings, by removing armor and weapons from place to place, and by hurrying and confusing everything, had created more alarm than danger. Of these, Quintus Metellus Celer, the pretor, having brought several to trial, under the decree of the senate, had thrown them into prison, as had also Caius Muræna in Further Gaul, who governed that province in quality of legate.

But at Rome, in the mean time, Lentulus, with the other leaders of the conspiracy, having secured what they thought a large force, had arranged, that as soon as Catiline should reach the neighborhood of Fæsulæ, Lucius Bestia, a tribune of the people, having called an assembly, should complain of the proceedings of Cicero, and lay the odium of this most oppressive war on the excellent consul; and that the rest of the conspirators, taking this as a signal, should, on the following night, proceed to execute their respective parts.

These parts are said to have been thus distributed. Statilius and Gabinius, with a large force, were to set on fire twelve places of the city, convenient for their purpose, at the same time; in order that, during the consequent tumult, an easier access might be obtained to the consul, and to the others whose destruction was intended; Cethegus was to beset the gate of Cicero, and attack him personally with violence; others were to single out other victims; while the sons of certain families, mostly of the nobility, were to kill their fathers; and, when all were in consternation at the massacre and conflagration, they were to sally forth to join Catiline.

While they were thus forming and settling their plans, Cethegus was incessantly complaining of the want of spirit in his associates; observing, that they wasted excellent opportunities through hesitation and delay; that, in such an enterprise, there was need, not of deliberation, but of action; and that he himself, if a few would support him, would storm the senate house while the others remained inactive. Being naturally bold, sanguine, and prompt to act, he thought that success depended on rapidity of execution.

The Allobroges, according to the directions of Cicero, procured interviews, by means of Gabinius, with the other conspirators; and from Lentulus, Cethegus, Statilius, and Cassius they demanded an oath, which they might carry under seal to their countrymen, who otherwise would hardly join in so important an affair. To this the others consented without suspicion; but Cassius promised them soon to visit their country, and, indeed, left the city a little before the deputies.

In order that the Allobroges, before they reached home, might confirm their agreement with Catiline, by giving and receiving pledges of faith, Lentulus sent with them one Titus Volturcius, a native of Crotona, he himself giving Volturcius a letter for Catiline, of which the following is a copy: —

"Who I am, you will learn from the person whom I have sent to you. Reflect seriously in how desperate a situation you are placed, and remember that you are a man. Consider what your views demand, and seek aid from all, even the lowest." In addition, he gave him this verbal message: "Since he was declared an enemy by the senate, for what reason should he reject the assistance of slaves? That, in the city, everything which he had directed was arranged; and that he should not delay to make nearer approaches to it."

Matters having proceeded thus far, and a night being appointed for the departure of the deputies, Cicero, being by them made acquainted with everything, directed the pretors, Lucius Valerius Flaccus, and Caius Pomtinus, to arrest the retinue of the Allobroges, by lying in wait for them on the Milvian Bridge; he gave them a full explanation of the object with which they were sent, and left them to manage the rest as occasion might require. Being military men, they placed a force, as had been directed, without disturbance, and secretly invested the bridge; when the deputies, with Volturcius, came to the place, and a shout was raised from each side of the bridge, the Gauls, at once comprehending the matter, surrendered themselves immediately to the pretors. Volturcius, at first, encouraging his companions, defended himself against numbers with his sword; but afterward, being unsupported by the Allobroges, he began earnestly to beg Pomtinus, to whom he was known, to save his life, and at last, terrified and despairing of safety, he surrendered himself to the pretors as unconditionally as to foreign enemies.

The affair being thus concluded, a full account of it was immediately transmitted to the consul by messengers. Great anxiety, and great joy, affected him at the same moment. He rejoiced that, by the discovery of the conspiracy, the state was freed from danger; but he was doubtful how he ought to act, when citizens of such eminence were detected in treason so atrocious. He saw that their punishment would be a weight upon himself, and their escape the destruction of the Commonwealth. Having, however, formed his resolution, he ordered Lentulus, Cethegus, Statilius, Gabinius, and one Quintus Cœparius of Terracina, who was preparing to go to Apulia to raise the slaves, to be summoned before him. The others came without delay; but Cœparius, having left his house a little before, and heard of the discovery of the conspiracy, had fled from

the city. The consul himself conducted Lentulus, as he was pretor, holding him by the hand, and ordered the others to be brought into the Temple of Concord, under a guard. Here he assembled the senate, and in a very full attendance of that body introduced Volturcius with the deputies. Hither also he ordered Valerius Flaccus, the pretor, to bring the box with the letters which he had taken from the deputies.

Volturcius, being questioned concerning his journey, concerning his letter, and lastly, what object he had had in view, and from what motives he had acted, at first began to prevaricate, and to pretend ignorance of the conspiracy; but at length, when he was told to speak on the security of the public faith, he disclosed every circumstance as it had really occurred, stating that he had been admitted as an associate, a few days before, by Gabinius and Cœparius; that he knew no more than the deputies, only that he used to hear from Gabinius, that Publius Autronius, Servius Sylla, Lucius Vargunteius, and many others, were engaged in the conspiracy. The Gauls made a similar confession, and charged Lentulus, who began to affect ignorance, not only with the letter to Catiline, but with remarks which he was in the habit of making, "that the sovereignty of Rome, by the Sibylline books, was predestined to three Cornelii; that Cinna and Sylla had ruled already; and that he himself was the third, whose fate it would be to govern the city; and that this, too, was the twentieth year since the Capitol was burned, —a year which the augurs, from certain omens, had often said would be stained with the blood of civil war."

The letter then being read, the senate, when all had previously acknowledged their seals, decreed that Lentulus, being deprived of his office, should, as well as the rest, be placed in private custody. Lentulus, accordingly, was given in charge to Publius Lentulus Spinther, who was then ædile; Cethegus, to Quintus Cornificius; Statilius, to Caius Cæsar; Gabinius, to Marcus Crassus; and Cœparius, who had just before been arrested in his flight, to Cneius Terentius, a senator.

While these occurrences were passing in the senate, and while rewards were being voted, an approbation of their evidence, to the Allobrogian deputies and to Titus Volturcius, the freedmen and some of the other dependents of Lentulus were urging the artisans and slaves, in various directions throughout the city, to attempt his rescue; some, too, applied to the ringleaders of the mob, who were always ready to disturb the state

for pay. Cethegus, at the same time, was soliciting, through his agents, his slaves and freedmen, men trained to deeds of audacity, to collect themselves into an armed body, and force a way into his place of confinement.

The consul, when he heard that these things were in agitation, having distributed armed bodies of men, as the circumstances and occasion demanded, called a meeting of the senate, and desired to know "what they wished to be done concerning those who had been committed to custody." A full senate, however, had but a short time before declared them traitors to their country. On this occasion, Decimus Junius Silanus, who, as consul elect, was first asked his opinion, moved that capital punishment should be inflicted, not only on those who were in confinement, but also on Lucius Cassius, Publius Furius, Publius Umbrenus, and Quintus Annius, if they should be apprehended; but afterward, being influenced by the speech of Caius Cæsar, he said that he would go over to the opinion of Tiberius Nero, who had proposed that the guards should be increased, and that the senate should deliberate further on the matter.

[The speeches of Cæsar for lenity, and of Cato for death, are here given, with the characters of the two men.]

When the senate, as I have stated, had gone over to the opinion of Cato, the consul, thinking it best not to wait till night, which was coming on, lest any new attempts should be made during the interval, ordered the triumvirs to make such preparations as the execution of the conspirators required. He himself, having posted the necessary guards, conducted Lentulus to the prison; and the same office was performed for the rest by the pretors.

There is a place in the prison, which is called the Tullian dungeon, and which, after a slight ascent to the left, is sunk about twelve feet underground. Walls secure it on every side, and over it is a vaulted roof connected with stone arches; but its appearance is disgusting and horrible, by reason of the filth, darkness, and stench. When Lentulus had been let down into this place, certain men, to whom orders had been given, strangled him with a cord. Thus this patrician, who was of the illustrious family of the Cornelii, and who filled the office of consul at Rome, met with an end suited to his character and conduct. On Cethegus, Statilius, Gabinius, and Cœparius, punishment was inflicted in a similar manner.

During these proceedings at Rome, Catiline, out of the

entire force which he himself had brought with him, and that which Manlius had previously collected, formed two legions, filling up the cohorts as far as his number would allow; and afterward, as any volunteers, or recruits from his confederates, arrived in his camp, he distributed them equally throughout the cohorts, and thus filled up his legions, in a short time, with their regular number of men, though at first he had not more than two thousand. But, of his whole army, only about a fourth part had the proper weapons of soldiers; the rest, as chance had equipped them, carried darts, spears, or sharpened stakes.

As Antonius approached with his army, Catiline directed his march over the hills, encamping, at one time, in the direction of Rome, at another in that of Gaul. He gave the enemy no opportunity of fighting, yet hoped himself shortly to find one, if his accomplices at Rome should succeed in their object. Slaves, meanwhile, of whom vast numbers had at first flocked to him, he continued to reject, not only as depending on the strength of the conspiracy, but as thinking it impolitic to appear to share the cause of citizens with runagates.

When it was reported in his camp, however, that the conspiracy had been discovered at Rome, and that Lentulus, Cethegus, and the rest whom I have named had been put to death, most of those whom the hope of plunder, or the love of change, had led to join in the war, fell away. The remainder Catiline conducted, over rugged mountains, and by forced marches, into the neighborhood of Pistoria, with a view to escape covertly, by crossroads, into Gaul.

But Quintus Metellus Celer, with a force of three legions, had, at that time, his station in Picenum, who suspected that Catiline, from the difficulties of his position, would adopt precisely the course which we have just described. When, therefore, he had learned his route from some deserters, he immediately broke up his camp, and took his post at the very foot of the hills, at the point where Catiline's descent would be, in his hurried march into Gaul. Nor was Antonius far distant, as he was pursuing, though with a large army, yet through plainer ground, and with fewer hindrances, the enemy in retreat.

Catiline, when he saw that he was surrounded by mountains and by hostile forces, that his schemes in the city had been unsuccessful, and that there was no hope either of escape or of succor, thinking it best, in such circumstances, to try the fortune

of a battle, resolved upon engaging, as speedily as possible, with Antonius.

He ordered the signal for battle to be sounded, and led down his troops, in regular order, to the level ground. Having then sent away the horses of all the cavalry, in order to increase the men's courage by making their danger equal, he himself, on foot, drew up his troops suitably to their numbers and the nature of the ground. As a plain stretched between the mountains on the left, with a rugged rock on the right, he placed eight cohorts in front, and stationed the rest of his force, in close order, in the rear. From among these he removed all the ablest centurions, the veterans, and the stoutest of the common soldiers that were regularly armed, into the foremost ranks. He ordered Caius Manlius to take the command of the right, and a certain officer of Fæsulæ on the left; while he himself, with his freedmen and the colonists, took his station by the eagle, which Caius Marius was said to have had in his army in the Cimbrian war.

On the other side, Caius Antonius, who, being lame, was unable to be present in the engagement, gave the command of the army to Marcus Petreius, his lieutenant general. Petreius ranged the cohorts of veterans, which he had raised to meet the present insurrection, in front, and behind them the rest of his force in lines. Then, riding round among his troops, and addressing his men by name, he encouraged them, and bade them remember that they were to fight against unarmed marauders, in defense of their country, their children, their temples, and their homes. Being a military man, and having served with great reputation, for more than thirty years, as tribune, prefect, lieutenant, or pretor, he knew most of the soldiers and their honorable actions, and, by calling these to their remembrance, roused the spirits of the men.

When he had made a complete survey, he gave the signal with the trumpet, and ordered the cohorts to advance slowly. The army of the enemy followed his example; and when they approached so near that the action could be commenced by the light-armed troops, both sides, with a loud shout, rushed together in a furious charge. They threw aside their missiles, and fought only with their swords. The veterans, calling to mind their deeds of old, engaged fiercely in the closest combat. The enemy made an obstinate resistance; and both sides contended with the utmost fury. Catiline, during this time, was

exerting himself with his light troops in the front, sustaining such as were pressed, substituting fresh men for the wounded, attending to every exigency, charging in person, wounding many an enemy, and performing at once the duties of a valiant soldier and a skillful general.

When Petreius, contrary to his expectation, found Catiline attacking him with such impetuosity, he led his pretorian cohort against the center of the enemy, among whom, being thus thrown into confusion, and offering but partial resistance, he made great slaughter, and ordered, at the same time, an assault on both flanks. Manlius and the Fæsulan, sword in hand, were among the first that fell; and Catiline, when he saw his army routed, and himself left with but few supporters, remembering his birth and former dignity, rushed into the thickest of the enemy, where he was slain, fighting to the last.

When the battle was over, it was plainly seen what boldness, and what energy of spirit, had prevailed throughout the army of Catiline; for, almost everywhere, every soldier, after yielding up his breath, covered with his corpse the spot which he had occupied when alive. A few, indeed, whom the pretorian cohort had dispersed, had fallen somewhat differently, but all with wounds in front. Catiline himself was found, far in advance of his men, among the dead bodies of the enemy; he was not quite breathless, and still expressed in his countenance the fierceness of spirit which he had shown during his life. Of his whole army, neither in the battle nor in flight, was any freeborn citizen made prisoner, for they had spared their own lives no more than those of the enemy.

Nor did the army of the Roman people obtain a joyful or bloodless victory; for all their bravest men were either killed in the battle, or left the field severely wounded.

Of many who went from the camp to view the ground, or plunder the slain, some, in turning over the bodies of the enemy, discovered a friend, others an acquaintance, others a relative; some, too, recognized their enemies. Thus, gladness and sorrow, grief and joy, were variously felt throughout the whole army.

CICERO'S SPEECH ON CATILINE'S CONSPIRACY.

[Marcus Tullius Cicero, the greatest of Roman orators and perhaps the second of all time, was born B.C. 106, of the nobility. Trained for the bar, his first important case obliged him to go into exile for fear of the dictator Sulla. Returning after Sulla's death, he became the leader of the bar and high in political life; rose to be consul, B.C. 63, and gained great credit for suppressing Catiline's conspiracy. Later, he was again exiled for taking sides against the tribune Clodius, and again recalled in a storm of popular enthusiasm. He sided with Pompey against Cæsar, but made peace with the latter after Pharsalia. After the murder of Cæsar, Cicero sided with Octavius, and thundered against Antony, who on his coalition with Octavius demanded Cicero's life as the price of the junction; Octavius consented, and Cicero was assassinated by an officer whose life he had once saved at the bar. His orations, his letters saved and published by his freedman Tiro, and his varied disquisitions keep his fame unfailingly bright.]

When, O Catiline, do you mean to cease abusing our patience? How long is that madness of yours still to mock us? When is there to be an end of that unbridled audacity of yours, swaggering about as it does now? Do not the mighty guards placed on the Palatine Hill — do not the watches posted throughout the city — does not the alarm of the people, and the union of all good men — does not the precaution taken of assembling the senate in this most defensible place — do not the looks and countenances of this venerable body here present, have any effect upon you? Do you not feel that your plans are detected? Do you not see that your conspiracy is already arrested and rendered powerless by the knowledge which every one here possesses of it? What is there that you did last night, what the night before — where is it that you were — who was there that you summoned to meet you — what design was there which was adopted by you, with which you think that any one of us is unacquainted?

Shame on the age and on its principles! The senate is aware of these things; the consul sees them; and yet this man lives. Lives! ay, he comes even into the senate. He takes a part in the public deliberations; he is watching and marking down and checking off for slaughter every individual among us. And we, gallant men that we are, think that we are doing our duty to the republic if we keep out of the way of his frenzied attacks.

You ought, O Catiline, long ago to have been led to execution by command of the consul. That destruction which you

have been long plotting against us ought to have already fallen on your own head.

What? Did not that most illustrious man, Publius Scipio, the Pontifex Maximus, in his capacity of a private citizen, put to death Tiberius Gracchus, though but slightly undermining the constitution? And shall we, who are the consuls, tolerate Catiline, openly desirous to destroy the whole world with fire and slaughter? For I pass over older instances, such as how Caius Servilius Ahala with his own hand slew Spurius Mælius when plotting a revolution in the state. There was — there was once such virtue in this republic, that brave men would repress mischievous citizens with severer chastisement than the most bitter enemy. For we have a resolution of the senate, a formidable and authoritative decree against you, O Catiline; the wisdom of the republic is not at fault, nor the dignity of this senatorial body. We, we alone — I say it openly — we, the consuls, are wanting in our duty.

The senate once passed a decree that Lucius Opimius, the consul, should take care that the republic suffered no injury. Not one night elapsed. There was put to death, on some mere suspicion of disaffection, Caius Gracchus, a man whose family had borne the most unblemished reputation for many generations. There was slain Marcus Fulvius, a man of consular rank, and all his children. By a like decree of the senate the safety of the republic was intrusted to Caius Marius and Lucius Valerius, the consuls. Did not the vengeance of the republic, did not execution overtake Lucius Saturninus, a tribune of the people, and Caius Servilius, the pretor, without the delay of one single day? But we, for these twenty days, have been allowing the edge of the senate's authority to grow blunt, as it were. For we are in possession of a similar decree of the senate, but we keep it locked up in its parchment — buried, I may say, in the sheath; and according to this decree you ought, O Catiline, to be put to death this instant. You live — and you live, not to lay aside, but to persist in your audacity.

I wish, O conscript fathers, to be merciful; I wish not to appear negligent amid such danger to the state; but I do now accuse myself of remissness and culpable inactivity. A camp is pitched in Italy, at the entrance of Etruria, in hostility to the republic; the number of the enemy increases every day; and yet the general of that camp, the leader of those enemies, we see within the walls — ay, and even in the senate — plan-

ning every day some internal injury to the republic. If, O Catiline, I should now order you to be arrested, to be put to death, I should, I suppose, have to fear lest all good men should say that I had acted tardily, rather than that any one should affirm that I acted cruelly. But yet this, which ought to have been done long since, I have good reason for not doing as yet; I will put you to death, then, when there shall be not one person possible to be found so wicked, so abandoned, so like yourself, as not to allow that it has been rightly done. As long as one person exists who can dare to defend you, you shall live; but you shall live as you do now, surrounded by my many and trusty guards, so that you shall not be able to stir one finger against the republic: many eyes and ears shall still observe and watch you, as they have hitherto done, though you shall not perceive them.

For what is there, O Catiline, that you can still expect, if night is not able to veil your nefarious meetings in darkness, and if private houses cannot conceal the voice of your conspiracy within their walls — if everything is seen and displayed? Change your mind: trust me: forget the slaughter and conflagration you are meditating. You are hemmed in on all sides; all your plans are clearer than the day to us; let me remind you of them. Do you recollect that on the 21st of October I said in the senate, that on a certain day, which was to be the 27th of October, C. Manlius, the satellite and servant of your audacity, would be in arms? Was I mistaken, Catiline, not only in so important, so atrocious, so incredible a fact, but, what is much more remarkable, in the very day? I said also in the senate that you had fixed the massacre of the nobles for the 28th of October, when many chief men of the senate had left Rome, not so much for the sake of saving themselves as of checking your designs. Can you deny that on that very day you were so hemmed in by my guards and my vigilance, that you were unable to stir one finger against the republic; when you said that you would be content with the flight of the rest, and the slaughter of us who remained? What? when you made sure that you would be able to seize Præneste on the first of November by a nocturnal attack, did you not find that that colony was fortified by my order, by my garrison, by my watchfulness and care? You do nothing, you plan nothing, think of nothing which I not only do not hear, but which I do not see and know every particular of.

Listen while I speak of the night before. You shall now see that I watch far more actively for the safety than you do for the destruction of the republic. I say that you came the night before (I will say nothing obscurely) into the Scythe-dealers' street, to the house of Marcus Lecca; that many of your accomplices in the same insanity and wickedness came there too. Do you dare to deny it? Why are you silent? I will prove it if you do deny it; for I see here in the senate some men who were there with you.

O ye immortal Gods, where on earth are we? in what city are we living? what constitution is ours? There are here — here in our body, O conscript fathers, in this the most holy and dignified assembly of the whole world, men who meditate my death, and the death of all of us, and the destruction of this city, and of the whole world. I, the consul, see them; I ask them their opinion about the republic, and I do not yet attack, even by words, those who ought to be put to death by the sword. You were, then, O Catiline, at Lecca's that night; you divided Italy into sections; you settled where every one was to go; you fixed whom you were to leave at Rome, whom you were to take with you; you portioned out the divisions of the city for conflagration; you undertook that you yourself would at once leave the city, and said that there was then only this to delay you, that I was still alive. Two Roman knights were found to deliver you from this anxiety, and to promise that very night, before daybreak, to slay me in my bed. All this I knew almost before your meeting had broken up. I strengthened and fortified my house with a stronger guard; I refused admittance, when they came, to those whom you sent in the morning to salute me, and of whom I had foretold to many eminent men that they would come to me at that time.

As, then, this is the case, O Catiline, continue as you have begun. Leave the city at last: the gates are open; depart. That Manlian camp of yours has been waiting too long for you as its general. And lead forth with you all your friends, or at least as many as you can; purge the city of your presence; you will deliver me from a great fear, when there is a wall between me and you. Among us you can dwell no longer — I will not bear it, I will not permit it, I will not tolerate it. Great thanks are due to the immortal gods, and to this very Jupiter Stator, in whose temple we are, the most ancient protector of this city, that we have already so often escaped so foul, so hor-

rible, and so deadly an enemy to the republic. But the safety of the commonwealth must not be too often allowed to be risked on one man. As long as you, O Catiline, plotted against me while I was the consul elect, I defended myself not with a public guard, but by my own private diligence. When, in the next consular comitia, you wished to slay me when I was actually consul, and your competitors also, in the Campus Martius, I checked your nefarious attempt by the assistance and resources of my own friends, without exciting any disturbance publicly. In short, as often as you attacked me, I by myself opposed you, and that, too, though I saw that my ruin was connected with great disaster to the republic. But now you are openly attacking the entire republic.

You are summoning to destruction and devastation the temples of the immortal gods, the houses of the city, the lives of all the citizens; in short, all Italy. Wherefore, since I do not yet venture to do that which is the best thing, and which belongs to my office and to the discipline of our ancestors, I will do that which is more merciful if we regard its rigor, and more expedient for the state. For if I order you to be put to death, the rest of the conspirators will still remain in the republic; if, as I have long been exhorting you, you depart, your companions, these worthless dregs of the republic, will be drawn off from the city too. What is the matter, Catiline? Do you hesitate to do that when I order you which you were already doing of your own accord? The consul orders an enemy to depart from the city. Do you ask me, Are you to go into banishment? I do not order it; but, if you consult me, I advise it.

For what is there, O Catiline, that can now afford you any pleasure in this city? for there is no one in it, except that band of profligate conspirators of yours, who does not fear you — no one who does not hate you. What brand of domestic baseness is not stamped upon your life? What disgraceful circumstance is wanting to your infamy in your private affairs? From what licentiousness have your eyes, from what atrocity have your hands, from what iniquity has your whole body ever abstained? Is there one youth, when you have once entangled him in the temptations of your corruption, to whom you have not held out a sword for audacious crime, or a torch for licentious wickedness?

What? when lately by the death of your former wife you

had made your house empty and ready for a new bridal, did you not even add another incredible wickedness to this wickedness? But I pass that over, and willingly allow it to be buried in silence, that so horrible a crime may not be seen to have existed in this city and not to have been chastised. I pass over the ruin of your fortune, which you know is hanging over you against the ides of the very next month; I come to those things which relate not to the infamy of your private vices, not to your domestic difficulties and baseness, but to the welfare of the republic and to the lives and safety of us all.

Can the light of this life, O Catiline, can the breath of this atmosphere be pleasant to you, when you know that there is not one man of those here present who is ignorant that you, on the last day of the year, when Lepidus and Tullus were consuls, stood in the assembly armed; that you had prepared your hand for the slaughter of the consuls and chief men of the state, and that no reason or fear of yours hindered your crime and madness, but the fortune of the republic? And I say no more of these things, for they are not unknown to every one. How often have you endeavored to slay me, both as consul elect and as actual consul? how many shots of yours, so aimed that they seemed impossible to be escaped, have I avoided by some slight stooping aside, and some dodging, as it were, of my body? You attempt nothing, you execute nothing, you devise nothing that can be kept hid from me at the proper time; and yet you do not cease to attempt and to contrive. How often already has that dagger of yours been wrested from your hands? how often has it slipped through them by some chance, and dropped down? and yet you cannot any longer do without it; and to what sacred mysteries it is consecrated and devoted by you I know not, that you think it necessary to plunge it in the body of the consul.

But now, what is that life of yours that you are leading? For I will speak to you not so as to seem influenced by the hatred I ought to feel, but by pity, nothing of which is due to you. You came a little while ago into the senate: in so numerous an assembly, who of so many friends and connections of yours saluted you? If this in the memory of man never happened to any one else, are you waiting for insults by word of mouth, when you are overwhelmed by the most irresistible condemnation of silence? Is it nothing that at your arrival all those seats were vacated? that all the men of consular rank,

who had often been marked out by you for slaughter, the very moment you sat down, left that part of the benches bare and vacant? With what feelings do you think you ought to bear this? On my honor, if my slaves feared me as all your fellow-citizens fear you, I should think I must leave my house. Do not you think you should leave the city? If I saw that I was even undeservedly so suspected and hated by my fellow-citizens, I would rather flee from their sight than be gazed at by the hostile eyes of every one. And do you, who, from the consciousness of your wickedness, know that the hatred of all men is just and has been long due to you, hesitate to avoid the sight and presence of those men whose minds and senses you offend? If your parents feared and hated you, and if you could by no means pacify them, you would, I think, depart somewhere out of their sight. Now, your country, which is the common parent of all of us, hates and fears you, and has no other opinion of you than that you are meditating parricide in her case; and will you neither feel awe of her authority, nor deference for her judgment, nor fear of her power?

And she, O Catiline, thus pleads with you, and after a manner silently speaks to you: There has now for many years been no crime committed but by you; no atrocity has taken place without you; you alone unpunished and unquestioned have murdered the citizens, have harassed and plundered the allies; you alone have had power not only to neglect all laws and investigations, but to overthrow and break through them. Your former actions, though they ought not to have been borne, yet I did bear as well as I could; but now that I should be wholly occupied with fear of you alone, that at every sound I should dread Catiline, that no design should seem possible to be entertained against me which does not proceed from your wickedness, this is no longer endurable. Depart, then, and deliver me from this fear; that, if it be a just one, I may not be destroyed; if an imaginary one, that at least I may at last cease to fear.

If, as I have said, your country were thus to address you, ought she not to obtain her request, even if she were not able to enforce it? What shall I say of your having given yourself into custody? what of your having said, for the sake of avoiding suspicion, that you were willing to dwell in the house of Marcus Lepidus? And when you were not received by him, you dared even to come to me, and begged me to keep you in

my house ; and when you had received answer from me that I could not possibly be safe in the same house with you, when I considered myself in great danger as long as we were in the same city, you came to Quintus Metellus, the pretor, and being rejected by him, you passed on to your associate, that most excellent man, Marcus Marcellus, who would be, I suppose you thought, most diligent in guarding you, most sagacious in suspecting you, and most bold in punishing you ; but how far can we think that man ought to be from bonds and imprisonment who has already judged himself deserving of being given into custody ?

Since, then, this is the case, do you hesitate, O Catiline, if you cannot remain here with tranquillity, to depart to some distant land, and to trust your life, saved from just and deserved punishment, to flight and solitude ? Make a motion, say you, to the senate (for that is what you demand), and if this body votes that you ought to go into banishment, you say that you will obey. I will not make such a motion, — it is contrary to my principles, — and yet I will let you see what these men think of you. Begone from the city, O Catiline, deliver the republic from fear ; depart into banishment, if that is the word you are waiting for. What now, O Catiline ? Do you not perceive, do you not see the silence of these men ? they permit it, they say nothing ; why wait you for the authority of their words, when you see their wishes in their silence ?

But had I said the same to this excellent young man, Publius Sextius, or to that brave man, Marcus Marcellus, before this time the senate would deservedly have laid violent hands on me, consul though I be, in this very temple. But as to you, Catiline, while they are quiet they approve, while they permit me to speak they vote, while they are silent they are loud and eloquent. And not they alone, whose authority forsooth is dear to you, though their lives are unimportant, but the Roman knights too, those most honorable and excellent men, and the other virtuous citizens who are now surrounding the senate, whose numbers you could see, whose desires you could know, and whose voices you a few minutes ago could hear — ay, whose very hands and weapons I have for some time been scarcely able to keep off from you ; but those, too, I will easily bring to attend you to the gates if you leave these places you have been long desiring to lay waste.

And yet, why am I speaking? that anything may change your purpose? that you may ever amend your life? that you may meditate flight or think of voluntary banishment? I wish the gods may give you such a mind; though I see, if alarmed at my words you bring your mind to go into banishment, what a storm of unpopularity hangs over me, if not at present, while the memory of your wickedness is fresh, at all events hereafter. But it is worth while to incur that, as long as that is but a private misfortune of my own, and is unconnected with the dangers of the republic. But we cannot expect that you should be concerned at your own vices, that you should fear the penalties of the laws, or that you should yield to the necessities of the republic, for you are not, O Catiline, one whom either shame can recall from infamy, or fear from danger, or reason from madness.

Wherefore, as I have said before, go forth, and if you wish to make me, your enemy as you call me, unpopular, go straight into banishment. I shall scarcely be able to endure all that will be said if you do so; I shall scarcely be able to support my load of unpopularity if you do go into banishment at the command of the consul; but if you wish to serve my credit and reputation, go forth with your ill-omened band of profligates; betake yourself to Manlius, rouse up the abandoned citizens, separate yourself from the good ones, wage war against your country, exult in your impious banditti, so that you may not seem to have been driven out by me and gone to strangers, but to have gone invited to your own friends.

Though why should I invite you, by whom I know men have been already sent on to wait in arms for you at the forum Aurelium; who I know has fixed and agreed with Manlius upon a settled day; by whom I know that that silver eagle, which I trust will be ruinous and fatal to you and to all your friends, and to which there was set up in your house a shrine as it were of your crimes, has been already sent forward? Need I fear that you can long do without that which you used to worship when going out to murder, and from whose altars you have often transferred your impious hand to the slaughter of citizens?

You will go at last where your unbridled and mad desire has been long hurrying you. And this causes you no grief, but an incredible pleasure. Nature has formed you, desire has trained you, fortune has preserved you for this insanity. Not

only did you never desire quiet, but you never even desired any war but a criminal one; you have collected a band of profligates and worthless men, abandoned not only by all fortune but even by hope.

Then what happiness will you enjoy! with what delight will you exult! in what pleasure will you revel! when in so numerous a body of friends, you neither hear nor see one good man. All the toils you have gone through have always pointed to this sort of life; your lying on the ground not merely to lie in wait to gratify your unclean desires, but even to accomplish crimes; your vigilance, not only when plotting against the sleep of husbands, but also against the goods of your murdered victims, have all been preparations for this. Now you have an opportunity of displaying your splendid endurance of hunger, of cold, of want of everything; by which in a short time you will find yourself worn out. All this I effected when I procured your rejection from the consulship, that you should be reduced to make attempts on your country as an exile, instead of being able to distress it as consul, and that that which had been wickedly undertaken by you should be called piracy rather than war.

Now that I may remove and avert, O conscript fathers, any in the least reasonable complaint from myself, listen, I beseech you, carefully to what I say, and lay it up in your inmost hearts and minds. In truth, if my country, which is far dearer to me than my life — if all Italy — if the whole republic were to address me, "Marcus Tullius, what are you doing? will you permit that man to depart whom you have ascertained to be an enemy? whom you see ready to become the general of the war? whom you know to be expected in the camp of the enemy as their chief, the author of all this wickedness, the head of the conspiracy, the instigator of the slaves and abandoned citizens, so that he shall seem not driven out of the city by you, but let loose by you against the city? Will you not order him to be thrown into prison, to be hurried off to execution, to be put to death with the most prompt severity? What hinders you? Is it the customs of our ancestors? But even private men have often in this republic slain mischievous citizens. Is it the laws which have been passed about the punishment of Roman citizens? But in this city those who have rebelled against the republic have never had the rights of citizens. Do you fear odium with posterity? You are showing fine grati-

tude to the Roman people which has raised you, a man known only by your own actions, of no ancestral renown, through all the degrees of honor at so early an age to the very highest office, if from fear of unpopularity or of any danger you neglect the safety of your fellow-citizens. But if you have a fear of unpopularity, is that arising from the imputation of vigor and boldness, or that arising from that of inactivity and indecision most to be feared? When Italy is laid waste by war, when cities are attacked and houses in flames, do you not think that you will be then consumed by a perfect conflagration of hatred?"

To this holy address of the republic, and to the feelings of those men who entertain the same opinion, I will make this short answer: If, O conscript fathers, I thought it best that Catiline should be punished with death, I would not have given the space of one hour to this gladiator to live in. If, forsooth, those excellent men and most illustrious cities not only did not pollute themselves, but even glorified themselves by the blood of Saturninus, and the Gracchi, and Flaccus, and many others of old time, surely I had no cause to fear lest for slaying this parricidal murderer of the citizens any unpopularity should accrue to me with posterity. And if it did threaten me to ever so great a degree, yet I have always been of the disposition to think unpopularity earned by virtue and glory, not unpopularity.

Though there are some men in this body who either do not see what threatens, or dissemble what they do see; who have fed the hope of Catiline by mild sentiments, and have strengthened the rising conspiracy by not believing it; influenced by whose authority many, and they not wicked, but only ignorant, if I punished him would say that I had acted cruelly and tyrannically. But I know that if he arrives at the camp of Manlius, to which he is going, there will be no one so stupid as not to see that there has been a conspiracy, no one so hardened as not to confess it. But if this man alone were put to death, I know that this disease of the republic would be only checked for a while, not eradicated forever. But if he banishes himself, and takes with him all his friends, and collects at one point all the ruined men from every quarter, then not only will this full-grown plague of the republic be extinguished and eradicated, but also the root and seed of all future evils.

We have now for a long time, O conscript fathers, lived

among these dangers and machinations of conspiracy; but somehow or other, the ripeness of all wickedness, and of this long-standing madness and audacity, has come to a head at the time of my consulship. But if this man alone is removed from this piratical crew, we may appear, perhaps, for a short time relieved from fear and anxiety, but the danger will settle down and lie hid in the veins and bowels of the republic. As it often happens that men afflicted with a severe disease, when they are tortured with heat and fever, if they drink cold water, seem at first to be relieved, but afterward suffer more and more severely; so this disease which is in the republic, if relieved by the punishment of this man, will only get worse and worse, as the rest will be still alive.

Wherefore, O conscript fathers, let the worthless begone — let them separate themselves from the good — let them collect in one place — let them, as I have often said before, be separated from us by a wall; let them cease to plot against the consul in his own house — to surround the tribunal of the city pretor — to besiege the senate house with swords — to prepare brands and torches to burn the city; let it, in short, be written on the brow of every citizen, what are his sentiments about the republic. I promise you this, O conscript fathers, that there shall be so much diligence in us the consuls, so much authority in you, so much virtue in the Roman knights, so much unanimity in all good men, that you shall see everything made plain and manifest by the departure of Catiline — everything checked and punished.

With these omens, O Catiline, begone to your impious and nefarious war, to the great safety of the republic, to your own misfortune and injury, and to the destruction of those who have joined themselves to you in every wickedness and atrocity. Then do you, O Jupiter, who were consecrated by Romulus with the same auspices as this city, whom we rightly call the stay of this city and empire, repel this man and his companions from your altars and from the other temples — from the houses and walls of the city — from the lives and fortunes of all the citizens; and overwhelm all the enemies of good men, the foes of the republic, the robbers of Italy, men bound together by a treaty and infamous alliance of crimes, dead and alive, with eternal punishments.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

By LORD BYRON.

The seal is set. — Now welcome, thou dread power!
Nameless, yet this omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure. — Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms — on battle plains or listed spot?
Both are but theaters where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower, — and now
The arena swims around him — he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout that hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother; he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday;
All this gushed with his blood. — Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

CÆSAR'S FIRST INVASION OF BRITAIN.

(The "Commentaries.")

[CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR, founder of the Roman monarchy, was born B.C. 100 and murdered B.C. 44. He was of an important family; engaged in politics with a profligacy and unscrupulousness equal to those of any other politician of his time, but with more humanity and generosity than most, and more sagacity and executive ability than any others; became a great military leader, and on his rival Pompey inducing the senate to remove him from the command, refused obedience, invaded Italy, overthrew the Republic, and made himself dictator (B.C. 49). After crushing all resistance, he was made perpetual dictator early in B.C. 44, — king in all but name; this aroused the friends of popular freedom to take his life, which was done in March of the same year. His literary repute rests on his "Commentaries," a report of his campaigns in Gaul, Germany, and Britain.]

THOUGH but a small part of the summer now remained, Cæsar resolved to pass over into Britain, having certain intelligence that in all his wars with the Gauls the enemies of the Commonwealth had ever received assistance from thence. . . .

Meanwhile the Britons having notice of his design by the merchants that resorted to their island, ambassadors from many of their states came to Cæsar, with an offer of hostages, and submission to the authority of the people of Rome. To these he gave a favorable audience, and, exhorting them to continue in the same mind, sent them back into their own country. Along with them he dispatched Comius, whom he had constituted king of the Atrebatians — a man in whose virtue, wisdom, and fidelity he greatly confided, and whose authority in the island was very considerable. To him he gave it in charge to visit as many states as he could, and persuade them to enter into an alliance with the Romans, letting them know at the same time that Cæsar designed as soon as possible to come over in person to their island.

Having got together about eighty transports, which he thought would be sufficient for the carrying over two legions, he distributed the galleys he had over and above to the questor, lieutenants, and officers of the cavalry. There were, in addition, eighteen transports detained by contrary winds at a port about eight miles off, which he appointed to carry over the cavalry.

Things being in this manner settled, and the winds springing up fair, he weighed anchor about one in the morning, ordering

the cavalry to embark at the other port and follow him. But, as these orders were executed but slowly, he himself about ten in the morning reached the coast of Britain, where he saw all the cliffs covered with the enemy's forces. The nature of the place was such that, the sea being bounded by steep mountains, the enemy might easily launch their javelins on us from above. Not thinking this, therefore, a convenient landing place, he resolved to lie by till three in the afternoon, and wait the arrival of the rest of his fleet. Meanwhile, having called the lieutenants and military tribunes together, he informed them of what he had learned from Volusenus, instructed them in the part they were to act, and particularly exhorted them to do everything with readiness, and at a signal given, agreeable to the rules of military discipline, which in sea affairs especially required expedition and dispatch, because of all others the most changeable and uncertain. Having dismissed them, and finding both the wind and tide favorable, he made the signal for weighing anchor, and after sailing about eight miles further, stopped over against a plain and open shore.

But the barbarians, perceiving our design, sent their cavalry and chariots before, which they frequently make use of in battle, and, following with the rest of their forces, endeavored to oppose our landing. And indeed we found the difficulty very great on many accounts; for our ships, being large, required a great depth of water; and the soldiers, who were wholly unacquainted with the places, and had their hands embarrassed and laden with a weight of armor, were at the same time to leap from the ships, stand breast-high amidst the waves, and encounter the enemy, while they, fighting on dry ground, or advancing only a little way into the water, having the free use of all their limbs, and in places which they perfectly knew, could boldly cast their darts and spur on their horses, well inured to that kind of service. All these circumstances serving to spread a terror among our men, who were wholly strangers to this way of fighting, they pushed not the enemy with the same vigor and spirit as was usual for them in combats on dry ground.

Cæsar, observing this, ordered some galleys — a kind of shipping less common with the barbarians, and more easily governed and put in motion — to advance a little from the transports towards the shore, in order to set on the enemy in flank, and, by means of their engines, slings, and arrows, drive

them to some distance. This proved of considerable service to our men, for, what with the surprise occasioned by the make of our galleys, the motion of the oars, and the playing of the engines, the enemy were forced to halt, and in a little time began to give back. But our men still demurring to leap into the sea, chiefly because of the depth of the water in those parts, the standard bearer of the tenth legion, having first invoked the gods for success, cried out aloud: "Follow me, fellow-soldiers, unless you will betray the Roman eagle into the hands of the enemy: for my part, I am resolved to discharge my duty to Cæsar and the Commonwealth." On this he jumped into the sea, and advanced with the eagle against the enemy; whereat, our men exhorting one another to prevent so signal a disgrace, all that were in the ship followed him; which being perceived by those in the nearest vessels, they also did the like, and boldly approached the enemy.

The battle was obstinate on both sides; but our men, as being neither able to keep their ranks, nor get firm footing, nor follow their respective standards, — because, leaping promiscuously from their ships, every one joined the first ensign he met, — were thereby thrown into great confusion. The enemy, on the other hand, being well acquainted with the shallows, when they saw our men advancing singly from the ships, spurred on their horses, and attacked them in that perplexity. In one place great numbers would gather round a handful of the Romans; others, falling on them in flank, galled them mightily with their darts, which Cæsar observing, ordered some small boats to be manned, and ply about with recruits. By this means the foremost ranks of our men, having got firm footing, were followed by all the rest, when, falling on the enemy briskly, they were soon put to the rout. But, as the cavalry were not yet arrived, we could not pursue or advance far into the island, which was the only thing wanting to render the victory complete.

The enemy, being thus vanquished in battle, no sooner got together after their defeat than they dispatched ambassadors to Cæsar to sue for peace, offering hostages, and an entire submission to his commands. Along with these ambassadors came Comius, the Atrebatian, whom Cæsar, as we have related above, had sent before him into Britain. The natives seized him as soon as he landed, and, though he was charged with a commission from Cæsar, threw him into irons. But on their late

defeat they thought proper to send him back, throwing the blame of what had happened on the multitude, and begged of Cæsar to excuse a fault proceeding from ignorance. Cæsar, after some complaints of their behavior, in that, having of their own accord sent ambassadors to the continent to sue for peace, they had yet without any reason begun a war against him, told them at last he would forgive their fault, and ordered them to send a certain number of hostages. Part were sent immediately, and the rest, as living at some distance, they promised to deliver in a few days. Meantime they disbanded their troops, and the several chiefs came to Cæsar's camp, to manage their own concerns and those of the states to which they belonged.

A peace being thus concluded four days after Cæsar's arrival in Britain, the eighteen transports appointed to carry the cavalry, of whom we have spoken above, put to sea with a gentle gale. But when they had so near approached the coast as to be even within view of the camp, so violent a storm all on a sudden arose, that, being unable to hold on their course, some were obliged to return to the port whence they set out, and others driven to the lower end of the island, westward, not without great danger. There they cast anchor; but, the waves rising very high, so as to fill the ships with water, they were again in the night obliged to stand out to sea, and make for the continent of Gaul. That very night it happened to be full moon, when the tides on the seacoast always rise highest — a thing at that time wholly unknown to the Romans. Thus at one and the same time the galleys which Cæsar made use of to transport his men, and which he had ordered to be drawn up on the strand, were filled with the tide, and the tempest fell furiously on the transports that lay at anchor in the road; nor was it possible for our men to attempt anything for their preservation. Many of the ships being dashed to pieces, and the rest having lost their anchors, tackle, and rigging, which rendered them altogether unfit for sailing, a general consternation spread itself through the camp; for there were no other ships to carry back the troops, nor any materials to repair those that had been disabled by the tempest. And, as it had been all along Cæsar's design to winter in Gaul, he was wholly without corn to subsist the troops in those parts.

All this being known to the British chiefs who after the battle had repaired to Cæsar's camp, to perform the conditions

of the treaty, they began to hold conferences among themselves; and as they plainly saw that the Romans were destitute both of cavalry, shipping, and corn, and easily judged, from the smallness of the camp, that the number of their troops was but inconsiderable — in which notion they were the more confirmed because Cæsar, having brought over the legions without baggage, had occasion to inclose but a small spot of ground — they thought this a convenient opportunity for taking up arms, and, by intercepting the Roman convoys, to protract the affair till winter; being confidently persuaded that by defeating these troops, or cutting off their return, they should effectually put a stop to all future attempts on Britain. Having therefore entered into a joint confederacy, they by degrees left the camp, and began to draw the islanders together; but Cæsar, though he was not yet apprised of their design, yet guessing in part at their intentions, by the disaster which had befallen his fleet, and the delays formed in relation to the hostages, determined to provide against all events. He therefore had corn daily brought into his camp, and ordered the timber of the ships that had been most damaged to be made use of in repairing the rest, sending to Gaul for what other materials he wanted. As the soldiers were indefatigable in their service, his fleet was soon in a condition to sail, having lost only twelve ships.

During these transactions, the seventh legion being sent out to forage, according to custom, as part were employed in cutting down the corn, and part in carrying it to the camp, without suspicion of attack, news was brought to Cæsar that a greater cloud of dust than ordinary was seen on that side where the legion was. Cæsar, suspecting how matters went, marched with the cohorts that were on guard, ordering two others to succeed in their room, and all the soldiers in the camp to arm and follow him as soon as possible. When he was advanced a little way from the camp, he saw his men overpowered by the enemy, and with great difficulty able to sustain the fight, being driven into a small compass, and exposed on every side to the darts of their adversaries. For, as the harvest was gathered in everywhere else, and one only field left, the enemy, suspecting that our men would come thither to forage, had hid themselves during the night in the woods, and waiting till our men had quitted their arms, and dispersed themselves to fall a reaping, they suddenly attacked them, killed some, put

the rest into disorder, and began to surround them with their horses and chariots.

Their way of fighting with their chariots is this: First they drive their chariots on all sides, and throw their darts, insomuch that, by the very terror of the horses and noise of the wheels, they often break the ranks of the enemy. When they have forced their way into the midst of the cavalry, they quit their chariots, and fight on foot: meantime the drivers retire a little from the combat, and place themselves in such a manner as to favor the retreat of their countrymen, should they be overpowered by the enemy. Thus in action they perform the part both of nimble horsemen and stable infantry; and by continual exercise and use have arrived at that expertness, that in the most steep and difficult places they can stop their horses on a full stretch, turn them which way they please, run along the pole, rest on the harness, and throw themselves back into their chariots with incredible dexterity.

Our men being astonished and confounded with this new way of fighting, Cæsar came very timely to their relief; for on his approach the enemy made a stand, and the Romans began to recover from their fear. This satisfied Cæsar for the present, who, not thinking it a proper season to provoke the enemy and bring on a general engagement, stood facing them for some time, and then led back the legions to the camp. The continual rains that followed for some days after, both kept the Romans within their intrenchments, and withheld the enemy from attacking us. Meantime the Britons dispatched messengers into all parts, to make known to their countrymen the small number of the Roman troops, and the favorable opportunity they had of making immense spoils, and freeing their country forever from all future invasions, by storming the enemy's camp. Having by this means got together a great body of infantry and cavalry, they drew towards our intrenchments.

Cæsar, though he foresaw that the enemy, if beaten, would in the same manner as before escape the danger by flight, yet, having got about thirty horse, whom Comius, the Atrebatian, had brought over with him from Gaul, he drew up the legions in order of battle before the camp, and falling on the Britons, who were not able to sustain the shock of our men, soon put them to flight. The Romans, pursuing them as long as their strength would permit, made a terrible slaughter, and, setting

fire to their houses and villages a great way round, returned to the camp.

The same day ambassadors came from the enemy to Cæsar, to sue for peace. Cæsar doubled the number of hostages he had before imposed on them, and ordered them to be sent over to him into Gaul, because, the equinox coming on, and his ships being leaky, he thought it not prudent to put off his return till winter. A fair wind offering, he set sail a little after midnight, and arrived safe in Gaul. Two of his transports, not being able to reach the same port with the rest, were driven into a haven a little lower in the country.

Only two of the British states sent hostages into Gaul, the rest neglecting to perform the conditions of the treaty. For these successes a thanksgiving of twenty days was decreed by the Senate.

BOADICEA.

By WILLIAM COWPER.

[William Cowper, English poet and letter-writer, was born in 1731 and died in 1800. Always acutely sensitive and physically delicate, ill-treatment by "fagging" at school aggravated this into later insanity, from attacks of which he suffered all his life; he could not undergo the strain of the most quiet methods of earning a living, and subsisted on the charity of relatives, and at last on a pension. His best known works are hymns, "The Task," "John Gilpin's Ride," other small poems, a translation of Homer, and a collection of charming letters.]

When the British warrior queen,
  Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought with an indignant mien
  Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
  Sat the Druid, hoary chief:
Every burning word he spoke
  Full of rage and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
  Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
  All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish — write the word
  In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
  Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
  Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground —
  Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
  Heedless of a soldier's name,
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
  Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
  From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
  Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
  Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
  None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
  Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
  Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
  Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
  Dying, hurled them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
  Heaven awards the vengeance due:
Empire is on us bestowed,
  Shame and ruin wait on you."

CORRESPONDENCE OF CICERO.

(Translation of G. E. Jeans.)

From Quintus Metellus Celer in Cisalpine Gaul to Cicero at Rome, early in B.C. 62.

[It was usual for a consul to address the people from the rostra on laying down his office. But on Cicero's proposing to do so, one of the new tribunes, Quintus Metellus Nepos, the agent of Pompeius, interposed his veto on the ground that he "had put Roman citizens to death without trial." Cicero retorted with an oration entitled "Metellina." This produced the following letter from the brother of Nepos, acting proconsul in Cisalpine Gaul.]

I trust this will find you in health.

I had certainly supposed that mutual regard, as well as our reconciliation, would have secured me from being attacked and ridiculed in my absence, and my brother Metellus from being persecuted by you in respect of his rights and property, for a mere word. Even if he found but little protection in the respect due to him, yet surely the exalted rank of our family, or my own services to your order and to the state, might have proved an adequate defence. I see now that he has been entrapped, and I have been neglected by the very men in whom such conduct was least becoming. The result is that I, the governor of a province, the general of an army, nay, actually engaged in the conduct of a war, am wearing the garb of sorrow. But since you have thus deliberately acted in defiance alike of all reason and of the courtesy of former times, you must not be surprised if you have cause to rue it. I used to hope that you were not so lightly attached to me and mine; still, for my part, neither the slight to our family nor the injuries any one may inflict upon me shall ever alienate me from the patriotic cause.

Cicero's Reply to the Preceding.

Allow me to express my good wishes for the prosperity of yourself and your army.

Your letter to me says you had supposed that mutual regard and our reconciliation would have secured you from attack and ridicule on my part. Now what may be the meaning of this, I fail to see quite clearly. I suspect, however, that some one may

have informed you how I, when insisting in the Senate that a considerable party still felt some bitterness at my having been the instrument of saving the country, stated that you had consented, at the request of some relations whom you could not well refuse, to suppress the encomiums you had intended to honor me with in the Senate. In saying this, however, I added that you and I had shared the duty of saving the constitution; for while my part was to defend the capital from intrigues at home and intestine treason, yours was to guard Italy from open attack and secret conspiracy; but that this alliance of ours for so great and glorious a work had been strained by your relations, who, though I had been the means of procuring you a most important and distinguished charge, were afraid of allowing you to pay me any portion of regard in return. As these words of mine showed how much I had looked forward to what you would say, and how entirely I was disappointed, my argument seemed to excite a little amusement, and was followed by a certain amount of laughter, not at you, but rather at my own disappointment, and because I was acknowledging so naïvely and openly that I had eagerly looked forward to being eulogized by you. And surely what I said cannot but be considered complimentary to you if even in the fullest splendor of my renown and achievements I still longed to have some confirmation of this from your own lips.

And as to your reference to our "mutual regard," I know not what you consider reciprocity in friendship. To me it seems to mean that friendly feeling is as freely rendered as it is expected. In my own case, if I affirm that for your sake I have allowed my claim to your province to be passed over, I shall perhaps seem to you to be trifling with words; for self-interest really brought about this resolution, and every day I reap therefrom additional fruit and satisfaction. What I do affirm is this — that from the moment I had declined the province in public, I began to cast about how I could best throw it into your hands. As to the balloting between you and the others I say nothing: I merely wish to suggest a surmise that nothing whatever which my colleague did therein was without my full cognizance. Look at what followed; at the promptness with which I convoked the Senate that very day when the balloting was over, and the ample terms I must have used in your favor when you yourself told me that my speech not only paid a high compliment to you, but was very

disparaging to your colleagues. Nay, the very decree of the Senate passed that day is couched in such terms that as long as it remains extant my services to you cannot possibly be ignored. Then, again, I must beg you to recollect how after your departure I spoke about you in the Senate, how I addressed public meetings and how I corresponded with you; and when you have taken all these things into account, then I must ask you to judge for yourself whether you can fairly say that your late demonstration of coming to Rome was meeting me in a "mutual" spirit.

With reference to what you say about a "reconciliation" between us, I do not understand why you should speak of reconciliation where there has never been an interruption of friendship. As to your brother Metellus not deserving, as you say, to be exposed to attacks from me and all for a single word, I must ask you first of all to believe that I strongly sympathize with your motives in this, and the kindly feeling shown in your brotherly affection, but then to pardon me if for my country's good I have ever opposed your brother; for in patriotism I yield not even to the most ardent of mankind. Nay more, if it prove that I have but been defending my own position against a cruelly unjust attack he himself made upon me, you may well be satisfied that I do not make a personal complaint to you of your brother's injustice to me. For when I had ascertained that he was deliberately aiming a blow delivered with the whole weight of his position as tribune in order to crush me, I applied to your wife Claudia [sister of the notorious Clodius] and your sister Mucia, whose liking for me, owing to my intimacy with Pompeius, I had often tested, to deter him from the wrong he proposed doing me. In spite of this, as I know you must have heard, on the last day of the year he put upon me — the consul who had saved the Republic — an insult which the vilest citizen in the most beggarly office was never yet exposed to; actually debarring me when laying down my office from the privilege of a farewell address. Yet this insult of his resulted in a signal honor to myself; for as he would make no concession except that I might take the oath, I pronounced aloud the truest and noblest of oaths, and as loudly the people in answer solemnly attested that I had sworn this truly.

Yet though I had received this signal affront, on that very day I sent an amicable message to Metellus by our common

friends to entreat him to reconsider his attitude toward me. His answer to them was that this was no longer open to him, for that not long before he had publicly expressed his opinion that a man who had punished others unheard ought himself to be debarred the privilege of being heard in his turn. How dignified! how patriotic! A punishment inflicted by the Senate, with the approval of every respectable citizen, on those who would have burned Rome, murdered her magistrates and Senate, and fanned the flames of a widespreading war, he would now inflict on one to whom it was granted to deliver the Senate from murder, the capital from fire, and Italy from civil war.

And so I withstood your brother to his face, for having to answer him in the Senate on the 1st of January about the political situation, I took care to let him know that he would find in me a most resolute and determined opponent. Upon the 3d of January, when he opened the debate upon his proposal, about one word out of three in his speech was aimed at me or contained a threat against me. Nothing could possibly be more deliberate than his attempt to effect my ruin by any means whatever, and that not by legal trial or argument, but by a violent and bullying attack. Had I not brought spirit and determination to meet his reckless onslaught, who could fail to believe that the resolution displayed in my consulship was due not to deliberation but to chance?

If you have not hitherto been aware that such was Metellus's attitude toward me, you have a right to think that your brother has suppressed some of the most material circumstances from you; while, if he has taken you into his counsels at all, I have a right to be credited with having shown great moderation of temper for not remonstrating with you about this very incident. And if you see now that I was driven into resentment, not by a word from Metellus, as you represent it, but by his deliberate and bitter animosity against myself, let me point out to you my forbearance, if indifference and laxity about resenting so malicious an attack deserves the name of forbearance. Never once did I speak for any motion attacking your brother in the Senate at all: whenever attention was called to his conduct I supported without rising those who seemed most moderate in their proposals. I will add this too, that though after what had passed I had no reason to take any trouble about the matter, I regarded without disfavor, and indeed supported to the best of my humble ability, the proposal

for granting a bill of indemnity to my assailant, on the ground that he was your brother.

Thus you see that what I have done was not to "attack" your brother, but to repel your brother's attacks. Nor has my attachment to yourself been light as you say; on the contrary, it has been so strong that my friendship for you remains as ever, though I have had to submit to the loss of your attentions. Even at this very moment, all that I have to say in answer to your (I might almost call it) threatening letter is this: I for my own part not only make allowance for your indignation, but applaud it highly, for my own feelings teach me to remember how strong is the influence of brotherly ties. From you I claim a similar candor in judging of my sense of wrong. If I have been bitterly, cruelly, and unreasonably attacked by one who is dear to you, I claim the admission not only that I was in the right to maintain my position, but that I might have called on you — yes, and your army too — to have aided me in so doing. I have ever been desirous of calling you my friend; I have now striven hard to convince you that I have been a true friend to you. To those sentiments I still adhere, and so long as you permit me will continue to retain them. I would far rather forget my resentment against your brother from love for you, than permit that resentment in the smallest degree to impair our good will to each other.

From Cicero at Dyrrachium (or Thessalonica) to his Wife Terentia at Rome, Nov. 25, B.C. 58.

I send this with love, my dearest Terentia, hoping that you, and my little Tullia, and my Marcus, are all well.

From the letters of several people and the talk of everybody I hear that your courage and endurance are simply wonderful, and that no troubles of body or mind can exhaust your energy. How unhappy I am to think that with all your courage and devotion, your virtues and gentleness, you should have fallen into such misfortunes for me! And my sweet Tullia too, — that she who was once so proud of her father should have to undergo such troubles owing to him! And what shall I say about my boy Marcus, who ever since his faculties of perception awoke has felt the sharpest pangs of sorrow and misery? Now could I but think, as you tell me, that all this comes in

the natural course of things, I could bear it a little easier. But it has been brought about entirely by my own fault, for thinking myself loved by those who were jealous of me, and turning from those who wanted to win me. Yet had I but used my own judgment, and not let the advice of friends who were either weak or perfidious weigh so much with me, we might now be living in perfect happiness.

As it is, since my friends encourage me to hope, I will take care not to let my health be a bad ally to your exertions. I quite understand what a task it is, and how much easier it was to stop at home than to get back there again; still if we are sure of all the tribunes, and of Lentulus (supposing him to be as zealous as he seems), certainly if we are sure of Pompeius as well, and Cæsar too, the case cannot be desperate. About our slaves, we will let it be as you tell me your friends have advised. As to this place, it is true that the epidemic has only just passed off, but I escaped infection while it lasted. Plancius, who has been exceedingly kind, presses me to stay with him, and will not part with me yet. My own wish was to be in some more out-of-the-way place in Epirus, where Hispo and his soldiers would not be likely to come, but Plancius will not yet hear of my going; he hopes he may yet manage to return to Italy himself when I do. If I should ever see that day, and once more return to your arms, and feel that I was restored to you and to myself, I should admit that both your loyalty and mine had been abundantly repaid. Piso's kindness, constancy, and affection are beyond all description. May he reap satisfaction from it — reputation I feel certain he will.

As to Quintus, I make no complaint of you, but you are the very two people I should most wish to see living in harmony, especially since there are none too many of you left to me. I have thanked the people you wanted me to, and mentioned that my information came from you. As to the block of houses which you tell me you mean to sell — why, good heavens! my dear Terentia, what *is* to be done! Oh, what troubles I have to bear! And if misfortune continues to persecute us, what will become of our poor boy? I cannot continue to write — my tears are too much for me; nor would I wish to betray you into the same emotion. All I can say is, that if our friends act up to their bounden duty we shall not want for money; if they do not, you will not be able to succeed only with your own. Let our unhappy fortunes, I entreat you, be a warning

The Dying Gladiator

From the original statue in the Museo Nazionale

to us not to ruin our boy, who is ruined enough already. If he only has something to save him from absolute want, a fair share of talent and a fair share of luck will be all that is necessary to win anything else. Do not neglect your health, and send me messengers with letters to let me know what goes on, and how you yourselves are faring. My suspense in any case cannot now be long. Give my love to my little Tullia and my Marcus.

Dyrrachium, Nov. 26.

P.S. — I have moved to Dyrrachium because it is not only a free city, but very much in my interest, and quite near to Italy; but if the bustle of the place proves an annoyance I shall betake myself elsewhere and give you notice.

From Cæsar at Brundisium to Cicero at Formiæ, early in March, B.C. 49.

I had barely seen our friend Furnius, and was not able to talk to him or hear his news without inconvenience to myself, being, as I am, in a great hurry, indeed actually on the march, and with my troops already gone on in advance, but I could not let the opportunity pass of writing you a letter and getting him to convey it, and with my thanks; though I have done this already many times, and it seems to me I shall have to do so many times more, so well do you deserve this from me. I must particularly request that, since I trust shortly to come to the neighborhood of Rome, I may see you there to avail myself of your judgment, your influence, your position, and your assistance in all that concerns me. To return to the point: excuse this hurry and the shortness of my letter; anything further you will be able to hear from Furnius.

Cicero's Reply to the Preceding, March 18 (?).

Upon reading your letter — which I received through our friend Furnius — requesting me to stay somewhere within reach of town, I was not so much surprised at your expressing a wish to avail yourself of my "judgment" and my "position," as doubtful of the meaning you intended to convey by my "influence and assistance." Hope, however, led me to the interpretation of concluding that — as might be expected from one of your admirable, indeed preëminent wisdom — you were anxious that negotiations should be opened on behalf of the

tranquillity, peace, and union of our countrymen; for which purpose I could not but reflect that both by my nature and the part I have played I was well enough suited.

If this be really the case, and if you feel any desire at all to show due consideration for my friend Pompeius, and bring him into harmony once more both with yourself and with the Republic, you will assuredly find no one better fitted for that task than I am; who have ever given pacific counsels to him, and to the Senate so soon as I found an opportunity. Since the appeal to arms not only have I not taken the smallest part in this war, but have come to the conclusion that by the war a grievous wrong is done to yourself, against whose rightful privileges, granted by special favor of the Roman people, the attacks of the spiteful and jealous were being directed. But just as at that time I not only personally supported your rightful position, but counseled everybody else to lend you their assistance, so now it is the rights of Pompeius for which I am deeply concerned; because it is now several years since I first selected you men as the objects of my most loyal devotion, with whom I would choose to be united, as I now am, in ties of the closest friendship. Consequently I have this request to make — say rather I implore and beseech you with every plea that I can use — even among your weighty anxieties to allot some time to this consideration also, how I may be allowed by your kind indulgence to show myself a man of honor; one, in short, who is grateful and affectionate from the recollection of the very great kindness he once received. Even if this concerned me alone, I should still flatter myself that to me you would grant it; but in my opinion it equally concerns both your own honor and the public welfare, that I, who am one of a very small number, should still be retained in the best possible position for promoting the harmony of you two and of our fellow-countrymen.

Though I have already thanked you in the matter of Lentulus for being the preserver of a man who had once been mine, yet, for my part, on reading the letter which he has sent me, written in a spirit of the warmest gratitude for your liberality and kindness, I even pictured myself as owing to you the safety which you have granted to him; and if this shows you that I am of a grateful nature in his case, secure me, I entreat you, some opportunity of showing myself no less so in the case of Pompeius.

From Cicero at Formiæ to Atticus at Rome, March 26, B.C. 49.

[Pompeius having finally escaped from Brundisium, Cæsar was now returning to Rome by way of Capua and Sinuessa. From the former place he sent the letter here enclosed to Atticus, in answer to one from Cicero expressing admiration of his clemency at Corfinium.]

Though I have nothing to write to you about, I send this letter that I may leave no day without one. It is reported that Cæsar will stop on the 27th at Sinuessa. I now — the 26th — have received a letter from him, wherein this time he "hopes to avail himself of my *means* of assistance," not merely my "assistance," as in the previous one. In answer to a letter to express my admiration of the generosity he showed at Corfinium, he replied as follows:

Copy of Cæsar's Letter.

You know me too well not to keep up your character as an augur by divining that nothing is more entirely alien from my nature than cruelty: I will add that while my decision is in itself a great source of pleasure to me, to find my conduct approved by you is a triumph of gratification. Nor does the fact at all disturb me that those people whom I have set at liberty are reported to have gone their ways only to renew the attack upon me; because there is nothing I wish more than that I may ever be as true to my own character as they to theirs.

May I hope that you will be near town when I am there, so that I may as usual avail myself in everything of your advice and means of assistance? Let me assure you that I am charmed beyond everything with your relation Dolabella, to whom I shall acknowledge myself indeed indebted for this obligation; for his kindliness is so great, and his feeling and affection for me are such, that he cannot possibly do otherwise.

From Marcus Antonius to Cicero, May 1 (?), B.C. 49.

But that I have a strong affection for you — much greater indeed than you suppose — I should not have been greatly alarmed at the rumor which has been published about you, particularly as I took it to be a false one: but my liking for

you is far too great to allow me to pretend that even the report, however false, is not to me a matter of great concern. That you will really go across seas I cannot believe when I think of the deep regard you entertain for Dolabella and his admirable wife, your daughter Tullia, and of the equal regard in which you yourself are held by us all, to whom, upon my word and honor, your name and position are perhaps dearer than they are to yourself. Nevertheless I did not think myself at liberty as a friend to be indifferent to the remarks even of unscrupulous people; and I have been the more eager to act because I hold that the part I have to play has been made more difficult by the coolness between us, which originated more in jealousy on my part than in any injury on yours. For I beg you will thoroughly assure yourself of this, that there is no one for whom my affection is greater than for yourself, with the exception of my dear friend Cæsar; and that among Cæsar's most honored friends a place is reserved for Marcus Cicero.

Therefore, my dear Cicero, I entreat you to keep your future action entirely open: reject the spurious honor of a man who did you a great wrong that he might afterward lay you under an obligation: do not, on the other hand, fly from one who, even if he shall lose his love for you — and that can never be the case — will none the less make it his study that you should be secure and rich in honors. I have been careful to send Calpurnius, who is my most intimate friend, to you, to let you know that your life and high position are to me a matter of deep concern.

[On the same day Philotimus brought a letter from Cæsar, of which this is a copy.]

From Cæsar to Cicero, April 16, B.C. 49.

Though I had fully made up my mind that you would do nothing rashly, nothing imprudently, still I was so far impressed by the rumors in some quarters as to think it my duty to write to you, and ask it as a favor due to our mutual regard that you will not take any step, now that the scale is so decisively turned, which you would not have thought it necessary to take even though the balance still stood firm. For it will really be both a heavier blow to our friendship, and a step

on your part still less judicious for yourself, if you are to be thought not even to have bowed the knee to success — for things seem to have fallen out as entirely favorably for us as disastrously for them, — nor yet to have been drawn by attachment to a particular cause — for that has undergone no change since you decided to remain aloof from their counsels, — but to have passed a stern judgment on some act of mine, than which, from you, no more painful thing could befall me; and I claim the right of our friendship to entreat that you will not take this course.

Finally, what more suitable part is there for a good, peace-loving man, and good citizen, than to keep aloof from civil dissensions? There were not a few who admired this course, but could not adopt it by reason of its danger: you, after having duly weighed both the conclusions of friendship and the unmistakable evidence of my whole life, will find that there is no safer nor more honorable course than to keep entirely aloof from the struggle.

I am writing this while on the march, April 16.

From Servius Sulpicius Rufus at Athens to Cicero at Rome April (?), B.C. 45.

On the Death of His Daughter.

For some time after I had received the information of the death of your daughter Tullia you may be sure that I bore it sadly and heavily, as much indeed as was right for me. I felt that I shared that terrible loss with you; and that had I but been where you are, you on your part would not have found me neglectful, and I on mine should not have failed to come to you and tell you myself how deeply grieved I am. And though it is true that consolations of this nature are painful and distressing, because those [dear friends and relations] upon whom the task naturally devolves are themselves afflicted with a similar burden, and incapable even of attempting it without many tears, so that one would rather suppose them in need of the consolations of others for themselves than capable of doing this kind office to others, yet nevertheless I have decided to write to you briefly such reflections as have occurred to me on the present occasion; not that I imagine them to be ignored

by you, but because it is possible that you may be hindered by your sorrow from seeing them as clearly as usual.

What reason is there why you should allow the private grief which has befallen you to distress you so terribly? Recollect how fortune has hitherto dealt with us: how we have been bereft of all that ought to be no less dear to men than their own children — of country, position, rank, and every honorable office. If one more burden has now been laid upon you, could any addition be made to your pain? Or is there any heart that having been trained in the school of such events ought not now to be steeled by use against emotion, and think everything after them to be comparatively light?

Or it is for her sake, I suppose, that you are grieving? How many times must you have arrived at the same conclusion as that into which I too have frequently fallen, that in these days theirs is not the hardest lot who are permitted painlessly to exchange their life for the grave! Now what was there at the present time that could attach her very strongly to life? what hope? what fruition? what consolation for the soul? The prospect of a wedded life with a husband chosen from our young men of rank? Truly, one would think it was always in your power to choose a son-in-law of a position suitable to your rank out of our young men, one to whose keeping you would feel you could safely entrust the happiness of a child! Or that of being a joyful mother of children, who would be happy in seeing them succeeding in life; able by their own exertions to maintain in its integrity all that was bequeathed them by their father; intending gradually to rise to all the highest offices of the state; and to use that liberty to which they were born for the good of their country and the service of their friends? Is there any one of these things that has not been taken away before it was given? But surely it is hard to give up one's children? It is hard; but this is harder still — that they should bear and suffer what we are doing.

A circumstance which was such as to afford me no light consolation I cannot but mention to you, in the hope that it may be allowed to contribute equally toward mitigating your grief. As I was returning from Asia, when sailing from Ægina in the direction of Megara, I began to look around me at the various places by which I was surrounded. Behind me was Ægina, in front Megara; on the right, the Piræus, on the left,

Corinth; all of them towns, that in former days were most magnificent, but are now lying prostrate and in ruins before one's eyes. "Ah me," I began to reflect to myself, "we poor feeble mortals, who can claim but a short life in comparison, complain as though a wrong was done us if one of our number dies in the course of nature, or has met his death by violence; and here in one spot are lying stretched out before me the corpses of so many cities! Servius, be master of yourself, and remember that it is the lot of man to which you have been born." Believe me, I found myself in no small degree strengthened by these reflections.* Let me advise you too, if you think good, to keep this reflection before your eyes. How lately at one and the same time have many of our most illustrious men fallen! how grave an encroachment has been made on the rights of the sovereign people of Rome! every province in the world has been convulsed with the shock: if the frail life of a tender woman has gone too, who being born to the common lot of man must needs have died in a few short years, even if the time had not come for her now, are you thus utterly stricken down?

Do you then also recall your feelings and your thoughts from dwelling on this subject, and, as beseems your character, bethink yourself rather of this: that she has lived as long as life was of value to her; that she has passed away only together with her country's freedom; that she lived to see her father elected praetor, consul, augur; that she had been the wife of young men of the first rank; that after enjoying well-

* Byron has alluded to this celebrated description in a passage ("Childe Harold," iv. 44) which will be well worth comparing here *in extenso*: —

"Wandering in youth I traced the path of him,
The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind,
The friend of Tully: as my bark did skim
The bright blue waters with a fanning wind
Came Megara before me, and behind
Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,
And Corinth on the left: I lay reclined
Along the prow, and saw all these unite
In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight.

"For time hath not rebuilt them, but upreared
Barbaric dwellings on their shattered site,
Which only make more mourned and more endeared
The few last rays of their far-scattered light,
And the crushed relics of their vanished might.
The Roman saw these tombs in his own age,
These sepulchres of cities which excite
Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page
The moral lesson bears drawn from such pilgrimage."

nigh every blessing that life can offer, she left it only when the Republic itself was falling. The account is closed, and what have you, what has she, to charge of injustice against Fate?

In a word, forget not that you are Cicero — that you are he who was always wont to guide others and give them good advice; and be not like those quack physicians who when others are sick boast that they hold the key of the knowledge of medicine, to heal themselves are never able; but rather minister to yourself with your own hand the remedies which you are in the habit of prescribing for others, and put them plainly before your own soul. There is no pain so great but the lapse of time will lessen and assuage it: it is not like yourself to wait till this time comes instead of stepping forward by your philosophy to anticipate that result. And if even those who are low in the grave have any consciousness at all, such was her love for you and her tenderness for all around her, that surely she does not wish to see this in you. Make this a tribute then to her who is dead; to all your friends and relations who are mourning in your grief; and make it to your country also, that if in anything the need should arise she may be able to trust to your energy and guidance. Finally, since such is the condition we have come to that even this consideration must perforce be obeyed, do not let your conduct induce any one to believe that it is not so much your daughter as the circumstances of the Republic and the victory of others which you are deploring.

I shrink from writing to you of greater length upon this subject, lest I should seem to be doubtful of your own good sense; allow me therefore to put before you one more consideration, and then I will bring my letter to a close. We have seen you not once but many times bearing prosperity most gracefully, and gaining yourself great reputation thereby: let us see at last that you are capable also of bearing adversity equally well, and that it is not in your eyes a heavier burden than it ought to seem; lest we should think that of all the virtues this is the only one in which you are wanting.

As for myself, when I find you are more composed in mind I will send you information about all that is being done in these parts, and the state in which the province finds itself at present. Farewell.

From Cicero at Astura to Servius Sulpicius Rufus at Athens.

Reply to the Preceding.

Yes, my dear Servius, I could indeed wish you had been with me, as you say, at the time of my terrible trial. How much it was in your power to help me if you had been here by sympathizing with, and, I may almost say, sharing equally in, my grief I readily perceive from the fact that after reading your letter I now feel myself considerably more composed; for not only was all that you wrote just what is best calculated to sooth affliction, but you yourself in comforting me showed that you too had no little pain at heart. Your son Servius, however, has made it clear by every kindly attention which such an occasion would permit of, both how great his respect was for myself, and also how much pleasure his kind feeling for me was likely to give you; and you may be sure that, while such attentions from him have often been more pleasant to me, they have never made me more grateful.

It is not, however, only your arguments and your equal share, I may almost call it, in this affliction which comforts me, but also your authority; because I hold it shame in me not to be bearing my trouble in a way that you, a man endowed with such wisdom, think it ought to be borne. But at times I do feel broken down, and I scarcely make any struggle against my grief, because those consolations fail me which under similar calamities were never wanting to any of those other people whom I put before myself as models for imitation. Both Fabius Maximus, for example, when he lost a son who had held the consulship, the hero of many a famous exploit; and Lucius Paulus, from whom two were taken in one week; and your own kinsman Gallus; and Marcus Cato, who was deprived of a son of the rarest talents and the rarest virtue, — all these lived in times when their individual affliction was capable of finding a solace in the distinctions they used to earn from their country.

For me, however, after being stripped of all those distinctions which you yourself recall to me, and which I had won for myself by unparalleled exertions, only that one solace remained

which has been torn away. My thoughts were not diverted by work for my friends, or by the administration of affairs of state; there was no pleasure in pleading in the courts; I could not bear the very sight of the Senate House; I felt, as was indeed too true, that I had lost all the harvest of both my industry and my success. But whenever I wanted to recollect that all this was shared with you and other friends I could name, and whenever I was breaking myself in and forcing my spirit to bear these things with patience, I always had a refuge to go to where I might find peace, and in whose words of comfort and sweet society I could rid me of all my pains and griefs. Whereas now under this terrible blow even those old wounds which seemed to have healed up are bleeding afresh; for it is impossible for me now to find such a refuge from my sorrows at home in the business of the State, as in those days I did in that consolation of home which was always in store whenever I came away sad from thoughts of State, to seek for peace in her happiness.

And so I stay away both from home and from public life; because home now is no more able to make up for the sorrow I feel when I think of our country than our country is for my sorrow at home. I am therefore looking forward all the more eagerly to your coming, and long to see you as early as that may possibly be; no greater alleviation can be offered me than a meeting between us for friendly intercourse and conversation. I hope, however, that your return is to take place, as I hear it is, very shortly. As for myself, while there are abundant reasons for wanting to see you as soon as possible, my principal one is in order that we may discuss together beforehand the best method of conduct for present circumstances, which must entirely be adapted to the wishes of one man only, a man nevertheless who is far-seeing and generous, and, also, as I think I have thoroughly ascertained, to me not at all ill disposed and to you extremely friendly. But admitting this, it is still a matter for much deliberation what is the line, I do not say of action, but of keeping quiet, that we ought by his good leave and favor to adopt.

Farewell.

From Cicero at the House of Matius near Rome, to Atticus at Rome, about April 7, B.C. 44.

On the Murder of Cæsar.

I have come on a visit to the subject of our conversation this morning. Desperation can go no farther. "The entanglement was hopeless: for if so great a genius could find no way out of it, who will find it now? In short all," he said, "was lost." And I am not sure but that he may be right, only he says it with satisfaction, and is positive about a rising in Gaul before three weeks are over. As for himself, "since the Ides of March he had not entered into conversation with anybody at all except Lepidus," and the summary was that "it would be impossible for such deeds to get off so lightly." Oh for your delicacy, Oppius! He grieves for his friend just as truly, and yet never says a word that could offend any good patriot. But enough of this. Please do not think it a trouble to write me any news there may be — there is much indeed that I am expecting to hear; — among other things whether it is fully known about Sextus Pompeius, and above all what about our friend Brutus? As to him indeed, I hear from the friend with whom I am staying that Cæsar used to say, "It makes all the difference what our friend sets his heart on, but whatever he does it is with his whole heart;" and that he had impressed him with this characteristic in his speech for Deiotarus at Nicæa; he seemed to be speaking with such extreme vehemence and freedom from restraint. Another fact — for I like jotting anything down just as it occurs to me: — quite recently when I called upon him at the entreaty of Sestius, and was sitting there waiting till I should be summoned, they say he remarked: "Can I have any doubt that I must be intensely disliked when Marcus Cicero is sitting there, and cannot come in and see me at his own convenience? Yet if anybody is easy-tempered it is he; but for all that I have no doubt he hates me bitterly." This and plenty more of the kind for you. But to my point: will you write anything, whatever it is, not only an important thing, but any little one as well? I for my part will omit nothing at all.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

By SHAKESPEARE.

[William Shakespeare was born 1564, and died 1616.]

Act III. — Scene I. After the Murder.

Brutus — Let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Reënter Trebonius.

Cassius —
Where's Antony?
Trebonius — Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.
Brutus —
Fates! we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Cassius —
Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Brutus —
Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. — Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market place:
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!
Cassius —
Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!
Brutus —
How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!
Cassius — So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave our country liberty.

Decius —
What, shall we forth?
Cassius — Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brutus —
Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Servant —
Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say,
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honor him;
Say, I feared Cæsar, honored him, and loved him;
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Brutus —
Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.
Servant — I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*
Brutus —
I know that we shall have him well to friend.
Cassius —
I wish we may; but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Reënter Antony.

Brutus —
But here comes Antony. — Welcome, Mark Antony.
Antony —
O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? — Fare thee well. —

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus —
O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brother's temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassius —
Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Brutus —
Only be patient, till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Antony — I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you: —
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; — now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; — and, my valiant Casca, yours; —
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, — alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer. —
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! — Here wast thou bayed, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee. —
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cassius —
Mark Antony, ——

Antony — Pardon me, Caius Cassius,
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cassius —
I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compáct mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Antony —
Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Swayed from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Brutus —
Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Antony — That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Brutus —
You shall, Mark Antony.
Cassius — Brutus, a word with you. —
You know not what you do; Do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?
Brutus — By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.
Cassius —
I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Brutus —
Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Antony — Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Brutus —
Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.
Antony —
O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy —
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue; —
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,

That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, *Havoc!* and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.

Scene II. — The Forum.

Brutus *and a throng* of Citizens. Brutus *goes into the Rostrum.*

Citizen —
The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!
Brutus —
Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent that ye may hear; believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.
Citizens — None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*
Brutus — Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony *and others, with* Cæsar's *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: Who, though he

had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: As which of you shall not? With this I depart: That as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens —
Live, Brutus, live! live!
1 Citizen —
Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
2 Citizen —
Give him a statue with his ancestors.
3 Citizen —
Let him be Cæsar.
4 Citizen — Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crowned in Brutus.
1 Citizen —
We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.
Brutus —
My countrymen, ——
2 Citizen — Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.
1 Citizen —
Peace, ho!
Brutus —
Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories: which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
Citizens —
Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 Citizen —
Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him: — Noble Antony, go up.
Antony —
For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.
4 Citizen —
What does he say of Brutus?
3 Citizen — He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.
4 Citizen —
'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 Citizen —
This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 Citizen — Nay, that's certain:
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.
2 Citizen —
Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.
Antony —
You gentle Romans, ——
Citizens — Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Antony —
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
1 Citizen —
Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 Citizen —
If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrongs.
3 Citizen — Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.
4 Citizen —
Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.
1 Citizen —
If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2 Citizen —
Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3 Citizen —
There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
4 Citizen —
Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Antony —
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.
4 Citizen —
We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.
Citizens —
The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.
Antony —
Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs,
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 Citizen —
Read the will; we will hear it, Antony,
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Antony —
Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honorable men,
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 Citizen —
They were traitors: Honorable men!

Citizens —
The will! the testament!

2 Citizen —
They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Antony —
You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Citizens —
Come down.

2 Citizen —
Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 Citizen —
You shall have leave.

4 Citizen —
A ring; stand round.

1 Citizen —
Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 Citizen —
Room for Antony; — most noble Antony.

Antony —
Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens —
Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony —
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii: —

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed:
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 Citizen —
O piteous spectacle!

2 Citizen —
O noble Cæsar!

3 Citizen —
O woeful day!

4 Citizen —
O traitors, villains!

1 Citizen —
O most bloody sight!

2 Citizen —
We will be revenged.

Citizens —
Revenge; about, — seek, — burn, — fire, — kill, — slay! — let not a traitor live.

Antony —
Stay, countrymen.

1 Citizen —
Peace there: — Hear the noble Antony.

2 Citizen — We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony —

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend: and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens —

We'll mutiny.

1 Citizen —

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

2 Citizen —

Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Antony —

Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak.

Citizens —

Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony —

Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not: — I must tell you then: —
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens —

Most true; — the will; — let's stay, and hear the will.

Antony —

Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 Citizen —

Most noble Cæsar! — we'll revenge his death.

3 Citizen —
O royal Cæsar!
Antony —
Hear me with patience.
Citizens —
Peace, ho!
Antony —
Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber: he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?
1 Citizen —
Never, never; — Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
2 Citizen —
Go, fetch fire.
3 Citizen —
Pluck down benches.
4 Citizen —
Pluck down forms, windows, anything.
[*Exeunt* Citizens *with the body.*
Antony —
Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter A SERVANT.

How now, fellow?
Servant —
Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Antony —
Where is he?
Servant —
He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
Antony —
And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.
Servant —
I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Antony —
Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

By PLUTARCH.

[PLUTARCH: A Greek writer of biographies and miscellaneous works; born about A.D. 50. He came of a wealthy and distinguished family and received a careful philosophical training at Athens under the Peripatetic philosopher Ammonius. After this he made several journeys, and stayed a considerable time in Rome, where he enjoyed friendly intercourse with persons of distinction, and conducted the education of the future Emperor Hadrian. He died about A.D. 120 in his native town, in which he held the office of archon and priest of the Pythian Apollo. His fame as an author is founded upon the celebrated "Parallel Lives," consisting of the biographies of forty-six Greeks and Romans, divided into pairs. Each pair contains the life of a Greek and a Roman, and generally ends with a comparison of the two. Plutarch's other writings, short treatises on a great variety of subjects, are grouped under the title of "Morals."]

THE grandfather of Antony was the famous pleader, whom Marius put to death for having taken part with Sylla. His father was Antony, surnamed of Crete, not very famous or distinguished in public life, but a worthy good man, and particularly remarkable for his liberality, as may appear from a single example. He was not very rich, and was for that reason checked in the exercise of his good nature by his wife. A friend that stood in need of money came to borrow of him. Money he had none, but he bade a servant bring him water in a silver basin, with which, when it was brought, he wetted his face, as if he meant to shave, and, sending away the servant upon another errand, gave his friend the basin, desiring him to turn it to his purpose. And when there was afterwards a great inquiry for it in the house, and his wife was in a very ill humor, and was going to put the servants one by one to the search, he acknowledged what he had done, and begged her pardon.

Antony grew up a very beautiful youth, but by the worst of misfortunes he fell into the acquaintance and friendship of Curio, a man abandoned to his pleasures, who, to make Antony's dependence upon him a matter of greater necessity, plunged him into a life of drinking and dissipation, and led him through a course of such extravagance, that at that early age he ran into debt to the amount of two hundred and fifty talents [$300,000]. For this sum, Curio became his surety; on hearing which, the elder Curio, his father, drove Antony out of his house. After this, for some short time he took part with Clodius, the most insolent and outrageous demagogue of the time, in his course of

violence and disorder; but getting weary before long of his madness, and apprehensive of the powerful party forming against him, he left Italy and traveled into Greece, where he spent his time in military exercises and in the study of eloquence. He took most to what was called the Asiatic taste in speaking, which was then at its height, and was in many ways suitable to his ostentatious, vaunting temper, full of empty flourishes and unsteady efforts for glory. . . .

In all the great and frequent skirmishes and battles, he gave continual proofs of his personal valor and military conduct. Nor was his humanity towards the deceased Archelaus less taken notice of. He had been formerly his guest and acquaintance, and as he was now compelled, he fought him bravely while alive; but on his death, sought out his body and buried it with royal honors. The consequence was that he left behind him a great name among the Alexandrians, and all who were serving in the Roman army looked upon him as a most gallant soldier.

He had also a very good and noble appearance; his beard was well grown, his forehead large, and his nose aquiline, giving him altogether a bold, masculine look, that reminded people of the faces of Hercules in paintings and sculptures. It was moreover an ancient tradition that the Antonys were descended from Hercules, by a son called Anton; and this opinion he thought to give credit to also by the fashion of his dress.

What might seem to some very insupportable, his vaunting, his raillery, his drinking in public, sitting down by the men as they were taking their food, and eating, as he stood, off the common soldiers' tables, made him the delight and pleasure of the army. In love affairs also he was very agreeable: he gained many friends by the assistance he gave them in theirs, and took other people's raillery upon his own with good humor. And his generous ways, his open and lavish hand in gifts and favors to his friends and fellow-soldiers, did a great deal for him in his first advance to power, and after he had become great, long maintained his fortunes when a thousand follies were hastening their overthrow. One instance of his liberality I must relate. He had ordered payment to one of his friends of twenty-five decies [over $1,000,000]; and his steward, wondering at the extravagance of the sum, laid all the silver in a heap, as he should pass by. Antony, seeing the heap, asked what it meant; his steward replied, "The money you have ordered to be given to your friend." So, perceiv-

ing the man's malice, said he: "I thought the decies had been much more: 'tis too little; let it be doubled."

When the Roman state finally broke up into two hostile factions, the aristocratical party joining Pompey, who was in the city, and the popular side seeking help from Cæsar, who was at the head of an army in Gaul, Curio, the friend of Antony, having changed his party and devoted himself to Cæsar, brought over Antony also to his service. . . .

Antony was not long in getting the hearts of the soldiers, joining with them in their exercises, and for the most part living amongst them, and making them presents to the utmost of his abilities; but with all others he was unpopular enough. He was too lazy to pay attention to the complaints of persons who were injured; he listened impatiently to petitions, and he had an ill name for familiarity with other people's wives. In short, the government of Cæsar (which, so far as he was concerned himself, seemed like anything rather than a tyranny) got a bad repute through his friends. And of these friends, Antony, as he had the largest trust and committed the greatest errors, was thought the most deeply in fault. . . .

This triumvirate was very hateful to the Romans, and Antony most of all bore the blame, because he was older than Cæsar and had greater authority than Lepidus; and withal he was no sooner settled in his affairs, but he turned to his luxurious and dissolute way of living. Besides the ill reputation he gained by his general behavior, it was some considerable disadvantage to him his living in the house of Pompey the Great, who had been as much admired for his temperance and his sober, citizenlike habits of life, as ever he was for having triumphed three times. They could not without anger see the doors of that house shut against magistrates, officers, and envoys, who were shamefully refused admittance, while it was filled inside with players, jugglers, and drunken flatterers, upon whom were spent the greatest part of the wealth which violence and cruelty procured. For they did not limit themselves to the forfeiture of the estates of such as were proscribed, defrauding the widows and families, nor were they contented with laying on every possible kind of tax and imposition; but hearing that several sums of money were as well by strangers as citizens of Rome deposited with the vestal virgins, they went and took the money away by force. When it was manifest that nothing would ever be enough for Antony, Cæsar at last called for a division of property.

Leaving Lucius Censorinus in Greece, he crossed over into Asia, and there laid his hands on the stores of accumulated wealth, while kings waited at his door, and queens were rivaling one another, who should make him the greatest presents or appear most charming in his eyes. Thus, whilst Cæsar in Rome was wearing out his strength amidst seditions and wars, Antony, with nothing to do amidst the enjoyments of peace, let his passions carry him easily back to the old course of life that was familiar to him. A set of harpers and pipers, Anaxenor and Xuthus, the dancing man, Metrodorus, and a whole Bacchic rout of the like Asiatic exhibitors, far outdoing in license and buffoonery the pests that had followed him out of Italy, came in and possessed the court; the thing was past patience, wealth of all kinds being wasted on objects like these. The whole of Asia was like the city in Sophocles, loaded, at one time,

> —— with incense in the air,
> Jubilant songs, and outcries of despair.

When he made his entry into Ephesus, the women met him dressed up like Bacchantes, and the men and boys like Satyrs and Fauns, and throughout the town nothing was to be seen but spears wreathed about with ivy, harps, flutes, and psalteries, while Antony in their songs was Bacchus, the Giver of Joy, and the Gentle. And so indeed he was to some, but to far more the Devourer and the Savage; for he would deprive persons of worth and quality of their fortunes to gratify villains and flatterers, who would sometimes beg the estates of men yet living, pretending they were dead, and, obtaining a grant, take possession. He gave his cook the house of a Magnesian citizen, as a reward for a single highly successful supper; and at last, when he was proceeding to lay a second whole tribute on Asia, Hybreas, speaking on behalf of the cities, took courage, and told him broadly, but aptly enough for Antony's taste, "if you can take two yearly tributes, you can doubtless give us a couple of summers and a double harvest time;" and put it to him in the plainest and boldest way, that Asia had raised two hundred thousand talents for his service: "If this has not been paid to you, ask your collectors for it; if it has, and is all gone, we are ruined men."

These words touched Antony to the quick, who was simply ignorant of most things that were done in his name; not that he was so indolent, as he was prone to trust frankly in all

about him. For there was much simplicity in his character; he was slow to see his faults, but when he did see them, was extremely repentant, and ready to ask pardon of those he had injured; prodigal in his acts of reparation, and severe in his punishments, but his generosity was much more extravagant than his severity; his raillery was sharp and insulting, but the edge of it was taken off by his readiness to submit to any kind of repartee; for he was as well contented to be rallied, as he was pleased to rally others. And this freedom of speech was, indeed, the cause of many of his disasters. He never imagined those who used so much liberty in their mirth would flatter or deceive him in business of consequence, not knowing how common it is with parasites to mix their flattery with boldness, as confectioners do their sweetmeats with something biting, to prevent the sense of satiety. Their freedoms and impertinences at table were designed expressly to give to their obsequiousness in council the air of being not complaisance, but conviction.

Such being his temper, the last and crowning mischief that could befall him came in the love of Cleopatra, to awaken and kindle to fury passions that as yet lay still and dormant in his nature, and to stifle and finely corrupt any elements that yet made resistance in him of goodness and a sound judgment. He fell into the snare thus. When making preparation for the Parthian war, he sent to command her to make her personal appearance in Cilicia, to answer an accusation that she had given great assistance, in the late wars, to Cassius. Dellius, who was sent on this message, had no sooner seen her face, and remarked her adroitness and subtlety in speech, but he felt convinced that Antony would not so much as think of giving any molestation to a woman like this; on the contrary, she would be the first in favor with him. So he set himself at once to pay his court to the Egyptian, and gave her his advice, "to go," in the Homeric style, to Cilicia, "in her best attire," and bade her fear nothing from Antony, the gentlest and kindest of soldiers.

She had some faith in the words of Dellius, but more in her own attractions; which, having formerly recommended her to Cæsar and the young Cnæus Pompey, she did not doubt might prove yet more successful with Antony. Their acquaintance was with her when a girl, young and ignorant of the world; but she was to meet Antony in the time of life when women's beauty is most splendid, and their intellects are in full maturity.

She made great preparation for her journey, of money, gifts and ornaments of value, such as so wealthy a kingdom might afford, but she brought with her her surest hopes in her own magic arts and charms.

She received several letters, both from Antony and from his friends, to summon her, but she took no account of these orders; and at last, as if in mockery of them, she came sailing up the river Cydnus, in a barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, while oars of silver beat time to the music of flutes and fifes and harps. She herself lay all along under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed as Venus in a picture, and beautiful young boys, like painted Cupids, stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like Sea Nymphs and Graces, some steering at the rudder, some working at the ropes. The perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel to the shore, which was covered with multitudes, part following the galley up the river on either bank, part running out of the city to see the sight. The market place was quite emptied, and Antony at last was left alone sitting upon the tribunal, while the word went through all the multitude, that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus, for the common good of Asia. On her arrival, Antony sent to invite her to supper. She thought it fitter he should come to her; so, willing to show his good humor and courtesy, he complied, and went. He found the preparations to receive him magnificent beyond expression, but nothing so admirable as the great number of lights; for on a sudden there was let down altogether so great a number of branches with lights in them so ingeniously disposed, some in squares, and some in circles, that the whole thing was a spectacle that has seldom been equaled for beauty.

The next day, Antony invited her to supper, and was very desirous to outdo her as well in magnificence as contrivance; but he found he was altogether beaten in both, and was so well convinced of it, that he was himself the first to jest and mock at his poverty of wit, and his rustic awkwardness. She, perceiving that his raillery was broad and gross, and savored more of the soldier than the courtier, rejoined in the same taste, and fell into it at once, without any sort of reluctance or reserve. For her actual beauty, it is said, was not in itself so remarkable that none could be compared with her, or that no one could see her without being struck by it, but the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible;

the attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation, and the character that attended all she said or did, was something bewitching. It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another; so that there were few of the barbarian nations that she answered by an interpreter; to most of them she spoke herself, as to the Æthiopians, Troglodytes, Hebrews, Arabians, Syrians, Medes, Parthians, and many others, whose language she had learnt; which was all the more surprising because most of the kings, her predecessors, scarcely gave themselves the trouble to acquire the Egyptian tongue, and several of them quite abandoned the Macedonian.

Antony was so captivated by her, that, while Fulvia his wife maintained his quarrels in Rome against Cæsar by actual force of arms, and the Parthian troops, commanded by Labienus (the king's generals having made him commander in chief), were assembled in Mesopotamia, and ready to enter Syria, he could yet suffer himself to be carried away by her to Alexandria, there to keep holiday, like a boy, in play and diversion, squandering and fooling away in enjoyments, that most costly, as Antiphon says, of all valuables, time.

They had a sort of company, to which they gave a particular name, calling it that of the Inimitable Livers. The members entertained one another daily in turn, with an extravagance of expenditure beyond measure or belief. Philotas, a physician of Amphissa, who was at that time a student of medicine in Alexandria, used to tell my grandfather Lamprias, that having some acquaintance with one of the royal cooks, he was invited by him, being a young man, to come and see the sumptuous preparations for supper. So he was taken into the kitchen, where he admired the prodigious variety of all things; but particularly, seeing eight wild boars roasting whole, says he, "Surely you have a great number of guests." The cook laughed at his simplicity, and told him there were not above twelve to sup, but that every dish was to be served up just roasted to a turn, and if anything was but one minute ill timed, it was spoiled; "And," said he, "maybe Antony will sup just now, maybe not this hour, maybe he will call for wine, or begin to talk, and will put it off. So that," he continued, "it is not one, but many suppers must be had in readiness, as it is impossible to guess at his hour."

This was Philotas' story; who related besides, that he afterwards came to be one of the medical attendants of Antony's eldest son by Fulvia, and used to be invited pretty often, among other companions, to his table, when he was not supping with his father. One day another physician had talked loudly, and given great disturbance to the company, whose mouth Philotas stopped with this sophistical syllogism: "In some states of fever the patient should take cold water; every one who has a fever is in some state of fever; therefore in a fever cold water should always be taken." The man was quite struck dumb, and Antony's son, very much pleased, laughed aloud, and said, "Philotas, I make you a present of all you see there," pointing to a sideboard covered with plate. Philotas thanked him much, but was far enough from ever imagining that a boy of his age could dispose of things of that value. Soon after, however, the plate was all brought to him, and he was desired to set his mark upon it; and when he put it away from him, and was afraid to accept the present, "What ails the man?" said he that brought it; "do you know that he who gives you this is Antony's son, who is free to give it, if it were all gold? but if you will be advised by me, I would counsel you to accept of the value in money from us; for there may be amongst the rest some antique or famous piece of workmanship, which Antony would be sorry to part with." These anecdotes, my grandfather told us, Philotas used frequently to relate.

To return to Cleopatra; Plato admits four sorts of flattery, but she had a thousand. Were Antony serious or disposed to mirth, she had at any moment some new delight or charm to meet his wishes; at every turn she was upon him, and let him escape her neither by day nor by night. She played at dice with him, drank with him, hunted with him; and when he exercised in arms, she was there to see. At night she would go rambling with him to disturb and torment people at their doors and windows, dressed like a servant woman, for Antony also went in servant's disguise, and from these expeditions he often came home very scurvily answered, and sometimes even beaten severely, though most people guessed who it was.

However, the Alexandrians in general liked it all well enough, and joined good-humoredly and kindly in his frolic and play, saying they were much obliged to Antony for acting his tragic parts at Rome, and keeping his comedy for them.

It would be trifling without end to be particular in his follies, but his fishing must not be forgotten. He went out one day to angle with Cleopatra, and, being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under water, and put fishes that had been already taken upon his hooks; and these he drew so fast that the Egyptian perceived it. But, feigning great admiration, she told everybody how dexterous Antony was, and invited them next day to come and see him again. So, when a number of them had come on board the fishing boats, as soon as he had let down his hook, one of her servants was beforehand with his divers, and fixed upon his hook a salted fish from Pontus. Antony, feeling his line give, drew up the prey, and when, as may be imagined, great laughter ensued, "Leave," said Cleopatra, "the fishing rod, general, to us poor sovereigns of Pharos and Canopus; your game is cities, provinces, and kingdoms."

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When Octavia returned from Athens, Cæsar, who considered she had been injuriously treated, commanded her to live in a separate house; but she refused to leave the house of her husband, and entreated him unless he had already resolved, upon other motives, to make war with Antony, that he would on her account let it alone; it would be intolerable to have it said of the two greatest commanders in the world, that they had involved the Roman people in a civil war, the one out of passion for, the other out of resentment about, a woman. And her behavior proved her words to be sincere. She remained in Antony's house as if he were at home in it, and took the noblest and most generous care, not only of his children by her, but of those by Fulvia also. She received all the friends of Antony that came to Rome to seek office or upon any business, and did her utmost to prefer their requests to Cæsar; yet this her honorable deportment did but, without her meaning it, damage the reputation of Antony; the wrong he did to such a woman made him hated.

Nor was the division he made among his sons at Alexandria less unpopular; it seemed a theatrical piece of insolence and contempt of his country.

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When it was resolved to stand to a fight at sea, they set fire to all the Egyptian ships except sixty; and of these the best and largest, from ten banks down to three, he manned

with twenty thousand full-armed men, and two thousand archers. Here it is related that a foot captain, one that had fought often under Antony, and had his body all mangled with wounds, exclaimed: "O my general, what have our wounds and swords done to displease you, that you should give your confidence to rotten timbers? Let Egyptians and Phœnicians contend at sea, give us the land, where we know well how to die upon the spot or gain the victory." To which he answered nothing, but, by his look and motion of his hand seeming to bid him be of good courage, passed forwards, having already, it would seem, no very sure hopes, since when the masters proposed leaving the sails behind them, he commanded they should be put aboard, "For we must not," said he, "let one enemy escape."

That day and the three following the sea was so rough they could not engage. But on the fifth there was a calm, and they fought,—Antony commanding with Publicola the right, and Cœlius the left squadron, Marcus Octavius and Marcus Insteius the center. Cæsar gave the charge of the left to Agrippa, commanding in person on the right. As for the land forces, Canidius was general for Antony, Taurus for Cæsar, both armies remaining drawn up in order along the shore. Antony in a small boat went from one ship to another, encouraging his soldiers, and bidding them stand firm, and fight as steadily on their large ships as if they were on land. The masters he ordered that they should receive the enemy lying still as if they were at anchor, and maintain the entrance of the port, which was a narrow and difficult passage. Of Cæsar they relate, that, leaving his tent and going round, while it was yet dark, to visit the ships, he met a man driving an ass, and asked him his name. He answered him that his own name was "Fortunate, and my ass," says he, "is called Conqueror." And afterwards, when he disposed the beaks of the ships in that place in token of his victory, the statue of this man and his ass in bronze were placed amongst them. After examining the rest of his fleet, he went in a boat to the right wing, and looked with much admiration at the enemy lying perfectly still in the straits, in all appearance as if they had been at anchor. For some considerable length of time he actually thought they were so, and kept his own ships at rest, at a distance of about eight furlongs from them. But about noon a breeze sprang up from the sea, and Antony's men, weary of expecting the enemy so long, and trusting to their

large tall vessels, as if they had been invincible, began to advance the left squadron. Cæsar was overjoyed to see them move, and ordered his own right squadron to retire, that he might entice them out to sea as far as he could, his design being to sail round and round, and so with his light and well-manned galleys to attack these huge vessels, which their size and their want of men made slow to move and difficult to manage.

When they engaged, there was no charging or striking of one ship by another, because Antony's, by reason of their great bulk, were incapable of the rapidity required to make the stroke effectual, and, on the other side, Cæsar's durst not charge head to head on Antony's, which were all armed with solid masses and spikes of brass; nor did they like even to run in on their sides, which were so strongly built with great squared pieces of timber, fastened together with iron bolts, that their vessels' beaks would easily have been shattered upon them. So that the engagement resembled a land fight, or, to speak yet more properly, the attack and defense of a fortified place; for there were always three or four vessels of Cæsar's about one of Antony's, pressing them with spears, javelins, poles, and several inventions of fire, which they flung among them, Antony's men using catapults also, to pour down missiles from wooden towers. Agrippa drawing out the squadron under his command to outflank the enemy, Publicola was obliged to observe his motions, and gradually to break off from the middle squadron, where some confusion and alarm ensued, while Arruntius engaged them. But the fortune of the day was still undecided, and the battle equal, when, on a sudden, Cleopatra's sixty ships were seen hoisting sail and making out to sea in full flight, right through the ships that were engaged. For they were placed behind the great ships, which, in breaking through, they put into disorder. The enemy was astonished to see them sailing off with a fair wind towards Peloponnesus. Here it was that Antony showed to all the world that he was no longer actuated by the thoughts and motives of a commander or a man, or indeed by his own judgment at all, and what was once said as a jest, that the soul of a lover lives in some one else's body, he proved to be a serious truth. For, as if he had been born part of her, and must move with her wheresoever she went, as soon as he saw her ship sailing away, he abandoned all that were fighting and spending their lives for him, and put himself

aboard a galley of five banks of oars, taking with him only Alexander of Syria and Scellias, to follow her that had so well begun his ruin and would hereafter accomplish it.

She, perceiving him to follow, gave the signal to come aboard. So, as soon as he came up with them, he was taken into the ship. But without seeing her or letting himself be seen by her, he went forward by himself, and sat alone, without a word, in the ship's prow, covering his face with his two hands. In the mean while, some of Cæsar's light Liburnian ships, that were in pursuit, came in sight. But on Antony's commanding to face about, they all gave back except Eurycles the Laconian, who pressed on, shaking a lance from the deck, as if he meant to hurl it at him. Antony, standing at the prow, demanded of him, "Who is this that pursues Antony?" "I am," said he, "Eurycles, the son of Lachares, armed with Cæsar's fortune to revenge my father's death." Lachares had been condemned for a robbery, and beheaded by Antony's orders. However, Eurycles did not attack Antony, but ran with his full force upon the other admiral galley (for there were two of them), and with the blow turned her round, and took both her and another ship, in which was a quantity of rich plate and furniture. So soon as Eurycles was gone, Antony returned to his posture, and sat silent, and thus he remained for three days, either in anger with Cleopatra, or wishing not to upbraid her, at the end of which they touched at Tænarus. Here the women of their company succeeded first in bringing them to speak, and afterwards to eat and sleep together. And, by this time, several of the ships of burden and some of his friends began to come in to him from the rout, bringing news of his fleet's being quite destroyed, but that the land forces, they thought, still stood firm. So that he sent messengers to Canidius to march the army with all speed through Macedonia into Asia. And, designing himself to go from Tænarus into Africa, he gave one of the merchant ships, laden with a large sum of money, and vessels of silver and gold of great value, belonging to the royal collections, to his friends, desiring them to share it amongst them, and provide for their own safety. They refusing his kindness with tears in their eyes, he comforted them with all the goodness and humanity imaginable, entreating them to leave him, and wrote letters in their behalf to Theophilus, his steward, at Corinth, that he would provide for their secu-

rity, and keep them concealed till such time as they could make their peace with Cæsar. This Theophilus was the father of Hipparchus, who had such interest with Antony, who was the first of all his freedmen that went over to Cæsar, and who settled afterwards at Corinth. In this posture were affairs with Antony.

But at Actium, his fleet, after a long resistance to Cæsar, and suffering the most damage from a heavy sea that set in right ahead, scarcely, at four in the afternoon, gave up the contest, with the loss of not more than five thousand men killed, but of three hundred ships taken, as Cæsar himself has recorded. Only a few had known of Antony's flight; and those who were told of it could not at first give any belief to so incredible a thing as that a general who had nineteen entire legions and twelve thousand horse upon the seashore, could abandon all and fly away; and he, above all, who had so often experienced both good and evil fortune, and had in a thousand wars and battles been inured to changes. His soldiers, however, would not give up their desires and expectations, still fancying he would appear from some part or other, and showed such a generous fidelity to his service, that when they were thoroughly assured that he was fled in earnest, they kept themselves in a body seven days, making no account of the messages that Cæsar sent to them. But at last, seeing that Canidius himself, who commanded them, was fled by night, and that all their officers had quite abandoned them, they gave way, and made their submission to the conqueror. . . .

Cleopatra was busied in making a collection of all varieties of poisonous drugs, and, in order to see which of them were the least painful in the operation, she had them tried upon prisoners condemned to die. But, finding that the quick poisons always worked with sharp pains, and that the less painful were slow, she next tried venomous animals, and watched with her own eyes whilst they were applied, one creature to the body of another. This was her daily practice, and she pretty well satisfied herself that nothing was comparable to the bite of the asp, which, without convulsion or groaning, brought on a heavy drowsiness and lethargy, with a gentle sweat on the face, the senses being stupefied by degrees; the patient, in appearance, being sensible of no pain, but rather troubled to be disturbed or awakened, like those that are in a profound natural sleep. . . .

Cæsar would not listen to any proposals for Antony, but he made answer to Cleopatra, that there was no reasonable favor which she might not expect, if she put Antony to death, or expelled him from Egypt. He sent back with the ambassadors his own freedman, Thyrsus, a man of understanding, and not at all ill-qualified for conveying the messages of a youthful general to a woman so proud of her charms and possessed with the opinion of the power of her beauty. But by the long audiences he received from her, and the special honors which she paid him, Antony's jealousy began to be awakened; he had him seized, whipped, and sent back, writing Cæsar word that the man's busy, impertinent ways had provoked him; in his circumstances he could not be expected to be very patient: "But if it offend you," he added, "you have got my freedman, Hipparchus, with you; hang him up and scourge him to make us even." But Cleopatra, after this, to clear herself, and to allay his jealousies, paid him all the attentions imaginable. When her own birthday came, she kept it as was suitable to their fallen fortunes; but his was observed with the utmost prodigality of splendor and magnificence, so that many of the guests sat down in want, and went home wealthy men. Meantime, continual letters came to Cæsar from Agrippa, telling him his presence was extremely required at Rome.

And so the war was deferred for a season. But, the winter being over, he began his march, — he himself by Syria, and his captains through Africa. Pelusium being taken, there went a report as if it had been delivered up to Cæsar by Seleucus, not without the consent of Cleopatra; but she, to justify herself, gave up into Antony's hands the wife and children of Seleucus to be put to death. She had caused to be built, joining to the temple of Isis, several tombs and monuments of wonderful height, and very remarkable for the workmanship; thither she removed her treasure, her gold, silver, emeralds, pearls, ebony, ivory, cinnamon, and, after all, a great quantity of torchwood and tow. Upon which Cæsar began to fear lest she should, in a desperate fit, set all these riches on fire; and, therefore, while he was marching towards the city with his army, he omitted no occasion of giving her new assurances of his good intentions. He took up his position in the Hippodrome, where Antony made a fierce sally upon him, routed the horse, and beat them back into their trenches, and so returned with great satisfaction to the palace, where, meeting Cleopatra, armed as he was, he

kissed her, and commended to her favor one of his men, who had most signalized himself in the fight, to whom she made a present of a breastplate and helmet of gold; which he having received, went that very night and deserted to Cæsar.

After this, Antony sent a new challenge to Cæsar to fight him hand-to-hand; who made him answer that he might find several other ways to end his life; and he, considering with himself that he could not die more honorably than in battle, resolved to make an effort both by land and sea. At supper, it is said, he bade his servants help him freely, and pour him out wine plentifully, since to-morrow, perhaps, they should not do the same, but be servants to a new master, whilst he should lie on the ground, a dead corpse, and nothing. His friends that were about him wept to hear him talk so; which he perceiving, told them he would not lead them to a battle in which he expected rather an honorable death than either safety or victory. That night, it is related, about the middle of it, when the whole city was in a deep silence and general sadness, expecting the event of the next day, on a sudden was heard the sound of all sorts of instruments, and voices singing in tune, and the cry of a crowd of people shouting and dancing, like a troop of bacchanals on its way. This tumultuous procession seemed to take its course right through the middle of the city to the gate nearest the enemy; here it became the loudest, and suddenly passed out. People who reflected considered this to signify that Bacchus, the god whom Antony had always made it his study to copy and imitate, had now forsaken him.

As soon as it was light, he marched his infantry out of the city, and posted them upon a rising ground, from whence he saw his fleet make up to the enemy. There he stood in expectation of the event; but as soon as the fleets came near to one another, his men saluted Cæsar's with their oars; and on their responding, the whole body of the ships, forming into a single fleet, rowed up direct to the city. Antony had no sooner seen this, but the horse deserted him, and went over to Cæsar; and his foot being defeated, he retired into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him to the enemies he had made for her sake. She, being afraid lest in his fury and despair he might do her a mischief, fled to her monument, and letting down the falling doors, which were strong with bars and bolts, she sent messengers who should tell Antony she was

dead. He, believing it, cried out, "Now, Antony, why delay longer? Fate has snatched away the only pretext for which you could say you desired yet to live." Going into his chamber, and there loosening and opening his coat of armor, "I am not," said he, "troubled, Cleopatra, to be at present bereaved of you, for I shall soon be with you; but it distresses me that so great a general should be found of a tardier courage than a woman." He had a faithful servant, whose name was Eros; he had engaged him formerly to kill him when he should think it necessary, and now he put him to his promise. Eros drew his sword, as designing to kill him, but, suddenly turning round, he slew himself. And as he fell dead at his feet, "It is well done, Eros," said Antony; "you show your master how to do what you had not the heart to do yourself;" and so he ran himself into the belly, and laid himself upon the couch. The wound, however, was not immediately mortal; and the flow of blood ceasing when he lay down, presently he came to himself, and entreated those that were about him to put him out of his pain; but they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and struggling, until Diomede, Cleopatra's secretary, came to him having orders from her to bring him into the monument.

When he understood she was alive, he eagerly gave order to the servants to take him up, and in their arms was carried to the door of the building. Cleopatra would not open the door, but, looking from a sort of window, she let down ropes and cords, to which Antony was fastened; and she and her two women, the only persons she had allowed to enter the monument, drew him up. Those that were present say that nothing was ever more sad than this spectacle, to see Antony, covered all over with blood and just expiring, thus drawn up, still holding up his hands to her, and lifting up his body with the little force he had left. As, indeed, it was no easy task for the women; and Cleopatra, with all her force, clinging to the rope, and straining with her head to the ground, with difficulty pulled him up, while those below encouraged her with their cries, and joined in all her efforts and anxiety. When she had got him up, she laid him on the bed, tearing all her clothes, which she spread upon him; and, beating her breast with her hands, lacerating herself, and disfiguring her own face with the blood from his wounds, she called him her lord, her husband, her emperor, and seemed to have pretty nearly forgotten all her own evils, she was so intent upon his misfortunes. Antony,

stopping her lamentations as well as he could, called for wine to drink, either that he was thirsty, or that he imagined that it might put him the sooner out of pain. When he had drunk, he advised her to bring her own affairs, so far as might be honorably done, to a safe conclusion, and that, among all the friends of Cæsar, she should rely on Proculeius; that she should not pity him in this last turn of fate, but rather rejoice for him in remembrance of his past happiness, who had been of all men the most illustrious and powerful, and in the end had fallen not ignobly, a Roman by a Roman overcome.

Just as he breathed his last, Proculeius arrived from Cæsar; for when Antony gave himself his wound, and was carried in to Cleopatra, one of his guards, Dercetæus, took up Antony's sword and hid it; and, when he saw his opportunity, stole away to Cæsar, and brought him the first news of Antony's death, and withal showed him the bloody sword. Cæsar, upon this, retired into the inner part of his tent, and giving some tears to the death of one that had been nearly allied to him in marriage, his colleague in empire, and companion in so many wars and dangers, he came out to his friends, and, bringing with him many letters, he read to them with how much reason and moderation he had always addressed himself to Antony, and in return what overbearing and arrogant answers he received. Then he sent Proculeius to use his utmost endeavors to get Cleopatra alive into his power; for he was afraid of losing a great treasure, and, besides, she would be no small addition to the glory of his triumph. She, however, was careful not to put herself in Proculeius' power; but from within her monument, he standing on the outside of a door, on the level of the ground, which was strongly barred, but so that they might well enough hear one another's voice, she held a conference with him; she demanding that her kingdom might be given to her children, and he bidding her to be of good courage, and trust Cæsar in everything.

Having taken particular notice of the place, he returned to Cæsar, and Gallus was sent to parley with her the second time; who, being come to the door, on purpose prolonged the conference, while Proculeius fixed his scaling ladders in the window through which the women had pulled up Antony. And so entering, with two men to follow him, he went straight down to the door where Cleopatra was discoursing with Gallus. One of the two women who were shut up in the monument with her

cried out, "Miserable Cleopatra, you are taken prisoner!" Upon which she turned quick, and, looking at Proculeius, drew out her dagger which she had with her to stab herself. But Proculeius ran up quickly, and, seizing her with both his hands, "For shame," said he, "Cleopatra; you wrong yourself and Cæsar much, who would rob him of so fair an occasion of showing his clemency, and would make the world believe the most gentle of commanders to be a faithless and implacable enemy." And so, taking the dagger out of her hand, he also shook her dress to see if there were any poison hid in it. After this, Cæsar sent Epaphroditus, one of his freedmen, with orders to treat her with all the gentleness and civility possible, but to take the strictest precautions to keep her alive. . . .

Many kings and great commanders made petition to Cæsar for the body of Antony, to give him his funeral rites; but he would not take away his corpse from Cleopatra, by whose hands he was buried with royal splendor and magnificence, it being granted to her to employ what she pleased on his funeral. In this extremity of grief and sorrow, and having inflamed and ulcerated her breasts with beating them, she fell into a high fever, and was very glad of the occasion, hoping, under this pretext, to abstain from food, and so to die in quiet without interference. She had her own physician, Olympus, to whom she told the truth, and asked his advice and help to put an end to herself, as Olympus himself has told us, in a narrative which he wrote of these events. But Cæsar, suspecting her purpose, took to menacing language about her children, and excited her fears for them, before which engines her purpose shook and gave way, so that she suffered those about her to give her what meat or medicine they pleased.

Some few days after, Cæsar himself came to make her a visit and comfort her. She lay then upon her pallet bed in undress, and, on his entering in, sprang up from off her bed, having nothing on but the one garment next her body, and flung herself at his feet, her hair and face looking wild and disfigured, her voice quivering, and her eyes sunk in her head. The marks of the blows she had given herself were visible about her bosom, and altogether her whole person seemed no less afflicted than her soul. But, for all this, her old charm, and the boldness of her youthful beauty, had not wholly left her, and, in spite of her present condition, still sparkled from within, and let itself appear in all the movements of her coun-

tenance. Cæsar, desiring her to repose herself, sat down by her; and, on this opportunity, she said something to justify her actions, attributing what she had done to the necessity she was under, and to her fear of Antony; and when Cæsar, on each point, made his objections, and she found herself confuted, she broke off at once into language of entreaty and deprecation, as if she desired nothing more than to prolong her life. And at last, having by her a list of her treasure, she gave it into his hands; and when Seleucus, one of her stewards, who was by, pointed out that various articles were omitted, and charged her with secreting them, she flew up and caught him by the hair, and struck him several blows on the face. Cæsar smiling and withholding her, "Is it not very hard, Cæsar," said she, "when you do me the honor to visit me in this condition I am in, that I should be accused by one of my own servants of laying by some women's toys, not meant to adorn, be sure, my unhappy self, but that I might have some little present by me to make your Octavia and your Livia, that by their intercession I might hope to find you in some measure disposed to mercy?" Cæsar was pleased to hear her talk thus, being now assured that she was desirous to live. And, therefore, letting her know that the things she had laid by she might dispose of as she pleased, and his usage of her should be honorable above her expectation, he went away, well satisfied that he had overreached her; but, in fact, he was himself deceived.

There was a young man of distinction among Cæsar's companions, named Cornelius Dolabella. He was not without a certain tenderness for Cleopatra, and sent her word privately, as she had besought him to do, that Cæsar was about to return through Syria, and that she and her children were to be sent on within three days. When she understood this, she made her request to Cæsar that he would be pleased to permit her to make oblations to the departed Antony; which being granted, she ordered herself to be carried to the place where he was buried, and there, accompanied by her women, she embraced his tomb with tears in her eyes, and spoke in this manner: "O dearest Antony," said she, "it is not long since that with these hands I buried you; then they were free, now I am a captive, and pay these last duties to you with a guard upon me, for fear that my just griefs and sorrows should impair my servile body, and make it less fit to appear in their triumph over you. No further offerings or libations expect from me; these are the

last honors that Cleopatra can pay your memory, for she is to be hurried away far from you. Nothing could part us whilst we lived, but death seems to threaten to divide us. You, a Roman born, have found a grave in Egypt; I, an Egyptian, am to seek that favor, and none but that, in your country. But if the gods below, with whom you now are, either can or will do anything (since those above have betrayed us), suffer not your living wife to be abandoned; let me not be led in triumph to your shame, but hide me and bury me here with you, since, amongst all my bitter misfortunes, nothing has afflicted me like this brief time that I have lived away from you."

Having made these lamentations, crowning the tomb with garlands and kissing it, she gave orders to prepare her a bath, and, coming out of the bath, she lay down and made a sumptuous meal. And a country fellow brought her a little basket, which the guards intercepting and asking what it was, the fellow put the leaves which lay uppermost aside, and showed them it was full of figs; and on their admiring the largeness and beauty of the figs, he laughed, and invited them to take some, which they refused, and, suspecting nothing, bade him carry them in. After her repast, Cleopatra sent to Cæsar a letter which she had written and sealed; and, putting everybody out of the monument but her two women, she shut the doors. Cæsar, opening her letter, and finding pathetic prayers and entreaties that she might be buried in the same tomb with Antony, soon guessed what was doing. At first he was going himself in all haste, but, changing his mind, he sent others to see. The thing had been quickly done. The messengers came at full speed, and found the guards apprehensive of nothing; but on opening the doors they saw her stone-dead, lying upon a bed of gold, set out in all her royal ornaments. Iras, one of her women, lay dying at her feet, and Charmion, just ready to fall, scarce able to hold up her head, was adjusting her mistress' diadem. And when one that came in said angrily, "Was this well done of your lady, Charmion?" "Extremely well," she answered, "and as became the descendant of so many kings;" and as she said this, she fell down dead by the bedside.

Some relate that an asp was brought in amongst those figs and covered with the leaves, and that Cleopatra had arranged that it might settle on her before she knew, but, when she took away some of the figs and saw it, she said, "So here it is," and

held out her bare arm to be bitten. Others say that it was kept in a vase, and that she vexed and pricked it with a golden spindle till it seized her arm. But what really took place is known to no one. Since it was also said that she carried poison in a hollow bodkin, about which she wound her hair; yet there was not so much as a spot found, or any symptom of poison upon her body, nor was the asp seen within the monument; only something like the trail of it was said to have been noticed on the sand by the sea, on the part towards which the building faced and where the windows were. Some relate that two faint puncture marks were found on Cleopatra's arm, and to this account Cæsar seems to have given credit; for in his triumph there was carried a figure of Cleopatra, with an asp clinging to her. Such are the various accounts. But Cæsar, though much disappointed by her death, yet could not but admire the greatness of her spirit, and gave order that her body should be buried beside Antony with royal splendor and magnificence. Her women also received honorable burial by his directions.

CLEOPATRA.

By WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

[William Wetmore Story, lawyer, sculptor, and poet, was born in Salem, Mass., February 19, 1819, the son of Joseph Story, the eminent jurist. After graduating at Harvard, he studied law with his father and amused his leisure with sculpture. He went to Rome in 1848, and soon became proficient in the art which he had taken up as an amateur at home. He wrote legal treatises, and volumes of prose and poetry, among them being "Nature and Art: a Poem" (1844), "Roba di Roma, or Walks and Talks in Rome" (1862), "Excursus in Art and Letters" (1891), and "A Poet's Portfolio" (1894). He died at Vallombrosa, near Florence, October 8, 1895.]

Here, Charmian, take my bracelets —
  They bar with a purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillows —
  They are hot where I have lain:
Open the lattice wider,
  A gauze on my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
  That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
  And in his arms I lay;
Ah, me! the vision has vanished —
  Its music has died away.
The flame and the perfume have perished —
  As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
  Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose leaves, —
  They cool me after my sleep;
And with sandal odors fan me
  Till into my veins they creep;
Reach down the lute, and play me
  A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished,
  And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
  Loiters the slow smooth Nile,
Through slender papyri, that cover
  The sleeping crocodile.
The lotus lolls on the water,
  And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf pavement
  Never a ripple is rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
  Those feathery palms to wave,
And yon little cloud is motionless
  As a stone above a grave.

Ah, me! this lifeless nature
  Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh! for a storm and thunder —
  For lightning and wild fierce rain!
Fling down that lute — I hate it!
  Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together
  Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty —
  My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers —
  That flashes across the light.
Look! listen! as backward and forward
  To his hoop of gold he clings,

How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
  And shrieks as he madly swings!
Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
  Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
  Till he hears you even in Rome.

There — leave me, and take from my chamber
  That wretched little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
  And its silly tinkling bell!
Take him, — my nerves he vexes,
  The thing without blood or brain, —
Or, by the body of Isis,
  I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
  Mistily stretching away,
When the afternoon's opaline tremors
  O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
  Pours from the west its fire,
And melted, as in a crucible,
  Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald blear skull of the desert
  With glowing mountains is crowned,
That burning like molten jewels
  Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past time,
  Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
  Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
  Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed
  I wandered, where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
  The silence of mighty woods,
And fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
  I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started,
  When he heard my footstep near,
And the spotted giraffes fled wildly
  In a yellow cloud of fear.

I sucked in the noontide splendor,
  Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
  Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
  As the shadows of night came on,
To brood in the trees' thick branches,
  And the shadow of sleep was gone;
Then I roused, and roared in answer,
  And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
  And wandered my mate to greet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
  Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms —
  How powerful he was and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
  As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
  Twitched, curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
  With a wild triumphant cry,
And we met, as two clouds in heaven
  When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
  For his love like his rage was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
  At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor —
  For I was flexile and fair —
Fought for me in the moonlight,
  While I lay crouching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
  And, ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
  To breathe him a vast half-hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
  Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
  Ere they had time to shrink.
We drank their blood and crushed them,
  And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
  Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for!
  Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous, bloodless passions,
  Its poor and petty strife!
Come to my arms, my hero:
  The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
  In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
  Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior that storms a fortress!
  I will not shrink or cower.
Come, as you came in the desert,
  Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
  And love as you loved me then!

THE SAVAGERY OF CLASSIC TIMES.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

[ANTHONY TROLLOPE: An English novelist; born in London, April 24, 1815; died December 6, 1882. He assisted in establishing the *Fortnightly Review* (1865). Among his works are: "The Macdermots of Ballycloran" (1847); "The Kellys and the O'Kellys" (1848); "La Vendée" (1850); "The Warden" (1855); "Barchester Towers" (1857); "Doctor Thorne" (1858); "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," a book of travel (1859); "Castle Richmond" (1860); "Orley Farm" (1861–1862); "Framley Parsonage" (1861); "Tales of All Countries" (1861–1863); "North America," travels (1862); "Rachel Ray" (1863); "The Small House at Allington" (1864); "Can You Forgive Her?" (1864); "Miss Mackenzie" (1865); "The Last Chronicle of Barset" (1867); "Linda Tressel" (1868); "Phineas Finn" (1869); "The Vicar of Bullhampton" (1870); "Phineas Redux" (1873); "Lady Anna" (1874); "The Prime Minister" (1875); "The American Senator" (1877); "Is He Popenjoy?" (1878); "Thackeray," in English Men of Letters (1879); "Life of Cicero" (1880); "Ayala's Angel" (1881); "Mr. Scarborough's Family" (1882); "The Landleaguers," unfinished (1882); "An Old Man's Love" (1884).]

THAT which will most strike the ordinary English reader in the narrative of Cæsar is the cruelty of the Romans, — cruelty of which Cæsar himself is guilty to a frightful extent, and of which he never expresses horror. And yet among his contemporaries he achieved a character for clemency which he has retained to the present day. In describing the character of Cæsar,

without reference to that of his contemporaries, it is impossible not to declare him to have been terribly cruel. From blood-thirstiness he slaughtered none; but neither from tenderness did he spare any. All was done from policy; and when policy seemed to him to demand blood, he could, without a scruple, — as far as we can judge, without a pang, — order the destruction of human beings, having no regard to number, sex, age, innocence, or helplessness. Our only excuse for him is that he was a Roman, and that Romans were indifferent to blood. Suicide was with them the common mode of avoiding otherwise inevitable misfortune, and it was natural that men who made light of their own lives should also make light of the lives of others.

Of all those with whose names the reader will become acquainted in the following pages [of Roman history], hardly one or two died in their beds. Cæsar and Pompey, the two great ones, were murdered. Dumnorix, the Æduan, was killed by Cæsar's orders. Vercingetorix, the gallantest of the Gauls, was kept alive for years that his death might grace Cæsar's Triumph. Ariovistus, the German, escaped from Cæsar, but we hear soon after of his death, and that the Germans resented it: he doubtless was killed by a Roman weapon. What became of the hunted Ambiorix we do not know, but his brother king Cativolcus poisoned himself with the juice of a yew tree. Crassus, the partner of Cæsar and Pompey in the first triumvirate, was killed by the Parthians. Young Crassus, the son, Cæsar's officer in Gaul, had himself killed by his own men that he might not fall into the hands of the Parthians, and his head was cut off and sent to his father. Labienus fell at Munda, in the last civil war with Spain. Quintus Cicero, Cæsar's lieutenant, and his greater brother, the orator, and his son, perished in the proscriptions of the second triumvirate. Titurius and Cotta were slaughtered with all their army by Ambiorix. Afranius was killed by Cæsar's soldiers after the last battle in Africa. Petreius was hacked to pieces in amicable contest by King Juba. Varro indeed lived to be an old man, and to write many books. Domitius, who defended Marseilles for Pompey, was killed in the flight after Pharsalia. Trebonius, who attacked Marseilles by land, was killed by a son-in-law of Cicero at Smyrna. Of Decimus Brutus, who attacked Marseilles by sea, one Camillus cut off the head and sent it as a present to Antony. Curio, who attempted to master the province of

Savagery of Classic Times

From the painting in the Louvre

Africa on behalf of Cæsar, rushed amidst his enemies' swords and was slaughtered. King Juba, who conquered him, failing to kill himself, had himself killed by a slave. Attius Varus, who had held the province for Pompey, fell afterwards at Munda. Marc Antony, Cæsar's great lieutenant in the Pharsalian wars, stabbed himself. Cassius Longinus, another lieutenant under Cæsar, was drowned. Scipio, Pompey's partner in greatness at Pharsalia, destroyed himself in Africa. Bibulus, his chief admiral, pined to death. Young Ptolemy, to whom Pompey fled, was drowned in the Nile. The fate of his sister Cleopatra is known to all the world. Pharnaces, Cæsar's enemy in Asia, fell in battle. Cato destroyed himself at Utica. Pompey's eldest son, Cnæus, was caught wounded in Spain and slaughtered. Sextus the younger was killed some years afterward by one of Antony's soldiers. Brutus and Cassius, the two great conspirators, both committed suicide. But of these two we hear little or nothing in the "Commentaries"; nor of Augustus Cæsar, who did contrive to live in spite of all the bloodshed through which he had waded to the throne. Among the whole number there are not above three, if so many, who died fairly fighting in battle.

The above is a list of the names of men of mark, — of warriors chiefly, of men who, with their eyes open, knowing what was before them, went out to encounter danger for certain purposes. The bloody catalogue is so complete, so nearly comprises all whose names are mentioned, that it strikes the reader with almost a comic horror. But when we come to the slaughter of whole towns, the devastation of a country effected purposely that men and women might starve, to the abandonment of the old, the young, and the tender, that they might perish on the hillsides, to the mutilation of crowds of men, to the burning of cities told us in a passing word, to the drowning of many thousands, — mentioned as we should mention the destruction of a brood of rats, — the comedy is all over, and the heart becomes sick. Then it is that we remember that the coming of Christ has changed all things, and that men now — though terrible things have been done since Christ came to us — are not as men were in the days of Cæsar.

ROMAN AND CELT IN OUR DAYS.

By Professor CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

Under the slanting light of the yellow sun of October,
A "gang of Dagos" were working close by the side of the car track.
Pausing a moment to catch a note of their liquid Italian,
Faintly I heard an echo of Rome's imperial accents, —
Broken-down forms of Latin words from the Senate and Forum,
Now smoothed over by use to the musical *lingua Romana.*
Then came the thought — Why! these are the heirs of the conquering Romans;
These are the sons of the men who founded the empire of Cæsar.
These are they whose fathers carried the conquering eagles
Over all Gaul and across the sea to Ultima Thule.
The race type persists unchanged in their eyes, and profiles, and [figures
Muscular, short, and thick-set, with prominent noses, recalling
"Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam."
See, Labienus is swinging a pick with rhythmical motion;
Yonder one pushing the shovel might be Julius Cæsar, —
Lean, deep-eyed, broad-browed, and bald, a man of a thousand;
Further along stands the jolly Horatius Flaccus;
Grim and grave, with rings in his ears, see Cato the Censor;
And the next has precisely the bust of Cneius Pompeius.
Blurred and worn the surface, I grant, and the coin is but copper;
Look more closely, you'll catch a hint of the old superscription,
Perhaps the stem of a letter, perhaps a leaf of the laurel.

On the side of the street, in proud and gloomy seclusion,
"Bossing the job," stood a Celt, the race enslaved by the legions,
Sold in the market of Rome to meet the expenses of Cæsar.
And as I loitered, the Celt cried out, "Worruk, ye Dagos!
Full up your shovel, Paythro, ye haythen, — I'll dock yees a quarther!"
This he said to the one who resembled the great Imperator.
Meekly the dignified Roman kept on patiently digging.

Such are the changes and chances the centuries bring to the nations;
Surely the ups and downs of this world are past calculation.
How the races troop over the stage in endless procession!
Persian and Arab and Greek, and Hun and Roman and Saxon,
Master the world in turn, and then disappear in the darkness,
Leaving a remnant as hewers of wood and drawers of water.
"Possibly" (this I thought to myself) "the yoke of the Irish
May in turn be lifted from us in the tenth generation.
Now the Celt is on top; but Time may bring his revenges,
Turning the Fenian down once more to be 'bossed by a Dago.'"

EARLY CELTIC LITERATURE.

The Death of the Children of Usnach.

(From the King Conor MacNessa Cycle. Time: first century B.C. Abridged by Lady Ferguson.)

[King Conor goes to a banquet in the house of Feilimid, his story-teller. During the festivity, Deirdré, the daughter of Feilimid, is born. Cathbad, the Druid, foretells her future beauty and the destruction it will bring on Ulster and on the king and nobles. Thereupon, the nobles demand the death of the infant; but the king orders her to be shut up in a strong tower until she grows old enough to become his wife.]

Notwithstanding the precautions of Conor, Deirdré saw and loved Naisi, the son of Usnach. He was sitting in the midst of the plain of Emania, playing on a harp. Sweet was the music of the sons of Usnach — great also was their prowess; they were fleet as hounds in the chase — they slew deer with their speed. As Naisi sat singing, he perceived a maiden approaching him. She held down her head as she came near him, and would have passed in silence. "Gentle is the damsel who passeth by," said Naisi. Then the maiden, looking up, replied, "Damsels may well be gentle when there are no youths." Then Naisi knew it was Deirdré, and great dread fell upon him. "The king of the province is betrothed to thee, O damsel," he said. "I love him not," she replied; "he is an aged man. I would rather love a youth like thee." "Say not so, O damsel," answered Naisi; "the king is a better spouse than the king's servant." "Thou sayest so," said Deirdré, "that thou mayest avoid me." Then plucking a rose from a brier, she flung it towards him, and said, "Now thou art ever disgraced if thou rejectest me." "Depart from me, I beseech thee, damsel," said Naisi. "If thou dost not take me to be thy wife," said Deirdré, "thou art dishonored before all the men of Erin after what I have done." Then Naisi said no more, and Deirdré took the harp, and sat beside him, playing sweetly. But the other sons of Usnach, rushing forth, came running to the spot where Naisi sat, and Deirdré with him. "Alas!" they cried, "what hast thou done, O brother?

Is not this damsel fated to ruin Ulster?" "I am disgraced before the men of Erin forever," replied Naisi, "if I take her not after that which she hath done." "Evil will come of it," said the brothers. "I care not," said Naisi. "I would rather be in misfortune than dishonor. We will fly with her to another country." So that night they departed, taking with them three times fifty men of might, and three times fifty women, and three times fifty greyhounds, and three times fifty attendants; and Naisi took Deirdré to be his wife.

After wandering through various parts of Erin, from Easroe to Ben Edar, from Dundalgan to Almain, the fugitives at length took shelter in Alba,[1] where they found an asylum on the banks of Loch Etive. The loss of three warriors of such renown soon began to be felt by the nobles of Ulster, who no longer found themselves able to make head with their accustomed success against the southern provinces. They therefore urged Conor to abandon his resentment and recall the fugitives. Conor, with no other intention than that of repossessing himself of Deirdré, feigned compliance. But, to induce Clan Usnach to trust themselves again in the hands of him whom their leader had so outraged, it was necessary that the message of pardon should be borne by one on whose warranty of safe conduct the most implicit reliance could be placed. After sounding some of his chief nobles who were of sufficient authority to undertake the mission, and finding that any attempt to tamper with them would be unavailing, Conor fixes on Fergus, the son of Roy, as a more likely instrument, and commits the embassy to him. But though he does not much fear the consequences of compromising the safe conduct of Fergus, he yet does not venture to enlist him openly in the meditated treachery, but proceeds by a stratagem. Fergus was of the order of the Red Branch knights, and the brethren of the Red Branch were under vow never to refuse hospitality at one another's hands. Conor, therefore, arranged with Barach, one of his minions, and a brother of the order, to intercept Fergus on his return by the tender of a three days' banquet, well knowing that Clan Usnach must in that case proceed to Emania without the presence of their protector. Meanwhile, Fergus, arriving in the harbor of Loch Etive, where dwelt Clan Usnach in green hunting booths along the shore, "sends forth the loud cry of a mighty man of chase." Deirdré and Naisi were sitting to-

[1] Scotland.

gether in their tent, and Conor's polished chessboard between them. And Naisi, hearing the cry, said, "I hear the call of a man of Erin." "That was not the call of a man of Erin," replied Deirdré, "but the call of a man of Alba." Then again Fergus shouted a second time. "Surely that was the call of a man of Erin," said Naisi. "Surely no," said Deirdré; "let us play on." Then again Fergus shouted a third time, and Naisi knew that it was the cry of Fergus, and he said: "If the son of Roy be in existence, I hear his hunting shout from the Loch. Go forth, Ardan, my brother, and give our kinsman welcome." "Alas!" cried Deirdré, "I knew the call of Fergus from the first." For she has a prophetic dread that foul play is intended them, and this feeling never subsides in her breast from that hour until the catastrophe. Quite different are the feelings of Naisi; he reposes the most unlimited confidence in the safe conduct vouched for by his brother in arms, and, in spite of the remonstrance of Deirdré, embarks with all his retainers for Ireland. Deirdré, on leaving the only secure or happy home she ever expects to enjoy, sings this farewell to Alba and her green sheeling on the shores of Glen Etive: —

(Translation of Sir Samuel Ferguson.)

Harp, take my bosom's burthen on thy string,
And, turning it to sad, sweet melody,
Waste and disperse it on the careless air.

Air, take the harp string's burthen on thy breast,
And, softly thrilling soulward through the sense,
Bring my love's heart again in tune with mine.

Blessed were the hours when, heart in tune with heart,
My love and I desired no happier home
Than Etive's airy glades and lonely shore.

Alba, farewell! Farewell, fair Etive bank!
Sun kiss thee; moon caress thee; dewy stars
Refresh thee long, dear scene of quiet days!

Barach meets them on their landing, near Dunseverick on the coast of Antrim, and detains Fergus, who reluctantly assigns his charge to his two sons, Red Buiné Borb and Illan Finn, to conduct them in safety to their journey's end. Deirdré's fears are more and more excited. "A blood-red cloud

floats before her and hovers above the palace of Emania." She has dreams and visions of disasters. She urges Naisi to go to Dunseverick or to Dundalgan and there await the coming of Fergus. Naisi is inflexible. It would injure the honor of his companion in arms to admit any apprehension of danger while under his safe conduct. The omens multiply. Deirdré's sense of danger becomes more and more acute. Still Naisi's reply is: "I fear not; let us proceed." At length they reach Emania, and are assigned the house of the Red Branch for their lodging. Calm, and to all appearance unconscious of any cause for apprehension, Naisi takes his place at the chess table, and Deirdré, full of fears, sits opposite. Meanwhile the king, knowing that Deirdré was again within his reach, could not rest at the banquet, but sends spies to bring him word "if her beauty yet lived upon her." The first messenger, friendly to Clan Usnach, reports that she is "quite bereft of her own aspect, and is lovely and desirable no longer." This allays Conor's passion for a time; but growing heated with wine, he shortly after sends another messenger, who brings back the intelligence that not only is Deirdré "the fairest woman on the ridge of the world," but that he himself has been wounded by Naisi, who had resented his gazing in at the window of the Red Branch by flinging a chessman at his head, and dashing out one of his eyes. This was all that Conor wanted; he starts up in pretended indignation at the violence done his servant, calls his bodyguard, and attacks the Red Branch. The defense now devolves on the sons of Fergus. Clan Usnach scorn to evince alarm, or interfere in any way with the duties of their protectors. But Deirdré cannot conceal her consciousness that they are betrayed. "Ah, me!" she cries, hearing the soldiery of Conor at the gates, "I knew that Fergus was a traitor." "If Fergus hath betrayed you," replied Red Buiné Borb, "yet will not I betray you." And he issues out and slays his "thrice fifty men of might." But when Conor offers him Slieve Fuad for a bribe, he holds back his hand from the slaughter, and goes his way. Then calls Deirdré, "Traitor father, traitor son!" "No," replied Illan Finn, "though Red Buiné Borb be a traitor, yet will not I be a traitor. While liveth this small straight sword in my hand, I will not forsake Clan Usnach." Then Illan Finn, encountering Fiachra, the son of Conor, who was armed with Ocean, Flight, and Victory, the shield, spear, and sword of his father, they fight "a fair fight, stout and manly,

bitter and bloody, savage and hot, and vehement and terrible, until the waves round the blue rim of Ocean roared, for it was the nature of Conor's shield that it ever resounded as with the noise of stormy waters when he who bore it was in danger." Summoned by which signal, one of King Conor's nobles, coming behind Illan Finn, thrusts him through. "The weakness of death then fell darkly upon Illan, and he threw his arms into the mansion, and called to Naisi to fight manfully, and expired." Clan Usnach at length designed to lay aside their chess tables and stand to their arms. Ardan first sallies out, and slays his "three hundred men of might," then Ainlé, who makes twice that havoc; and last Naisi himself; and "till the sands of the sea, the dewdrops of the meadows, the leaves of the forest, or the stars of heaven be counted, it is not possible to tell the number of heads and hands and lopped limbs of heroes that there lay bare and red from the hands of Naisi and his brothers on that plain." Then Naisi came again into the Red Branch to Deirdré; and she encouraged him, and said, "We will yet escape; fight manfully, and fear not." Then the sons of Usnach made a phalanx of their shields, and spread the links of their joined bucklers round Deirdré, and bounding forth like three eagles, swept down upon the troops of Conor, making great havoc of the people. But when Cathbad, the Druid, saw that the sons of Usnach were bent on the destruction of Conor himself, he had recourse to his arts of magic and he cast an enchantment over them, so that their arms fell from their hands, and they were taken by the men of Ulster; for the spell was like a sea of thick gums about them, and their limbs were clogged in it, that they could not move. The sons of Usnach were then put to death, and Deirdré, standing over their grave, sang this funeral song: —

(Translation of Sir Samuel Ferguson.)

The lions of the hill are gone,
And I am left alone — alone.
Dig the grave both wide and deep,
For I am sick, and fain would sleep!

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone — alone.
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping,
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping.
Dig the grave, and make it ready,
Lay me on my true love's body.

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warriors' sides aright.
Many a day the three before me
On their linked bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave floor,
'Neath each head, the blue claymore;
Many a time the noble three
Reddened these blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,
Of their greyhounds at their feet;
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

In the falcon's jesses throw
Hook and arrow, line and bow:
Never again by stream or plain
Shall the gentle woodsmen go.

Sweet companions ye were ever —
Harsh to me, your sister, never;
Woods and wilds and misty valleys
Were with you as good's a palace.

Oh! to hear my true love singing,
Sweet as sound of trumpets ringing;
Like the sway of Ocean swelling
Rolled his deep voice round our dwelling.

Oh! to hear the echoes pealing
Round our green and fairy sheeling,
When the three, with soaring chorus,
Passed the silent skylark o'er us.

Echo, now sleep morn and even —
Lark, alone enchant the heaven! —
Ardan's lips are scant of breath,
Naisi's tongue is cold in death.

Stag, exult on glen and mountain;
Salmon, leap from loch to fountain;
Heron, in the free air warm ye;
Usnach's sons no more will harm ye.

Erin's stay no more ye are,
Rulers of the ridge of war!
Nevermore 'twill be your fate
To keep the beam of battle straight!

Woe is me! by fraud and wrong,
Traitors false and tyrants strong,
Fell Clan Usnach, bought and sold,
For Barach's feast and Conor's gold!

Woe to Emain, roof and wall!
Woe to Red Branch, hearth and hall!
Tenfold woe and black dishonor
To the foul and false Clan Conor!

Dig the grave both wide and deep,
Sick I am, and fain would sleep.
Dig the grave and make it ready,
Lay me on my true love's body!

So saying, she flung herself into the grave, and expired.

(Episodes from the Tain Bo Cuailgné, or Cattle Spoil of Coolney, the chief epic of ancient Ireland. Time: the first century B.C.)

The Pillow Conversation of King Ailill and Queen Maev that caused the War.

Translation of O'Curry.

On one occasion that Ailill and Maev had arisen from their royal bed in Cruachan of Rath Conrach, a pillow conversation was carried on between them: —

"It is a true saying, O woman," said Ailill, "that a good man's wife is a happy creature."

"Why do you say so?" said Maev.

"The reason that I say so," said Ailill, "is because you are happier this day than the day I espoused you."

"I was happy before I knew you," said Maev.

"It was a happiness of which we never heard," said Ailill.

"We only heard of your being in the dependent position of a woman, while your nearest enemies stole and plundered, and carried off your property."

"Not so was I," said Maev, "but my father was arch king of Erin; that is, Eochy Fiedlech, son of Finn, son of Finnoman, son of Finneon, son of Finnlag, etc. He had six daughters of daughters; namely, Derbrin, Eithne, Ele, Clothra, Mugain, and Maev, myself, who was the most noble and illustrious of them, for I was the best for gifts and presents of them. I was the best for battle and fight and combat of them. It was I that had fifteen hundred noble mercenaries, soldiers — sons of foreign chiefs — and as many more of the sons of my own landholders; and there were ten men with every soldier of them; and eight with every soldier, and seven with every soldier, and six with every soldier, and five with every soldier, and three with every soldier, and two with every soldier, and a soldier with every soldier. These I had for my ordinary household, and for that it was that my father gave me a province of the provinces of Erin; namely, the province of Cruachan, where I am called Maev of Cruachan. And I was sought in marriage by Finn, son of Ross Ruadh, king of Laighin, and by Cairpri Nia Fear, son of the king of Flamair, and by Conor, son of Fachna Fathach. And I was sought by Eochy, son of Luchta; and I did not go, because it was I that demanded the extraordinary dowry, such as no woman ever sought before from the men of Erin; namely, a man without parsimoniousness, without jealousy, without fear. If the man who would have me were parsimonious, we were not fit to be united in one, because I am good at bestowing gifts and presents, and it would be a reproach to my husband that I were better in gifts than he; and it would be no reproach now, if we were equally good, provided that we were both good. If my husband were timid, we were not the more fit to unite, because I go in battle and fights and combats, by myself alone; and it would be a reproach to my husband that his wife were more active than himself; and it is no reproach if we are equally active. If the man who had me were jealous, we were not matched either, because I never was without having a man in the shadow of another. I have found that man; namely, you; namely, Ailill, the son of Ross Ruadh, of the men of Laighin. You were not parsimonious; you were not jealous; you were not timid. I gave you an engagement and a dowry,

the best that is desired of woman; namely, of clothes, the array of twelve men; a chariot, with thrice seven *cumhals* (steeds); the breadth of your face of red gold; the span of your left wrist of carved silver. Should any one work reproach or injury or incantation on you, you are not entitled to *Diré* (fine for bodily injury) or *Eneclann* (fine for satire and calumny) for it, but what comes to me. Because a man in attendance on a woman is what you are."

"Such was not my state," said Ailill, "but I had two brothers, one the king of Temar, and the other the king of Laighin. I left them the sovereignty because of their seniority. And you were not the better for gifts and presents than I was. I have not heard of a province of Erin in woman's keeping but this province alone. I came, then, and I assumed sovereignty here in succession to my mother; for Mata of Murisy, the daughter of Magach, was my mother, and what better queen need I desire to have than you, since you happen to be the daughter of the arch king of Erin."

"It happens, however," said Maev, "that my goodness is greater than yours."

"I wonder at that," said Ailill, "since there is no one that has more jewels, and wealth, and riches than I have — and I know there is not."

Ailill and Maev then commenced a comparison of their goods and effects — for women at this time did not lose by marriage their separate rights of property. Their jewels, garments, flocks, were compared, and found to be of equal value, with one exception. There was a particularly splendid bull of Ailill's cows. Now he was the calf of one of Maev's cows, and Finnbennach (White Horn) was his name; but he deemed it not honorable to be in a woman's dependence, and he passed over to the king's cows. And the queen was indignant, but hearing that Daré, son of Factna, of Cuailgné, was the possessor of a brown bull, a still finer animal than the white-horned deserter of her drove, she dispatched her courier, MacRoth, to Daré, requesting of him the loan of the Donn Cuailgné (the Brown One of Coolney) for a year, and promising to restore him with fifty heifers to boot, a chariot worth sixty-three cows, and other tokens of her friendship. On his refusal, she summoned her forces to join in a foray for the capture of the Donn Cuailgné.

How Setanta, the Hero of the *Tain*, received the Name of Cuchullin, the Hound of Cullan.

Translation of Sir SAMUEL FERGUSON.

[King Conor, going with a few guests to a feast at the Dun of Cullan, the Smith, meets his nephew, Setanta, who is playing with his companions on the plain of Emania.]

Conor —
Setanta, if bird nesting in the woods
And ball feats on the playgreen please thee not
More than discourse of warrior and sage,
And sight of warrior weapons in the forge,
I offer an indulgence. For we go —
Myself, my step-sire Fergus, and my Bard —
To visit Cullan, the illustrious smith
Of Coolney. Come thou also if thou wilt.

Setanta —
Ask me not, O good Conor, yet to leave
The playgreen; for the ball feats just begun
Are those which most delight my playmate youths,
And they entreat me to defend the goal:
But let me follow; for the chariot tracks
Are easy to discern; and much I long
To hear discourse of warrior and sage,
And see the nest that hatches deaths of men,
The tongs a-flash, and Cullan's welding blow.

Conor —
Too late the hour; too difficult the way.
Set forward, drivers: give our steeds the goad.

Cullan —
Great King of Emain, welcome. Welcome, thou,
Fergus, illustrious step-sire of the King:
And, Seer and Poet, Cathbad, welcome too,
Behold the tables set, the feast prepared.
Sit. But before I cast my chain hound loose,
Give me assurance that ye be all in.
For night descends; and perilous the wild;
And other watchman none of house or herds,
Here, in this solitude remote from men,
Own I, but one hound only. Once his chain
Is loosened, and he makes three bounds at large
Before my doorposts, after fall of night,

There lives not man nor company of men,
Less than a cohort, shall within my close
Set foot of trespass, short of life or limb.

Conor —

Yea; all are in. Let loose, and sit secure.
Good are thy viands, Smith, and strong thine ale.
Hark, the hound growling! —

Cullan — Wild dogs are abroad.

Fergus —

Not ruddier the fire that laps a sword
Steeled for a king, oh Cullan, than thy wine. —
Hark, the hound baying! —

Cullan — Wolves, belike, are near.

Cathbad —

Not cheerfuller the ruddy forge's light
To wayfarer benighted, nor the glow
Of wine and viands to a hungry man
Than look of welcome passed from host to guest. —
Hark, the hound yelling! —

Cullan — Friends, arise and arm!
Some enemy intrudes! — Tush! 'tis a boy.

Setanta —

Setanta here, the son of Suailtam.

Conor —

Setanta, whom I deemed on Emain green,
Engaged at ball play, on our track, indeed!

Setanta —

Not difficult the track to find, oh King,
But difficult, indeed, to follow home.
Cullan, 'tis evil welcome for a guest
This unwarned onset of a savage beast,
Which, but that 'gainst the stone posts of thy gate
I three times threw him, leaping at my throat,
And, at the third throw, on the stone edge, slew,
Had brought on thee the shame indelible
Of bidden guest, at his host's threshold, torn.

Conor —

Yea, he was bidden: it was I myself
Said, as I passed him with the youths at play,
This morning: Come thou also if thou wilt.
But little thought I, — when he said the youths
Desired his presence still to hold the goal,
Yet asked to follow — for he said he longed
To hear discourse of warrior and sage,
And see the nest that hatches deaths of men

The tongs a-flash, and Cullan's welding blow —
That such a playful, young, untutored boy
Would come on this adventure of a man.

Cullan —

I knew not he was bidden; and I asked,
Ere I cast loose, if all the train were in.
But, since thy word has made the boy my guest, —
Boy, for his sake who bade thee to my board,
I give thee welcome: for thine own sake, no.
For thou hast slain my servant and my friend,
The hound I loved, that fierce, intractable
To all men else, was ever mild to me.
He knew me; and he knew my uttered words,
All my commandments, as a man might know:
More than a man, he knew my looks and tones
And turns of gesture, and discerned my mind,
Unspoken, if in grief or if in joy.
He was my pride, my strength, my company,
For I am childless; and that hand of thine
Has left an old man lonely in the world.

Setanta —

Since, Cullan, by mischance, I've slain thy hound,
So much thy grief compassion stirs in me,
Hear me pronounce a sentence on myself.
If of his seed there liveth but a whelp
In Uladh, I will rear him till he grow
To such ability as had his sire
For knowing, honoring, and serving thee.
Meantime, but give a javelin in my hand,
And a good buckler, and there never went
About thy bounds, from daylight — gone till dawn,
Hound watchfuller, or of a keener fang
Against intruder, than myself shall be.

Cullan —

A sentence, a just sentence.

Conor — Not myself
Hath made award more righteous. Be it so.
Wherefore what hinders that we give him now
His hero name, no more Setanta called
But now Cuchullin, chain hound of the Smith?

Setanta —

Setanta I, the son of Suailtam,
Nor other name assume I, or desire.

Cathbad —

Take, son of Suailtam, the offered name.

Setanta —
Setanta I, Setanta let me be.
Conor —
Mark Cathbad! —
Fergus — 'Tis his seer fit!
Cathbad — To my ears
There comes a clamor from the rising years,
The tumult of a passion torrent-swollen,
Rolled hitherward, and 'mid its mingling noises,
I hear perpetual voices
Proclaim to land and fame
The name,
CUCHULLIN!
Hound of the Smith, thy boyish vow
Devotes thy manhood even now
To vigilance, fidelity, and toil:
'Tis not alone the wolf, fang-bare to snatch,
Not the marauder from the lifted latch
Alone, thy coming footfall makes recoil,
The nobler service thine to chase afar
Seditious tumult and intestine war,
Envy and unfraternal hate,
From all the households of the state.

* * * * * * *

Great is the land and splendid:
The borders of the country are extended:
The extern tribes look up with wondering awe
And own the central law.
Fair show the fields, and fair the friendly faces
Of men in all their places.
With song and chosen story,
With game and dance, with revelries and races,
Life glides on joyous wing —
The tales they tell of love and war and glory,
Tales that the soft bright daughters of the land
Delight to understand,
The songs they sing,
To harps of double string,
To gitterns and new reeds,
Are of the glorious deeds
Of young Cuchullin in the Cuelgnian foray.

Take, son of Suailtam, the offered name.
For at that name the mightiest of the men
Of Erin and of Alba shall turn pale:

And of that name the mouths of all the men
Of Erin and of Alba shall be full.

Setanta —

Yea, then if that be so — Cuchullin here!

Cuchullin's Wooing of Eimer.

Translation of STANDISH O'GRADY.

"Hers were the gift of beauty of person, the gift of voice, the gift of music, the gift of embroidery and of all needlework, the gift of wisdom, and the gift of virtuous chastity."

Cuchullin —

Come down, O daughter of Forgal Manah,
Sweet Eimer, come down without fear.
The moon has arisen to light us on our way,
Come down from thy grenan[1] without fear.

Eimer —

Who is that beneath my chamber window
Sends up to me his words through the dim night?
Who art thou, standing in the beechen shadows,
White-browed and tall, with thy golden hair?

Cuchullin —

It is I, Setanta, O gentle Eimer!
I, thy lover, come to seek thee from the north;
It is I who stand in the beechen shadows,
Sending up my heart in words through the dim night.

Eimer —

I fear my proud father, O Setanta,
My brothers, and my kinsmen, and the guards,
Ere I come unto thy hands, O my lover!
Through their well-lit feasting chamber I must pass.

Cuchullin —

Fear not the guards, O noble Eimer!
Fear not thy brothers or thy sire,
Dull with ale are they all, and pressed with slumber,
And the lights extinguished in the hall.

Eimer —

I fear the fierce watchdogs, O Setanta,
The deep water of the moat how shall I cross?
Not alone for myself, I fear, Setanta,
They will rend thee without ruth, Cuchullin.

[1] Women's apartments.

Cuchullin —

The dogs are my comrades and my namesakes;
Like my Luath they are friendly unto me.
O'er the foss I will bear thee in my arms —
I will leap across the foss, my love, with thee.

Eimer —

Forward wide, all the tribes and the nations
Over Bregia, northwards to Dun — Sir,
They are kin to my father and his subjects —
For thy life I fear, O noble Cuchullin.

Cuchullin —

On the lawn within the beechen shadows
Is my chariot light and strong, bright with gold;
And steeds like the March wind in their swiftness
Will bear thee to Dundalgan ere the dawn.

Eimer —

I grieve to leave my father, O Setanta,
Mild to me, though his nature be not mild;
I grieve to leave my native land, Setanta,
Frisk with its streams and fairy glades.

I grieve to leave my Dun, O Setanta,
And this lawn, and the trees I know so well,
And this, my tiny chamber looking eastward,
Where love found me unknowing of his power.

Well I know the great wrong I do my father,
But thus, even thus I fly with thee;
As the sea draws down the little Tolka
So thou, O Cuchullin, drawest me.

Like a god descending from the mountains,
So hast thou descended upon me;
I would die to save thy life, O Setanta,
I would die if thou caredst not for me.

The Fight of Cuchullin and Ferdiah at the Ford.

Translation of O'Curry.

[King Ailill and Queen Maev threaten Ferdiah with the bardic curse "which withers and dishonors heroes" if he refuses to meet his former friend and companion, Cuchullin, in combat.]

Maev and Ailill sent to the Bards to make a great outcry

and get up an excitement, and raise up a triple barrier of scandal and reproach against his name unless he came to them. Then came Ferdiah to them, for it was better for him to fall in chivalrous and martial exploit than to fall by the libels and outcries of the Bards. And when he came, a full and wondrous joy took possession of Ailill and Maev, and they promised him abundance of goods if he would go and encounter exalted Cuchullin, and that he should be free of imposition of exaction or tribute, and that nothing should ever be required of him during eternity. And that he should get for a wife Fionbar, the beauteous only daughter of Ailill and Maev, who excelled in beauty and in form all the women of the world, and that he should take the golden jewel that was in the cloak of Maev, a talisman of great virtue. . . . Ferdiah took his steeds and mounted his chariot at the rising of the sun. . . . And Ferdiah beheld the polished bounding chariot of Cuchullin coming rapidly and actively, with his people clad in green, and with a shaking of stout spears and dexterous bloodthirsty javelins held up aloft. And two fleet steeds under the chariot, bounding broad-chested, high-spirited, holding high their heads and arching their long necks. And they were as a hawk on a sharp blustering day, or as a whirlwind in a brisk spring day in March in its course over the lovely wide marshy plains. Or like a beauteous excellent deer at the first starting of the hounds — such were those two steeds under the chariot of Cuchullin.

And Ferdiah gave Cuchullin a manly and a truly mild welcome. And then said Cuchullin: "O Ferdiah, it was not meet of thee to come to do battle with me at the jealous instigation and complaint of Ailill and Maev, and for the sake of their false promises and deceitful gifts. O Ferdiah, and woe is it to thee to have abandoned my friendship for the friendship of any one woman. Fifty champions have hitherto fallen by me, and long is it ere I would forsake thee for the promises of any woman; for we were together gaining instruction in chivalry, and together went we to every battle and conflict, and together pursued we the chase, and together were we in every desolate place of darkness and sorcery."

"Dost thou bear in mind, great Cuchullin," said Ferdiah, "the generous exercise we used to go through with Uatha and Scatha and with Aifé?" "Well do I remember them," said Cuchullin. "And now let us joust with our trusty spears."

And they made ready their chariots and did so. And they began piercing and overthrowing one another from the dusky dawn of the morning until eventide. And after that they ceased. And they handed their arms to their attendants, and gave each other many a kiss. And their steeds rested at the same time; and their attendants were at the same fire for the night. And two lofty beds of rushes were made ready for these wounded heroes. The herbs that assuage pain were brought, and cures to alleviate their sufferings, and they tended them that night, and every remedy and every charm that was applied to Cuchullin was equally divided with Ferdiah.

Thus were they that night, and they arose early in the morning to go to the field of combat. — "Thou art looking badly to-day, O Ferdiah," said Cuchullin; "for thine hair has lost its gloss, and thine eyes are heavy, and thine upright form and sprightliness have deserted thee." "It is neither through fear or dread of thine encounter I am so," said Ferdiah; "for there is not in Erin a champion that I would not do battle with this day." "It is a pity, O Ferdiah, nor is it for thy good to confront thine own comrade and fellow-soldier at the instigation of any woman of the world." "Pity it is," said Ferdiah, "but were I to go hence without encountering thee, I shall be forever under the aspersion of cowardice with Maev and with Ailill and with all the men of Erin." . . .

And so Ferdiah fought for the sake of his honor, for he preferred to fall by the shafts of valor, gallantry, and bravery, rather than by the shafts of satire, censure, and reproach. . . . And at last Ferdiah fell down there, and a cloud, and a faint, and a weakness came on Cuchullin, and the hero, exhausted by his wounds and long-continued strife, and still more by the distress of mind caused by the death of his loved friend, lay long on his bed of sickness, and was unable to take part in the coming battle between the Ultonians and the forces of Ailill and Maev.

The Death of Cuchullin.

Translation of STANDISH O'GRADY.

As Cuchullin and Leagh, his charioteer, traveled, they saw a smoke on the edge of the wood that ascended not into the still air, but lay low, hovering around the leafless trees, and soon they saw where a party of wandering outcasts had made

their encampment beside the wood, and they sat around the fire cooking; for a brazen pot was suspended from a branch between forked supporters, and they were cooking their evening meal.

And Leagh said: —

"Methinks I never saw such miserable wanderers as these. There are three men and three women, all very old, and wretched, and meanly clad."

But when the outcasts saw Cuchullin, they lifted up their voices in a hard and dissonant chorus, and said: —

"Right well have we chosen our encampment, O mighty prince, for we said that this way thou wouldst go down to the battle, and we knew that no arts or persuasions would restrain thee that thou shouldst not come out, as of yore, to the assistance of thy people. Hail to thee, O Cuchullin, O flame of the heroes of Erin, and to thee, O illustrious son of Riangowra."

But as they spake they all stood up, and they were very hideous to look upon, marred, as Cuchullin and Leagh thought, by some evil destiny. They were clad in the skins of black he-goats, and on the breast of each, instead of pin or brooch, was the shank bone of a heron, or a swan, or such like bird; their arms and legs were lean and bony, but their hands and feet large, and they were all maimed in the right hand and the right foot.

But Cuchullin answered them as was his wont, for many such a greeting had he received from unwarlike people and outcasts, for such especially cherished his glory. Then, as Leagh was urging on the steeds, one limped forward and stood before the steeds and said: —

"O Cuchullin, partake with us of our poor repast, not meet for princes, but such as we outcasts can procure trapping wild animals; and we ourselves are like wild animals hunted to and fro. They say indeed that in many a poor man's cot thou hast eaten food, and sat beside many a humble fire, not knowing thine own greatness."

And Cuchullin said: —

"The night is already upon us, O Leagh, and we cannot travel further; let us not insult these unhappy people, maimed and outcast, by refusing what they offer."

Leagh reluctantly consented, and unharnessed the steeds from the great war car, and he returned to Cuchullin, who sat beside the fire among the outlaws, for he was chill from sitting all day in the war car. Nevertheless, he was not warmed by the fire.

But Cuchullin was glad when the charioteer drew nigh, for he was distressed at the conversation of these homeless people, and their countenances, and their forms; for their wretchedness sat lightly upon them, and they were very gay and mirthful, as they sat holding the flesh on skewers of the rowan over the embers, and they made obscene jests, and answered in a language which he could not comprehend, and it seemed to him that the women were worse than the men. Moreover, the sun set, and the darkness came down, and mysterious sounds came from the sacred hill, the noise of the trees, and of the falling water, and he saw naught but these unlovely faces around.

When the flesh was cooked they gave a portion to Cuchullin, and he ate thereof, but Leagh refused with an oath. Then these outcasts laughed and sprang to their feet, and they joined hands around them twain, and danced upon their misshapen feet, and sang: —

> "Sisters and brothers, join hands, he is ours;
> Let the charm work, he is ours.
> A rath in Murthemney holds twenty-eight skulls —
> Work on, little charm, he is ours!"

"Hast thou heard, O Cuchullin, of Clan Cailitin?"[1]

But Cuchullin drew his sword, crying: —

"O brood of hell, see now if your charms are proof against keen bronze."

But they bounded away nimbly like goats, and still encircled him, singing. Then one plunged into the wood, and all followed; and there was cracked, obscene laughter in the forest, and then silence. Cuchullin stood panting, and very pallid, with wide eyes; but Leagh crouched upon the ground.

And Cuchullin said: —

"They are gone, O Leagh. It was some horrible vision. Here was the fire where the grass is yet unburned, and there is no trace of the rowan-tree spits, or of the flesh."

But Leagh recovered himself with difficulty, and spake with a stammering tongue; and they found there no trace of the encampment of the outcasts save the skin of a wolf lately slain.

And Cuchullin said: —

"I marvel, O Leagh, how the mighty and righteous Loi, to whom this mountain is sacred, can suffer within his precincts

[1] A druidical clan, powerful in working evil enchantments, and implacable enemies of Cuchullin.

this horrid brood. O mountain dwelling, unseen king, shield us at least within thine own borders against these powers of darkness!"

Cuchullin and Leagh slept not that night. And when it was dawn Leagh harnessed the steeds and yoked the chariot. And about noon they beheld the first signs of the invasion, and saw afar the lurid smoke of conflagration, and heard the distant noise of battle. Then Leagh unfolded and closed the glittering scythes, to see if they would work freely, urging on the steeds, and Cuchullin stood erect in the chariot, looking southwards. . . .

And as the Ultonians grew less in the dread conflict, the southern warriors precipitated themselves upon Cuchullin, and like a great rock over which rolls some mighty billow of the western sea, so was Cuchullin often submerged in the overflowing tide; and as with the down-sinking billow the same rock reappears in its invincible greatness, and the white brine runs down its stubborn ribs, so the son of Suailtam perpetually reappeared, scattering and destroying his foes. Then crashed his battle mace through opposing shields; then flew the foam flakes from his lips over his reddened garments; baleful shone his eyes beneath his brows, and his voice died away in his throat till it became a hoarse whisper. Often, too, Leagh charged with the war car, and extricated him surrounded, and the mighty steeds trampled down opposing squadrons, and many a southern hero was transfixed with the chariot spear, or divided by the brazen scythes.

And on the eighth day, two hours after noon, Cuchullin, raising his eyes, beheld where the last of the Red Branch were overwhelmed; and he and Leagh were abandoned and alone, and he heard Leagh shouting, for he was surrounded by a battalion, and Cuchullin hastened back to defend him, and sprang into the chariot, bounding over the rim. There he intercepted three javelins cast against the charioteer by a Lagenian band; but Erc, son of Cairbré Nia-Far, pursued him, and at the same time cast his spear from the right. Through Cuchullin it passed, breaking through the battle shirt and the waist piece, and it pierced his left side between the hip bone and the lowest rib, and transfixed Leagh in the stomach above the navel. Then fell the reins from the hands of Leagh.

"How is it with thee, O Leagh?" said then Cuchullin.

And Leagh answered: —

"I have had enough this time, O my dear master."

Then Cuchullin cut through the spear tree with his colg, and tore forth the tree out of himself; but meantime, Lewy Mac Conroi stabbed the steed, black Shanglan, with his red hands, driving the spear through his left side, behind the shoulder, and Shanglan fell, overturning the war car, and Cuchullin sprang forth, but as he sprang Lewy Mac Conroi pierced him through the bowels. Then fell the great hero of the Gael.

Thereat the sun darkened, and the earth trembled, and a wail of agony from immortal mouths shrilled across the land, and a pale panic smote the vast host of Meav when, with a crash, fell that pillar of heroism, and that flame of the warlike valor of Erin was extinguished. Then, too, from his slain comrade brake the divine steed, the Liath Macha; for, like a housewife's thread, the divine steed brake the traces, and the brazen chains, and the yoke and bounded forth neighing, and three times he encircled the heroes, trampling down the hosts of Meav. Afar then retreated the host, and the Liath Macha, wearing still the broken collar, went back into the realms of the unseen.

But Cuchullin kissed Leagh, and Leagh, dying, said: "Farewell, O dear master and schoolfellow. Till the end of the world no servant will have a better master than thou hast been to me."

And Cuchullin said: "Farewell, O dear Leagh. The gods of Erin have deserted us, and the Clan Cailitin are now abroad, and what will happen to us henceforward I know not. But true and faithful thou hast ever been to me, and it is now seventeen years since we plighted friendship, and no angry word has ever passed between us since then."

Then the spirit went out of Leagh, and he died, and Cuchullin, raising his eyes, saw thence northwestward, about two hundred yards, a small lake called Loch-an-Tanaigté, and he tore forth from himself the bloody spear, and went staggering, and at times he fell; nevertheless, he reached the lake, and stooped down and drank a deep draught of the pure cold water, keen with frost, and the burning fever in his veins was allayed. After that he arose, and saw northward from the lake a tall pillar stone, the grave of a warrior slain there in some ancient war, and its name was Carrig-an-Compan. With difficulty he reached it, and he leaned awhile against the pillar, for his mind wandered, and he knew nothing for a space.

After that he took off his brooch, and removing the torn bratta, he passed it round the top of the pillar, where there was an indentation in the stone, and passed the ends under his

arms and around his breast, tying with languid hands a loose knot, which soon was made fast by the weight of the dying hero; so that he might not die in his sitting, or lying, but that he might die in his standing. But the host of Meav, when they beheld him, retired again, for they said that he was immortal, and that Lu Lamfada would once more come down from fairyland to his aid, and that they would wreak a terrible vengeance. So afar they retreated, when they beheld him standing with a drawn sword in his hand and the rays of the setting sun bright on his panic-striking helmet.

Now, as Cuchullin stood dying, a stream of blood trickled from his wounds, and ran in a devious way down to the lake, and poured its tiny red current into the pure water; and as Cuchullin looked upon it, thinking many things in his deep mind, there came forth an otter out of the reeds of the lake and approached the pebbly strand, where the blood flowed into the water, having been attracted thither by the smell, and at the point where the blood flowed into the lake, he lapped up the lifeblood of the hero, looking up from time to time, after the manner of a dog feeding. Which seeing, Cuchullin gazed upon the otter, and he smiled for the last time, and said: —

"O thou greedy water dog, often in my boyhood have I pursued thy race in the rivers and lakes of Murthemney; but now thou hast a full eric [blood-money], who drinkest the blood of me dying. Nor do I grudge thee this thy bloody meal. Drink on, thou happy beast. To thee, too, doubtless there will some time be an hour of woe."

Then a terrible loneliness and desolation came over his mind, and again he saw the faces of the wandering clan; and they laughed around him, and taunted him, and said: —

"Thus shalt thou perish, O Hound, and thus shall all like thee be forsaken and deserted. An early death and desolation shall be their lot, for we are powerful over men and over gods, and the kingdom that is seen and the kingdom that is unseen belong to us;" and they ringed him round, and chanted obscene songs, and triumphed.

Nevertheless, they terrified him not, for a deep spring of stern valor was opened in his soul, and the might of his unfathomable spirit sustained him.

Then was Cuchullin aware that the Clan Cailitin retired, as though in fear; and after that the soul of the mild, handsome, invincible hero departed from him.

KING DATHY'S DEATH.

(Translated from the Irish by James Clarence Mangan.)

[JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN, an Irish poet, was born in Dublin, May 1, 1803. As a boy he was a copyist and attorney's clerk, and worked at the former trade intermittently all his life. Extreme poverty, overwork, bohemian irregularity and exposure, and opium, made him a physical wreck; and he died of cholera June 20, 1849. Several partial editions of his poems have been published. The bulk of them, and his best work, are translations.]

KING DATHY assembled his Druids and Sages,
And thus he spake them: "Druids and Sages!
What of King Dathy?
What is revealed in Destiny's pages
Of him or his? Hath he
Aught for the Future to dread or to dree?
Good to rejoice in, or evil to flee?
Is he a foe of the Gall —
Fitted to conquer or fated to fall?"

And Beirdra, the Druid, made answer as thus, —
A priest of a hundred years was he: —
"Dathy! thy fate is not hidden from us!
Hear it through me! —
Thou shalt work thine own will!
Thou shalt slay, thou shalt prey,
And be Conqueror still!
Thee the Earth shall not harm!
Thee we charter and charm
From all evil and ill!
Thee the laurel shall crown!
Thee the wave shall not drown!
Thee the chain shall not bind!
Thee the spear shall not find!
Thee the sword shall not slay!
Thee the shaft shall not pierce!
Thou, therefore, be fearless and fierce!
And sail with thy warriors away
To the lands of the Gall,
There to slaughter and sway,
And be Victor o'er all!"

So Dathy he sailed away, away,
Over the deep resounding sea;

Sailed with his hosts in armor gray
    Over the deep resounding sea,
Many a night and many a day;
    And many an islet conquered he,
He and his hosts in armor gray.
    And the billow drowned him not,
    And a fetter bound him not,
    And the blue spear found him not,
    And the red sword slew him not,
    And the swift shaft knew him not,
    And the foe o'erthrew him not:
Till, one bright morn, at the base
    Of the Alps, in rich Ausonia's regions,
His men stood marshaled face to face
    With the mighty Roman legions.
        Noble foes!
Christian and Heathen stood there amongst those,
Resolute all to overcome,
Or die for the Eagles of Ancient Rome!

When, behold! from a temple anear
    Came forth an agèd priestlike man,
Of a countenance meek and clear,
    Who, turning to Eirè's Ceann,
Spake him as thus: "King Dathy! hear!
    Thee would I warn!
Retreat! retire! Repent in time
    The invader's crime;
Or better for thee thou hadst never been born!"
But Dathy replied: "False Nazarene!
    Dost thou then menace Dathy? thou!
    And dreamest thou that he will bow
To One unknown, to One so mean,
    So powerless as a priest must be?
He scorns alike thy threats and thee!
On! on, my men! to victory!"

And, with loud shouts for Eirè's King,
    The Irish rush to meet the foe;
And falchions clash and bucklers ring,—
        When, lo!
Lo! a mighty earthquake's shock!
And the cleft plains reel and rock;
Clouds of darkness pall the skies;
        Thunder crashes,
        Lightning flashes,

And in an instant Dathy lies
On the earth a mass of blackened ashes!
Then, mournfully and dolefully,
The Irish warriors sailed away
Over the deep resounding sea,
Till wearily and mournfully,
They anchored in Eblana's Bay. —
Thus the Seanachies and Sages
Tell this tale of long-gone ages.

THE MAGUIRE.

Where is my Chief, my Master, this bleak night? mavrone!
O, cold, cold, miserably cold is this bleak night for Hugh!
Its showery, arrowy, speary sleet pierceth one through and through,
Pierceth one to the very bone.

Rolls real thunder? Or, was that red livid light
Only a meteor? I scarce know; but through the midnight dim
The pitiless ice wind streams. Except the hate that persecutes him
Nothing hath crueler venomy might.

An awful, a tremendous night is this, meseems!
The flood gates of the rivers of heaven, I think, have been burst wide;
Down from the overcharged clouds, like unto headlong ocean's tide,
Descends gray rain in roaring streams.

Though he were even a wolf ranging the round green woods,
Though he were even a pleasant salmon in the unchainable sea,
Though he were a wild mountain eagle, he could scarce bear, he,
This sharp sore sleet, these howling floods.

O, mournful is my soul this night for Hugh Maguire!
Darkly as in a dream he strays! Before him and behind
Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wounding wind,
The wounding wind, that burns as fire!

It is my bitter grief — it cuts me to the heart —
That in the country of Clan Darry this should be his fate!
O, woe is me! where is he? Wandering houseless, desolate,
Alone, without or guide or chart!

Medreams I see just now his face, the strawberry-bright,
Uplifted to the blackened heavens, while the tempestuous winds
Blow fiercely over and round him, and the smiting sleet shower blinds
The hero of Galang to-night!

Large, large affliction unto me and mine it is,
That one of his majestic bearing, his fair stately form,
Should thus be tortured and o'erborne; that this unsparing storm
Should wreak its wrath on head like his!

That his great hand, so oft the avenger of the oppressed,
Should this chill, churlish night, perchance, be paralyzed by frost;
While through some icicle-hung thicket, as One lorn and lost,
He walks and wanders without rest.

The tempest-driven torrent deluges the mead,
It overflows the low banks of the rivulets and ponds;
The lawns and pasture grounds lie locked in icy bonds,
So that the cattle cannot feed.

The pale bright margins of the streams are seen by none;
Rushes and sweeps along the untamable flood on every side;
It penetrates and fills the cottagers' dwellings far and wide;
Water and land are blent in one.

Through some dark woods, 'mid bones of monsters, Hugh now strays;
As he confronts the storm with anguished heart, but manly brow, —
O! what a sword wound to that tender heart of his were now
A backward glance at peaceful days!

But other thoughts are his, — thoughts that can still inspire
With joy and an onward-bounding hope the bosom of MacNee, —
Thoughts of his warriors charging like bright billows of the sea,
Borne on the wind's wings, flashing fire!

And though frost glaze to-night the clear dew of his eyes,
And white ice gauntlets glove his noble fine fair fingers o'er,
A warm dress is to him that lightning garb he ever wore, —
The lightning of the soul, not skies.

Hugh marched forth to the fight — I grieved to see him so depart;
And lo! to-night he wanders frozen, rain-drenched, sad, betrayed:
But the memory of the lime-white mansions his right hand hath laid
In ashes warms the hero's heart!

MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE.

By LUCRETIUS.

(Translation by W. H. Mallock.)

[Titus Lucretius Carus, a Roman poet of the first rank in original genius and artistic ability, was probably born B.C. 99 or 98, and died B.C. 55, perhaps by suicide from melancholia or mental overstrain. Nothing is really known of his life, though he was younger than Cicero (who probably published his great poem posthumously) and Cæsar, and died when Catullus was over thirty and Horace a boy: his one brief biography dates four centuries later and is fabulous. But this silence proves that he was a quiet student and artist: apparently a member of a great Roman aristocratic house, certainly of the highest culture, and used in early life to all the luxury of the best society; very sensitive and of broad humanity, and keenly appreciative of nature in all aspects. He adopted enthusiastically the Epicurean system of philosophy on its highest plane, — as opposed to the Stoic system which was coming into general vogue in Rome, — and embodied it in his great poem "On the Nature of Things," which works out the atomistic theory of the universe with great splendor of thought and poetry.]

Mother and mistress of the Roman race,
  Pleasure of gods and men, O fostering
Venus, whose presence breathes in every place,
  Peopling all soils whence fruits and grasses spring,
And all the water's navigable ways,
  Water and earth and air and everything,
Since by thy power alone their life is given
To all beneath the sliding signs of heaven;

Goddess, thou comest, and the clouds before thee
  Melt, and the ruffian blasts take flight and fly;
The dædal lands, they know thee and adore thee,
  And clothe themselves with sweet flowers instantly;
Whilst pouring down its largest radiance o'er thee,
  In azure calm subsides the rounded sky,
To overarch thine advent; and for thee
A livelier sunlight laughs along the sea.

For lo, no sooner come the soft and glowing
  Days of the spring, and all the air is stirred
With amorous breaths of zephyr freshly blowing,
  Than the first prelude of thy power is heard
On all sides, in aërial music flowing
  Out of the bill of every pairing bird;
And every songster feels, on every tree,
Its small heart pulsing with the power of thee.

Next the herds feel thee; and the wild fleet races
  Bound o'er the fields, that smile in the bright weather,
And swim the streaming floods in fordless places,
  Led by thy chain, and captive in thy tether.
At last through seas and hills, thine influence passes,
  Through field and flood and all the world together,
And the birds' leafy homes; and thou dost fire
Each to renew his kind with sweet desire.

Wherefore, since thou, O lady, only thou
  Art she who guides the world upon its way;
Nor can aught rise without thee anyhow
  Up into the clear borders of the day,
Neither can aught without thee ever grow
  Lovely and sweet — to thee, to thee I pray —
Aid and be near thy suppliant as he sings
Of nature and the secret ways of things. . . .

When human life a shame to human eyes,
  Lay sprawling in the mire in foul estate,
A cowering thing without the strength to rise,
  Held down by fell Religion's heavy weight —
Religion scowling downward from the skies,
  With hideous head, and vigilant eyes of hate —
First did a man of Greece presume to raise
His brows, and give the monster gaze for gaze.

Him not the tales of all the gods in heaven,
  Nor the heaven's lightnings, nor the menacing roar
Of thunder daunted. He was only driven,
  By these vain vauntings, to desire the more
To burst through Nature's gates, and rive the unriven
  Bars. And he gained the day; and, conqueror,
His spirit broke beyond our world, and past
Its flaming walls, and fathomed all the vast.

And back returning, crowned with victory, he
  Divulged of things the hidden mysteries,
Laying quite bare what can and cannot be,
  How to each force is set strong boundaries,
How no power raves unchained, and naught is free.
  So the times change; and now religion lies
Trampled by us; and unto us 'tis given
Fearless with level gaze to scan the heaven.

Yet fear I lest thou haply deem that thus
  We sin, and enter wicked ways of reason.
Whereas 'gainst all things good and beauteous
  'Tis oft religion does the foulest treason.
Has not the tale of Aulis come to us,
  And those great chiefs who, in the windless season,
Bade young Iphianassa's form be laid
Upon the altar of the Trivian maid?

Soon as the fillet round her virgin hair
  Fell in its equal lengths down either cheek, —
Soon as she saw her father standing there,
  Sad, by the altar, without power to speak,
And at his side the murderous minister,
  Hiding the knife, and many a faithful Greek
Weeping — her knees grew weak, and with no sound
She sank, in speechless terror, on the ground.

But naught availed it in that hour accurst
  To save the maid from such a doom as this,
That her lips were the baby lips that first
  Called the king father with their cries and kiss.
For round her came the strong men, and none durst
  Refuse to do what cruel part was his;
So silently they raised her up, and bore her,
All quivering, to the deadly shrine before her.

And as they bore her, ne'er a golden lyre
  Rang round her coming with a bridal strain;
But in the very season of desire,
  A stainless maiden, amid bloody stain,
She died — a victim felled by its own sire —
  That so the ships the wished-for wind might gain,
And air puff out their canvas. Learn thou, then,
To what damned deeds religion urges men.

* * * * * * *

'Tis sweet when tempests roar upon the sea
  To watch from land another's deep distress
Amongst the waves — his toil and misery:
  Not that his sorrow makes our happiness,
But that some sweetness there must ever be
  Watching what sorrows we do not possess:
So, too, 'tis sweet to safely view from far
Gleam o'er the plains the savage ways of war.

But sweeter far to look with purgèd eyes
  Down from the battlements and topmost towers
Of learning, those high bastions of the wise,
  And far below us see this world of ours,
The vain crowds wandering blindly, led by lies,
  Spending in pride and wrangling all their powers
So far below — the pygmy toil and strife,
The pain and piteous rivalries of life.

O peoples miserable! O fools and blind!
  What night you cast o'er all the days of man,
And in that night before you and behind
  What perils prowl! But you nor will nor can
See that the treasure of a tranquil mind
  Is all that Nature pleads for, for this span,
So that between our birth and grave we gain
Some quiet pleasures, and a pause from pain.

Wherefore we see that for the body's need
  A pause from pain almost itself suffices.
For only let our life from pain be freed,
  It oft itself with its own smile entices,
And fills our healthy hearts with joys indeed,
  That leave us small desire for art's devices.
Nor do we sigh for more in hours like these,
Rich in our wealth of sweet simplicities.

What though about the halls no silent band
  Of golden boys on many a pedestal
Dangle their hanging lamps from outstretched hand,
  To flare along the midnight festival —
Though on our board no priceless vessels stand,
  Nor gold nor silver fret the dazzling wall,
Nor does the soft voluptuous air resound
From gilded ceilings with the cithern's sound;

The grass is ours, and sweeter sounds than these,
  As down we couch us by the babbling spring,
And overhead we hear the branching trees
  That shade us, whisper; and for food we bring
Only the country's simple luxuries.
  Ah, sweet is this, and sweetest in the spring,
When the sun goes through all the balmy hours,
And all the green earth's lap is filled with flowers!

THE BUGBEAR OF DEATH.

By LUCRETIUS.

(Translated by Dryden.)

What has this bugbear death to frighten man,
If souls can die, as well as bodies can?
For, as before our birth we felt no pain,
When Punic arms infested land and main,
When heaven and earth were in confusion hurled,
For the debated empire of the world,
Which awed with dreadful expectation lay,
Sure to be slaves, uncertain who should sway:
So when our mortal frame shall be disjoined,
The lifeless lump uncoupled from the mind,
From sense of grief and pain we shall be free;
We shall not *feel*, because we shall not *be*. . . .
Nay, e'en suppose, when we have suffered fate,
The soul should feel in her divided state,
What's that to us? for we are only *we*
While souls and bodies in one frame agree.
Nay, though our atoms should revolve by chance,
And matter leap into the former dance;
Though time our life and motion could restore,
And make our bodies what they were before,
What gain to us would all this bustle bring?
The new-made man would be another thing.
When once an interrupting pause is made,
That individual being is decayed.
We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart
Which to that other mortal shall accrue,
Whom of our matter time shall mold anew.
For backward if you look on that long space
Of ages past, and view the changing face
Of matter, tossed and variously combined
In sundry shapes, 'tis easy for the mind
From thence to infer, that seeds of things have been
In the same order as they now are seen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Because a pause of life, a gaping space,
Has come betwixt. . . .
For whosoe'er shall in misfortunes live,
Must *be*, when those misfortunes shall arrive;
And since the man who *is* not, feels not woe,

(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear)
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pause of life has come between,
'Tis just the same as we had never been.
And therefore if a man bemoan his lot,
That after death his moldering limbs shall rot,
Or flames, or jaws of beasts devour his mass,
Know, he's an unsincere, unthinking ass.
A secret sting remains within his mind;
The fool is to his own cast offals kind.
He boasts no sense can after death remain;
Yet makes himself a part of life again;
As if some other *He* could feel the pain.
If, while we live, this thought molest his head,
What wolf or vulture shall devour me dead?
He wastes his days in idle grief, nor can
Distinguish 'twixt the body and the man:
But thinks himself can still himself survive;
And, what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other *He*,
No living *He* remains his grief to vent,
And o'er his senseless carcass to lament.
If after death 'tis painful to be torn
By birds, and beasts, then why not so to burn,
Or drenched in floods of honey to be soaked,
Embalmed to be at once preserved and choked;
Or on an airy mountain's top to lie,
Exposed to cold and heaven's inclemency;
Or crowded in a tomb to be oppressed
With monumental marble on thy breast?
But to be snatched from all the household joys,
From thy chaste wife, and thy dear prattling boys,
Whose little arms about thy legs are cast,
And climbing for a kiss prevent their mother's haste,
Inspiring secret pleasure through thy breast;
Ah! these shall be no more: thy friends oppressed
Thy care and courage now no more shall free:
Ah! wretch, thou criest, ah! miserable me!
One woeful day sweeps children, friends, and wife,
And all the brittle blessings of my life!
Add one thing more, and all thou sayest is true;
Thy want and wish of them is vanished too:
Which, well considered, were a quick relief

To all thy vain imaginary grief.
For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,
And, quitting life, shalt quit thy living pain.
But we, thy friends, shall all those sorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'st behind;
No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee from our mind.
The worst that can befall thee, measured right,
Is a sound slumber, and a long good night.
Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the wits,
Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits:
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
Till the fresh garlands on their foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, "Let us make haste to live,
Short are the joys that human life can give."
Eternal preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the god, that never thinks, with thought;
Idiots with all that thought, to whom the worst
Of death, is want of drink, and endless thirst,
Or any fond desire as vain as these.
For, even in sleep, the body, wrapt in ease,
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave;
And, wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
Were that sound sleep eternal, it were death;
Yet the first atoms then, the seeds of breath,
Are moving near to sense; we do but shake
And rouse that sense, and straight we are awake.
Then death to us, and death's anxiety,
Is less than nothing, if a less could be.
For then our atoms, which in order lay,
Are scattered from their heap, and puffed away,
And never can return into their place,
When once the pause of life has left an empty space.
And last, suppose great Nature's voice should call
To thee, or me, or any of us all,
"What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain,
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more?
For if thy life were pleasant heretofore,
If all the bounteous blessings, I could give,
Thou hast enjoyed, if thou hast known to live,
And pleasure not leaked through thee like a sieve;
Why dost thou not give thanks, as at a plenteous feast,
Crammed to the throat with life, and rise and take thy rest?
But if My blessings thou hast thrown away,
If indigested joys passed through, and would not stay,

Why dost thou wish for more to squander still?
If life be grown a load, a real ill,
And I would all thy cares and labors end,
Lay down thy burden, fool, and know thy friend.
To please thee, I have emptied all my store,
I can invent, and can supply no more;
But run the round again, the round I ran before.
Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,
Yet still the selfsame scene of things appears,
And would be ever, couldst thou ever live:
For life is still but life, there's nothing new to give."
What can we plead against so just a bill?
We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.
But if a wretch, a man oppressed by fate,
Should beg of Nature to prolong his date,
She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,
"Be still, thou martyr fool, thou covetous of pain."
But if an old decrepit sot lament;
"What thou" (she cries) "who hast outlived content!
Dost thou complain, who hast enjoyed my store?
But this is still the effect of wishing more.
Unsatisfied with all that Nature brings;
Loathing the present, liking absent things;
From hence it comes, thy vain desires, at strife
Within themselves, have tantalized thy life,
And ghastly death appeared before thy sight,
Ere thou hast gorged thy soul and senses with delight.
Now leave those joys, unsuiting to thy age,
To a fresh comer, and resign the stage."
Is Nature to be blamed if thus she chide?
No, sure; for 'tis her business to provide
Against this ever-changing frame's decay,
New things to come, and old to pass away.
One being, worn, another being makes;
Changed, but not lost; for Nature gives and takes:
New matter must be found for things to come,
And these must waste like those, and follow Nature's doom.
All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot;
And from each other's ruin are begot;
For life is not confined to him or thee:
'Tis given to all for use, to none for property.
Consider former ages past and gone,
Whose circles ended long ere thine begun,
Then tell me, fool, what part in them thou hast?
Thus mayest thou judge the future by the past.

What horror seest thou in that quiet state,
What bugbear dreams to fright thee after fate?
No ghost, no goblins, that still passage keep;
But all is there serene, in that eternal sleep.
For all the dismal tales, that Poets tell,
Are verified on earth, and not in hell.
No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye,
Or dreads the impending rock to crush him from on high:
But fear of chance on earth disturbs our easy hours,
Or vain, imagined wrath of vain imagined powers.
No Tityus torn by vultures lies in hell;
Nor could the lobes of his rank liver swell
To that prodigious mass, for their eternal meal:
Not though his monstrous bulk had covered o'er
Nine spreading acres, or nine thousand more;
Not though the globe of earth had been the giant's floor.
Nor in eternal torments could he lie;
Nor could his corpse sufficient food supply.
But he's the Tityus, who by love oppressed,
Or tyrant passion preying on his breast,
And ever anxious thoughts, is robbed of rest.
The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
To vex the government, disturb the laws:
Drunk with the fumes of popular applause
He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sovereign seat.
For still to aim at power, and still to fail,
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
What is it, but, in reason's true account,
To heave the stone against the rising mount?
Which urged, and labored, and forced up with pain,
Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and smokes along the plain.
Then still to treat thy ever craving mind
With every blessing, and of every kind,
Yet never fill thy ravening appetite;
Though years and seasons vary thy delight,
Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,
But still the wolf within thee barks for more;
This is the fable's moral, which they tell
Of fifty foolish virgins damned in hell
To leaky vessels, which the liquor spill;
To vessels of their sex, which none could ever fill.
As for the Dog, the Furies, and their snakes,

The gloomy caverns, and the burning lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
But here on earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due;
Racks, prisons, poisons, the Tarpeian rock,
Stripes, hangmen, pitch, and suffocating smoke;
And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
The avenging horror of a conscious mind,
Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And sees no end of punishment and woe;
But looks for more, at the last gasp of breath:
This makes a hell on earth, and life a death.
Meantime when thoughts of death disturb thy head,
Consider, Ancus, great and good, is dead;
Ancus, thy better far, was born to die;
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?
So many monarchs, with their mighty state,
Who ruled the world, were overruled by fate.
That haughty king, who lorded o'er the main,
And whose stupendous bridge did the wild waves restrain,
(In vain they foamed, in vain they threatened wrack,
While his proud legions marched upon their back:)
Him Death, a greater monarch, overcame;
Nor spared his guards the more, for their immortal name.
The Roman chief, the Carthaginian dread,
Scipio the thunderbolt of war, is dead,
And, like a common slave, by Fate in triumph led.
The founders of invented arts are lost;
And wits, who made eternity their boast.
Where now is Homer, who possessed the throne?
The immortal work remains, the immortal author's gone.
Democritus, perceiving age invade
His body weakened, and his mind decayed,
Obeyed the summons with a cheerful face;
Made haste to welcome death, and met him half the race.
That stroke even Epicurus could not bar,
Though he in wit surpassed mankind, as far
As does the midday sun the midnight star.
And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
Whose very life is little more than death?
More than one half by lazy sleep possessed;
And when awake, thy soul but nods at best,
Daydreams and sickly thoughts revolving in thy breast.
Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,

Whose cause and cure thou never hopest to find;
But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
Thou wanderest in the labyrinth of life.
Oh, if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,
Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodged within the breast;
Sure they would change their course, nor live as now,
Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow.
Uneasy both in country and in town,
They search a place to lay their burden down. . . .
Thus every man o'erworks his weary will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill;
The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him still.
No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease;
The wretch is ignorant of his disease;
Which known would all his fruitless trouble spare;
For he would know the world not worth his care;
Then would he search more deeply for the cause,
And study Nature well, and Nature's laws;
For in this moment lies not the debate,
But on our future, fixed, eternal state;
That never changing state, which all must keep,
Whom death has doomed to everlasting sleep.
Why are we then so fond of mortal life,
Beset with dangers, and maintained with strife?
A life, which all our care can never save;
One fate attends us, and one common grave.
Besides, we tread but a perpetual round;
We ne'er strike out, but beat the former ground,
And the same mawkish joys in the same track are found.
For still we think an absent blessing best,
Which cloys, and is no blessing when possessed:
A new arising wish expels it from the breast.
The feverish thirst of life increases still;
We call for more and more, and never have our fill;
Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try,
What dregs of life in the last draught may lie:
Nor, by the longest life we can attain,
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his eternal reign.
When once the Fates have cut the mortal thread,
The man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dies to-day, and will as long be so,
As he who died a thousand years ago.

THE SPINNING OF THE FATES.

By CATULLUS.

(Translated by Sir Richard F. Burton.)

[Caius Valerius Catullus, a leading Roman poet, was born at Verona, B.C. 87; died about B.C. 47. He was a wealthy and pleasure-loving gentleman, the friend of Cicero and other chief men of his time. He wrote lyrics, elegies, odes, etc.]

In the mean time, with shaking bodies and infirm gesture, the Parcæ began to intone their veridical chant. Their trembling frames were enwrapped around with white garments, encircled with a purple border at their heels; snowy fillets bound each aged brow, and their hands pursued their never-ending toil, as of custom. The left hand bore the distaff enwrapped in soft wool; the right hand, lightly withdrawing the threads with upturned fingers, did shape them, then twisting them with the prone thumb it turned the balanced spindle with well-polished whirl. And then with a pluck of their tooth the work was always made even, and the bitten wool shreds adhered to their dried lips, which shreds at first had stood out from the fine thread. And in front of their feet wicker baskets of osier twigs took charge of the soft white woolly fleece. These, with clear-sounding voice, as they combed out the wool, outpoured fates of such kind in sacred song, in song which none age yet to come could tax with untruth.

"O with great virtues thine exceeding honor augmenting, stay of Emathia-land, most famous in thine issue, receive what the sisters make known to thee on this gladsome day, a weird veridical! But ye whom the fates do follow: Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"Now Hesperus shall come unto thee bearing what is longed for by bridegrooms; with that fortunate star shall thy bride come, who ensteeps thy soul with the sway of softening love, and prepares with thee to conjoin in languorous slumber, making her smooth arms thy pillow round 'neath thy sinewy neck. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"No house ever yet inclosed such loves, no love bound lovers with such pact, as abideth with Thetis, as is the concord of Peleus. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"To ye shall Achilles be born, a stranger to fear, to his foemen not by his back, but by his broad breast known, who, oft-times the victor in the uncertain struggle of the foot race, shall outrun the fire-fleet footsteps of the speedy doe. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"None in war with him may compare as a hero, when the Phrygian streams shall trickle with Trojan blood; and when besieging the walls of Troy with a long-drawn-out warfare, perjured Pelops' third heir shall lay that city waste. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"His glorious acts and illustrious deeds often shall mothers attest o'er funeral rites of their sons, when the white locks from their heads are unloosed amid ashes, and they bruise their discolored breasts with feeble fists. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"For as the husbandman bestrewing the dense wheat ears mows the harvest yellowed 'neath ardent sun, so shall he cast prostrate the corpses of Troy's sons with grim swords. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"His great valor shall be attested by Scamander's wave, which ever pours itself into the swift Hellespont, narrowing whose course with slaughtered heaps of corpses, he shall make tepid its deep stream by mingling warm blood with the water. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"And she a witness in fine shall be the captive maid handed to death, when the heaped-up tomb of earth built in lofty mound shall receive the snowy limbs of the stricken virgin. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"For instant fortune shall give the means to the war-worn Greeks to break Neptune's stone bonds of the Dardanian city, the tall tomb shall be made dank with Polyxena's blood, who as the victim succumbing 'neath two-edged sword, with yielding hams shall fall forward a headless corpse. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"Wherefore haste ye to conjoin in the longed-for delights of your love. Bridegroom, thy goddess receive in felicitous compact; let the bride be given to her eager husband. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"Nor shall the nurse at orient light returning, with yester-e'en's thread succeed in circling her neck. [Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.] Nor need her solicitous mother fear sad discord shall cause a parted bed for her

daughter, nor need she cease to hope for dear grandchildren. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles."

With such soothsaying songs of yore did the Parcæ chant from divine breast the felicitous fate of Peleus. For of aforetime the heaven dwellers were wont to visit the chaste homes of heroes, and to show themselves in mortal assembly, ere yet their worship was scorned. Often the father of the gods, a resting in his glorious temple, when on the festal days his annual rites appeared, gazed on an hundred bulls strewn prone on the earth. Often wandering Liber on topmost summit of Parnassus led his yelling Thyiads with loosely tossed locks. . . . When the Delphians tumultuously trooping from the whole of their city joyously acclaimed the god with smoking altars. Often in lethal strife of war Mavors, or swift Triton's queen, or the Rhamnusian virgin, in person did exhort armed bodies of men. But after the earth was infected with heinous crime, and each one banished justice from their grasping mind, and brothers steeped their hands in fraternal blood, the son ceased grieving o'er departed parents, the sire craved for the funeral rites of his firstborn that freely he might take of the flower of unwedded stepdame, the unholy mother, lying under her unknowing son, did not fear to sully her household gods with dishonor: everything licit and lawless commingled with mad infamy turned away from us the just-seeing mind of the gods. Wherefore nor do they deign to appear at such like assemblies, nor will they permit themselves to be met in the daylight.

EPITHALAMIUM.

By CATULLUS.

(Translated by John Hookham Frere.)

You that from the mother's side
Lead the lingering, blushing bride,
    Fair Urania's son —
Leave awhile the lonely mount,
The haunted grove and holy fount
    Of chilling Helicon.

With myrtle wreaths enweave thy hair —
Wave the torch aloft in air —
Make no long delay:
With flowing robe and footsteps light,
And gilded buskin glancing bright,
Hither bend thy way.

Join at once, with airy vigor,
In the dance's varied figure,
To the cymbal's chime:
Frolic unrestrained and free —
Let voice, and air, and verse agree,
And the torch beat time.

Hymen come, for Julia
Weds with Manlius to-day,
And deigns to be a bride.
Such a form as Venus wore
In the contest famed of yore,
On Mount Ida's side;

Like the myrtle or the bay,
Florid, elegant, and gay,
With foliage fresh and new;
Which the nymphs and forest maids
Have fostered in sequestered shades,
With drops of holy dew.

Leave, then, all the rocks and cells
Of the deep Aonian dells,
And the caverns hoar;
And the dreary streams that weep
From the stony Thespian steep,
Dripping evermore.

Haste away to new delights,
To domestic happy rites,
Human haunts and ways;
With a kindly charm applied,
Soften and appease the bride,
And shorten our delays.

Bring her hither, bound to move,
Drawn and led with bands of love,
Like the tender twine

Which the searching ivy plies,
Clinging in a thousand ties
    O'er the clasping vine.

Gentle virgins, you besides,
Whom the like event betides,
    With the coming year;
Call on Hymen! call him now!
Call aloud! A virgin vow
    Best befits his ear.

"Is there any deity
More beloved and kind than he —
    More disposed to bless;
Worthy to be worshiped more;
Master of a richer store
    Of wealth and happiness?

"Youth and age alike agree
Serving and adoring thee,
    The source of hope and care:
Care and hope alike engage
The wary parent sunk in age
    And the restless heir.

"She the maiden, half afraid,
Hears the new proposal made,
    That proceeds from thee;
You resign and hand her over
To the rash and hardy lover
    With a fixt decree.

"Hymen, Hymen, you preside,
Maintaining honor and the pride
    Of women free from blame,
With a solemn warrant given,
Is there any power in heaven
    That can do the same?

"Love, accompanied by thee,
Passes unreproved and free,
    But without thee, not:
Where on earth, or in the sky,
Can you find a deity
    With a fairer lot?

"Heirship in an honored line
Is sacred as a gift of thine,
But without thee, not:
Where on earth, or in the sky,
Can you find a deity
With a fairer lot?

"Rule and empire — royalty,
Are rightful, as derived from thee,
But without thee, not:
Where on earth, or in the sky,
Can you find a deity
With a fairer lot?"

The poet is here in his office as manager of the mob, mediating between them and the gentlefolks within. In the next stanza he speaks as the prolocutor of the rabble outside.

Open locks! unbar the gate!
Behold the ready troop that wait
The coming of the bride;
Behold the torches, how they flare!
Spreading aloft their sparkling hair,
Flashing far and wide.

Lovely maiden! here we waste
The timely moments; — Come in haste!
Come then . . . Out, alack!
Startled at the glare and din,
She retires to weep within,
Lingering, hanging back.

Bashful honor and regret,
For a while detain her yet,
Lingering, taking leave:
Taking leave and lingering still,
With a slow, reluctant will,
With grief that does not grieve.

Aurunculeia, cease your tears,
And when to-morrow's morn appears,
Fear not that the sun
Will dawn upon a fairer face, —
Nor in his airy, lofty race
Behold a lovelier one.

The town minstrels are here introduced; they begin with the same image which the poet has already employed in his proper person.

"Mark and hear us, gentle bride;
Behold the torches nimbly plied,
Waving here and there;
Along the street and in the porch,
See the fiery-tressed torch,
Spreads its sparkling hair.

"Like a lily, fair and chaste,
Lovely bride, you shall be placed
In a garden gay,
A wealthy lord's delight and pride;
Come away then, happy bride,
Hasten, hence away!

"Mark and hear us — he your lord
Will be true at bed and board,
Nor ever walk astray,
Withdrawing from your lovely side;
Mark and hear us, gentle bride,
Hasten, hence away!

"Like unto the tender vine,
He shall ever clasp and twine,
Clinging night and day,
Fairly bound and firmly tied;
Come away then, happy bride,
Hasten, hence away!"

Happy chamber, happy bed,
Can the joys be told or said
That await you soon;
Fresh renewals of delight,
In the silent fleeting night
And the summer noon.

Make ready. There I see within
The bride is veiled; the guests begin
To muster close and slow:
Trooping onward close about,
Boys, be ready with a shout —
"Hymen! Hymen! ho!"

Now begins the free career, —
For many a jest and many a jeer,
And many a merry saw;
Customary taunts and gibes,
Such as ancient use prescribes,
And immemorial law.

"Some at home, it must be feared,
Will be slighted and cashiered,
Pride will have a fall;
Now the favorites' reign is o'er:
Proud enough they were before —
Proud and nice withal.

"Full of pride and full of scorn,
Now you see them clipt and shorn,
Humbler in array;
Sent away, for fear of harm,
To the village or the farm, —
Packed in haste away.

"Other doings must be done,
Another empire is begun,
Behold your own domain!
Gentle bride! Behold it there!
The lordly palace proud and fair: —
You shall live and reign,

"In that rich and noble house,
Till age shall silver o'er the brows,
And nod the trembling head,
Not regarding what is meant,
Incessant uniform assent
To all that's done or said.

"Let the faithful threshold greet,
With omens fair, those lovely feet,
Lightly lifted o'er;
Let the garlands wave and bow
From the lofty lintel's brow
That bedeck the door."

See the couch with crimson dress —
Where, seated in the deep recess,
With expectation warm,

The bridegroom views her coming near, —
The slender youth that led her here
May now release her arm.

With a fixt intense regard
He beholds her close and hard
In awful interview:
Shortly now she must be sped
To the chamber and the bed,
With attendance due.

Let the ancient worthy wives,
That have past their constant lives
With a single mate,
As befits advised age,
With council and precaution sage
Assist and regulate.

She the mistress of the band
Comes again with high command,
"Bridegroom, go your way;
There your bride is in the bower,
Like a lovely lily flower,
Or a rose in May.

* * * * *

"Ay, and you yourself, in truth,
Are a goodly comely youth,
Proper, tall, and fair;
Venus and the Graces too
Have befriended each of you
For a lovely pair.

"There you go! may Venus bless
Such as you with good success
In the lawful track;
You that, in an honest way,
Purchase in the face of day
Whatsoe'er you lack."

Sport your fill and never spare —
Let us have an infant heir
Of the noble name;
Such a line should ever last,
As it has for ages past,
Another and the same.

Fear not! with the coming year
The new Torquatus will be here:
Him we soon shall see
With infant gesture fondly seek
To reach his father's manly cheek,
From his mother's knee.

With laughing eyes and dewy lip,
Pouting like the purple tip
That points the rose's bud;
While mingled with the mother's grace,
Strangers shall recognize the trace
That marks the Manlian blood.

So the mother's fair renown
Shall betimes adorn and crown
The child with dignity,
As we read in stories old
Of Telemachus the bold
And chaste Penelope.

Now the merry task is o'er,
Let us hence and close the door,
While loud adieus are paid;
"Live in honor, love, and truth,
And exercise your lusty youth
In matches fairly played."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF CATULLUS.

Taken at his Word.

(Version of Walter Savage Landor.)

Varus would take me t'other day
To see a little girl he knew;
Pretty and witty in her way,
With impudence enough for two.

Scarce are we seated, ere she chatters
(As pretty girls are wont to do)

About all persons, places, matters:
"And pray, what has been done for *you?*"

"Bithynia, lady," I replied,
"Is a fine province for a prætor,
For none, I promise you, beside,
And least of all am *I* her debtor."

"Sorry for that!" said she. "However,
You have brought with you, I dare say,
Some litter-bearers: none so clever
In any other part as they.

"Bithynia is the very place
For all that's steady, tall, and straight;
It is the nature of the race:
Could you not lend me six or eight?"

"Why, six or eight of them or so,"
Said I, determined to be grand:
"My fortune is not quite so low
But these are still at my command."

"You'll send them?" — "Willingly!" I told her;
Although I had not here or there
One who could carry on his shoulder
The leg of an old broken chair.

"Catullus, what a charming hap is
Our meeting in this sort of way!
I would be carried to Serapis
To-morrow!" — "Stay, fair lady, stay!

"You overvalue my intention;
Yes, there are eight . . . there may be nine;
I merely had forgot to mention
That they are Cinna's, and not mine."

To Lesbia's Sparrow.

(Translation of Sir Charles Elton.)

Sparrow! my nymph's delicious pleasure!
Who with thee, her pretty treasure,
Fanciful in frolic, plays

Thousand, thousand wanton ways;
And, fluttering, lays to panting rest
On the soft orbings of her breast;
Thy beak with finger-tip incites,
And dallies with thy becks and bites;
When my beauty, my desire,
Feels her darling whim inspire,
With nameless triflings, such as these,
To snatch, I trow, a tiny ease
For some keen fever of the breast,
While passion toys itself to rest;
I would that happy lady be,
And so in pastime sport with thee,
And lighten love's soft agony.
The sweet resource were bliss untold,
Dear as that apple of ripe gold,
Which, by the nimble virgin found,
Unloos'd the zone that had so fast been bound.

To Himself; on Lesbia's Inconstancy.

(Translation of Thomas Moore.)

Cease the sighing fool to play;
Cease to trifle life away;
Nor vainly think those joys thine own,
Which all, alas, have falsely flown.
What hours, Catullus, once were thine,
How fairly seem'd thy day to shine,
When lightly thou didst fly to meet
The girl whose smile was then so sweet —
The girl thou lov'dst with fonder pain
Than e'er thy heart can feel again.
Ye met — your souls seem'd all in one,
Like tapers that commingling shone;
Thy heart was warm enough for both,
And hers in truth was nothing loath.
Such were the hours that once were thine;
But, ah! those hours no longer shine.
For now the nymph delights no more
In what she loved so much before;
And all Catullus now can do,
Is to be proud and frigid too;
Nor follow where the wanton flies,
Nor sue the bliss that she denies.

False maid! he bids farewell to thee,
To love, and all love's misery;
The heyday of his heart is o'er,
Nor will he court one favor more.
  Fly, perjured girl! — but whither fly?
Who now will praise thy cheek and eye?
Who now will drink the siren tone,
Which tells him thou art all his own?
Oh, none: — and he who loved before
Can never, never love thee more.

A Woman's Promises.

(Translation of Sir Theodore Martin.)

Never a soul but myself, though Jove himself were to woo her,
Lesbia says she would choose, might she have me for her mate.
Says — but what woman will say to a lover on fire to possess her
Write on the bodiless wind, write on the stream as it runs.

To Lesbia, on her Falsehood.

(Translation of Thomas Moore.)

Thou told'st me, in our days of love,
  That I had all that heart of thine;
That ev'n to share the couch of Jove,
  Thou wouldst not, Lesbia, part from mine.

How purely wert thou worship'd then!
  Not with the vague and vulgar fires
Which Beauty wakes in soulless men, —
  But loved, as children by their sires.

That flattering dream, alas, is o'er; —
  I know thee now — and though these eyes
Dote on thee wildly as before,
  Yet, ev'n in doting, I despise.

Yes, sorceress — mad as it may seem —
  With all thy craft, such spells adorn thee,
That passion ev'n outlives esteem,
  And I at once adore — and scorn thee.

The Parting Message to Lesbia.

Addressed to Furius and Aurelius.

(Translation of Lamb.)

Companions, who would gladly go
With me through every toil below
To man's remotest seats:
Whether Catullus should explore
Far India, on whose echoing shore
The eastern billow beats:

Whether he seek Hyrcania wild,
The Tartar hordes, or Arabs mild,
Or Parthia's archer train:
Or tread that intersected isle,
Whence pouring forth the sev'nfold Nile
Discolors all the main.

Whether across the Alps he toil,
To view the war-ennobled soil
Where Cæsar's trophies stand;
The Rhine that saw its Gaul's disgrace,
Or dare the painted Briton race
In their extremest land.

Companions dear, prepared to wend
Where'er the gods may place your friend,
And every lot to share;
A few unwelcome words receive,
And to that once-loved fair I leave
My latest message bear.

Still let her live and still be blest,
By profligates in hundreds prest,
Still sport in ease and wealth;
Still of those hundreds love not one,
Still cast off each by turns undone
In fortune and in health.

But let her deem my passion o'er:
Her guilt has crush'd, to bloom no more,
The love her beauty raised;
As droops the flower, the meadow's pride,
Which springing by the furrow's side
The passing share has grazed.

Invitation to Cæcilius.

(Translation of Lamb.)

Go, paper, to Cæcilius say,
To him I love, the bard whose lay
The sweetest thoughts attend;
Say, he must quit his loved retreat,
Comum and Larius' lake, to greet
Verona and his friend.

Here let him some advice receive,
A friend of his and mine will give.
If wise, he'll speed his way;
Although the fair his haste may check
A thousand times, and on his neck
May hang, and beg his stay.

For, when of old she read his strains
To her on Dindymus who reigns,
Did raging passion seize
On all her heart; and since that day
She idly wears his youth away
In love and slothful ease.

Yet thee, fair girl, I not abuse,
More learned than the Sapphic Muse,
And warm with all her fire;
For, ah! so soft, so sweetly flow'd
His melting strains, his tender ode,
They well might love inspire.

The Original of "Dr. Fell."

(Translation of Thomas Moore.)

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die!
I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

To the Peninsula of Sirmio, on his Return Home.

(Translation of Leigh Hunt.)

O best of all the scatter'd spots that lie
In sea or lake,—apple of landscape's eye,—

How gladly do I drop within thy nest,
With what a sigh of full, contented rest,
Scarce able to believe my journey's o'er,
And that these eyes behold thee safe once more!
Oh where's the luxury like the smile at heart,
When the mind breathing, lays its load apart, —
When we come home again, tired out, and spread
The loosen'd limbs o'er all the wish'd-for bed!
This, this alone is worth an age of toil.
Hail, lovely Sirmio! Hail, paternal soil!
Joy, my bright waters, joy: your master's come!
Laugh every dimple on the cheek of home!

To Cornificius.

(Translation of Leigh Hunt.)

Sick, Cornificius, is thy friend,
Sick to the heart; and sees no end
Of wretched thoughts, that gathering fast
Threaten to wear him out at last.
And yet you never come and bring —
Though 'twere the least and easiest thing —
A comfort in that talk of thine: —
You vex me: — this, to love like mine?
Prithee, a little talk for ease, for ease,
Full as the tears of poor Simonides.

To His Dead Brother.

(Translation of James Cranstoun.)

Brother! o'er many lands and oceans borne,
  I reach thy grave, death's last sad rites to pay;
To call thy silent dust in vain, and mourn,
  Since ruthless fate has hurried thee away:
  Woe's me! yet now upon thy tomb I lay —
All soaked with tears for thee, thee loved so well —
  What gifts our fathers gave the honored clay
Of valued friends; take them — my grief they tell:
And now, forever hail! forever fare thee well!

POEMS OF TIBULLUS.

[Albius Tibullus, a leading Roman elegiac poet, — the great quartet being, in order of seniority, Gallus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, — was probably born B.C. 54, and died B.C. 19. He was a Roman knight of wealthy family, but early orphaned and his property confiscated in the civil wars; and was attached to the circle of Valerius Messala as Horace to that of Mæcenas. He distinguished himself in a campaign for Augustus, and accompanied Messala on a mission to Asia as far as Corcyra, where he fell sick; but hated war, had no ambition, and chose to live quietly in the country rather even than at Rome. He was of a gentle and affectionate nature, of fine person and winning manners, greatly beloved and his death deeply regretted. His poems, though not of great number or variety, rank high for style and artistic finish; he has been compared to Collins.]

A Husbandman's Life the Ideal One.

(Translation by Sir Charles Elton.)

Let others pile their yellow ingots high,
  And see their cultured acres round them spread;
While hostile borderers draw their anxious eye,
  And at the trumpet's blast their sleep is fled.

Me let my poverty to ease resign;
  While my bright hearth reflects its blazing cheer;
In season let me plant the pliant vine,
  And, with light hand, my swelling apples rear.

Hope, fail not thou! let earth her fruitage yield;
  Let the brimmed vat flow red with virgin wine:
For still some lone, bare stump that marks the field,
  Or antique crossway stone, with flowers I twine,

In pious rite; and, when the year anew
  Matures the blossom on the budding spray,
I bear the peasant's god his grateful due,
  And firstling fruits upon his altar lay.

Still let thy temple's porch, O Ceres! wear
  The spiky garland from my harvest field;
And 'midst my orchard, 'gainst the birds of air,
  His threatening hook let red Priapus wield.

Ye too, once guardians of a rich domain,
  Now of poor fields, domestic gods! be kind.
Then, for unnumbered herds, a calf was slain;
  Now to your altars is a lamb consigned.

The mighty victim of a scanty soil,
  A lamb alone shall bleed before your shrine;
While round it shout the youthful sons of toil,
  "Hail! grant the harvest! grant the generous wine!"

Content with little, I no more would tread
  The lengthening road, but shun the summer day,
Where some o'er-branching tree might shade my head,
  And watch the murmuring rivulet glide away.

Nor could I blush to wield the rustic prong,
  The lingering oxen goad; or some stray lamb,
Embosomed in my garment, bear along,
  Or kid forgotten by its heedless dam.

Spare my small flock! ye thieves and wolves, assail
  The wealthier cotes, that ampler booty hold;
Ne'er for my shepherd due lustrations fail;
  I soothe with milk the goddess of the fold.

Be present, deities! nor gifts disdain
  From homely board; nor cups with scorn survey,
Earthen, yet pure; for such the ancient swain
  Formed for himself, and shaped of ductile clay.

I envy not my sires their golden heap;
  Their garners' floors with sheafy corn bespread;
Few sheaves suffice: enough, in easy sleep
  To lay my limbs upon th' accustomed bed.

How sweet to hear, without, the howling blast,
  And strain a yielding mistress to my breast!
Or, when the gusty torrent's rush has past,
  Sink, lulled by beating rains, to sheltered rest!

Be this my lot; be his th' unenvied store,
  Who the drear storm endures, and raging sea;
Ah! perish emeralds and the golden ore,
  If the fond, anxious nymph must weep for me!

Messala! range the earth and main, that Rome
  May shine with trophies of the foes that fell;
But me a beauteous nymph enchains at home,
  At her hard door a sleepless sentinel.

I heed not praise, my Delia! while with thee;
  Sloth brand my name, so I thy sight behold·

Let me the oxen yoke; oh come with me!
  On desert mountains I will feed my fold.

And, while I pressed thee in my tender arms,
  Sweet were my slumber on the rugged ground:
What boots the purple couch, if cruel charms
  In wakeful tears the midnight hours have drowned?

Not the soft plume can yield the limbs repose,
  Nor yet the broidered covering soothe to sleep;
Not the calm streamlet that in murmurs flows,
  With sound oblivious o'er the eyelids creep.

Iron is he who might thy form possess,
  Yet flies to arms, and thirsts for plunder's gains;
What though his spear Cilician squadrons press,
  What though his tent be pitched on conquered plains?

In gold and silver mail conspicuous he
  May stride the steed, that, pawing, spurs the sand;
May I my last looks fondly bend on thee,
  And grasp thee with my dying, faltering hand!

And thou wilt weep when, cold, I press the bier,
  That soon shall on the flaming pyre be thrown;
And print the kiss, and mingle many a tear;
  Not thine a breast of steel, a heart of stone.

Yes — thou wilt weep. No youth shall thence return
  With tearless eye, no virgin homeward wend:
But thou forbear to violate my urn,
  Spare thy soft cheeks, nor those loose tresses rend.

Now fate permits, now blend the sweet embrace:
  Death, cowled in darkness, creeps with stealing tread,
Ill suits with sluggish age love's sprightly grace,
  And murmured fondness with a hoary head.

The light amour be mine; the shivered door;
  The midnight fray; ye trumps and standards, hence!
Here is my camp; bleed they who thirst for ore:
  Wealth I despise in easy competence.

An Unwilling Welcome to Love.

(Translation of Sir Charles Elton.)

I see my slavery and a mistress near;
  Oh, freedom of my fathers! fare thee well!

A slavery wretched, and a chain severe,
  Nor Love remits the bonds that o'er me fell.

How have I then deserved consuming pain?
  Or for what sin am I of flames the prey?
I burn, ah me! I burn in every vein!
  Take, cruel girl, oh take thy torch away!

Oh! but to 'scape this agonizing heat,
  Might I a stone on icy mountains lie!
Stand a bleak rock by wreaking billows beat,
  And swept by madding whirlwinds of the sky!

Bitter the day, and ah! the nightly shade;
  And all my hours in venomed stream have rolled;
No elegies, no lays of Phœbus, aid;
  With hollow palm she craves the tinkling gold.

Away, ye Muses! if ye serve not Love:
  I, not to sing of battles, woo your strain;
How walks the bright-haired sun the heavens above,
  Or turns the full-orbed moon her steeds again.

By verse I seek soft access to my fair;
  Away, ye Muses! with the useless lore;
Through blood and pillage I must gifts prepare;
  Or weep, thrown prostrate at her bolted door.

Suspended spoils I'll snatch from pompous fanes;
  But Venus first shall violated be;
She prompts the sacrilege, who forged the chains
  And gave that nymph insatiable to me.

Perish the wretch! who culls the emerald green,
  Or paints the snowy fleece with Tyrian red!
Through filmy Coan robes her limbs are seen,
  And India's pearls gleam lucid from her head.

'Tis pampered avarice thus corrupts the fair;
  The key is turned; the mastiff guards the door:
The guard's disarmed, if large the bribe you bear;
  The dog is hushed; the key withstands no more.

Alas! that e'er a heavenly form should grace
  The nymph that pants with covetous desires!
Hence tears and clamorous brawls, and sore disgrace
  E'en to the name of love, that bliss inspires.

For thee, that shutt'st the lover from thy door,
  Foiled by a price, the gilded hire of shame,
May tempests scatter this thy ill-got ore,
  Strewn on the winds, or melted in the flame.

May climbing fires thy mansion's roof devour,
  And youths gaze glad, nor throw the quenching wave;
May none bemoan thee at thy dying hour,
  None pay the mournful tribute to thy grave.

But she, unbribed, unbought, yet melting kind,
  May she a hundred years, unfading, bloom;
Be wept, while on the flaming pile reclined,
  And yearly garlands twine her pillared tomb.

Some ancient lover, with his locks of gray,
  Honoring the raptures that his youth had blest,
Shall hang the wreath, and slow-departing say,
  "Sleep! — and may earth lie light upon thy breast!"

Truth prompts my tongue; but what can truth avail?
  The love her laws prescribe must now be mine;
My ancestors' loved groves I set to sale —
  My household gods, your title I resign!

Nay — Circe's juice, Medea's drugs, each plant
  Of Thessaly, whence dews of poison fall; —
Let but my Nemesis' soft smile enchant,
  Then let her mix the cup — I'll drink them all!

To Messala.

(Translation of James Cranstoun.)

Thou'lt cross the Ægean waves, but not with me,
  Messala; yet by thee and all thy band
I pray that I may still remembered be,
  Lingering on lone Phæacia's foreign strand.

Spare me, fell Death! no mother have I here
  My charrèd bones in Sorrow's lap to lay;
Oh, spare! for here I have no sister dear
  To shower Assyrian odors o'er my clay,

Or to my tomb with locks disheveled come,
  And pour the tear of tender piety:
Nor Delia, who, ere yet I quitted Rome,
  'Tis said consulted all the gods on high;

Thrice from the boy the sacred tale she drew,
  Thrice from the streets he brought her omens sure;
All smiled, but tears would still her cheeks bedew:
  Naught could her thoughts from that sad journey lure.

I blent sweet comfort with my parting words,
  Yet anxiously I yearned for more delay.
Dire omens now, now inauspicious birds
  Detained me, now old Saturn's baleful day.

How oft I said, ere yet I left the town,
  My awkward feet had stumbled at the door!
Enough: if lover heed not Cupid's frown,
  His headstrong ways he'll bitterly deplore.

Where is thine Isis? What avail thee now
  Her brazen sistra clashed so oft by thee?
What, while thou didst before her altars bow,
  Thy pure lavations and thy chastity?

Great Isis, help! for in thy fanes displayed,
  Full many a tablet proves thy power to heal;
So Delia shall, in linen robes arrayed,
  Her vows before thy holy threshold seal.

And morn and eve, loose-tressed, thy praise to pour,
  Mid Pharian crowds conspicuous she'll return;
But let me still my father's gods adore,
  And to the old Lar his monthly incense burn.

How blest men lived when good old Saturn reigned,
  Ere roads had intersected hill and dale!
No pine had then the azure wave disdained,
  Or spread the swelling canvas to the gale;

No roving mariner, on wealth intent,
  From foreign climes a cargo homeward bore;
No sturdy steer beneath the yoke had bent,
  No galling bit the conquered courser wore;

No house had doors, no pillar on the wold
  Was reared to mark the limits of the plain;
The oaks ran honey, and all uncontrolled
  The fleecy ewes brought milk to glad the swain.

Rage, broils, the curse of war, were all unknown;
  The cruel smith had never forged the spear:

Now Jove is king, the seeds of bale are sown,
  Scars, wounds, and shipwrecks, thousand deaths loom near.

Spare me, great Jove! No perjuries, I ween,
  Distract my heart with agonizing woe;
No impious words by me have uttered been,
  Against the gods above or gods below.

But if my thread of life be wholly run,
  Upon my stone these lines engraven be:
"HERE BY FELL FATE TIBULLUS LIES UNDONE,
  WHOM DEAR MESSALA LED O'ER LAND AND SEA."

But me, the facile child of tender Love,
  Will Venus waft to blest Elysium's plains,
Where dance and song resound, and every grove
  Rings with clear-throated warblers' dulcet strains.

Here lands untilled their richest treasures yield;
  Here sweetest cassia all untended grows;
With lavish lap the earth, in every field,
  Outpours the blossom of the fragrant rose.

Here bands of youths and tender maidens chime
  In love's sweet lures, and pay the untiring vow;
Here reigns the lover, slain in youthhood's prime,
  With myrtle garland round his honored brow.

But wrapt in ebon gloom, the torture hell
  Low lies, and pitchy rivers round it roar;
There serpent-haired Tisiphone doth yell,
  And lash the damnèd crew from shore to shore.

Mark in the gate the snake-tongued sable hound,
  Whose hideous howls the brazen portals close;
There lewd Ixion, Juno's tempter, bound,
  Spins round his wheel in endless unrepose.

O'er nine broad acres stretched, base Tityus lies,
  On whose black entrails vultures ever prey;
And Tantalus is there, 'mid waves that rise
  To mock his misery and rush away.

The Danaides, who soiled Love's lovely shrine,
  Fill on, and bear their piercèd pails in vain;—
There writhe the wretch who's wronged a love of mine,
  And wished me absent on a long campaign!

Be chaste, my love; and let thine old nurse e'er,
  To shield thy maiden fame, around thee tread,
Tell thee sweet tales, and by the lamp's bright glare
  From the full distaff draw the lengthening thread.

And when thy maidens, spinning round thy knee,
  Sleep-worn, by slow degrees their work lay by,
Oh, let me speed unheralded to thee,
  Like an immortal rushing down the sky!

Then all undrest, with ruffled locks astream,
  And feet unsandaled, meet me on my way!
Aurora, goddess of the morning beam,
  Bear, on thy rosy steeds, that happy day!

Sulpicia's Appeal.

(Translation of Sir Charles Elton.)

Oh savage boar! where'er thy haunt is found,
  In champaign meads or mountain thickets deep,
Spare my dear youth; nor whet thy fangs to wound;
  May guardian Love the lover harmless keep.

Him far away the wandering chase has led:
  Wither all woods and perish every hound!
What frantic mood, the tangled net to spread,
  And sore his tender hands with brambles wound!

Where is the joy, to thread the forest lair,
  While with hooked thorns thy snowy legs are frayed?
But if, Cherinthus, I thy wanderings share,
  Thy nets I'll trail through every mountain glade.

Myself will track the nimble roebuck's trace,
  And from the hound the iron leash remove:
Then woods will charm me, when in thy embrace
  The conscious nets behold me, oh my love!

Unharmed the boar shall break the tangling snare,
  Lest our stolen hours of bliss impeded be:
But, far from me, soft Venus' joys forbear;
  With Dian spread the nets, when far from me.

May she, that robs me of thy dear embrace,
  Fall to the woodland beasts, by piecemeal torn:
But to thy father leave the toilsome chase;
  Fly to my arms, on wings of transport borne.

To His Mistress.

(Translation of Thomas Moore.)

"Never shall woman's smile have power
  To win me from those gentle charms!"
Thus swore I in that happy hour
  When Love first gave them to my arms.

And still alone thou charm'st my sight—
  Still, though our city proudly shine
With forms and faces fair and bright,
  I see none fair or bright but thine.

Would thou wert fair for only me,
  And couldst no heart but mine allure!
To all men else unpleasing be,
  So shall I feel my prize secure.

Oh, love like mine ne'er wants the zest
  Of others' envy, others' praise;
But in its silence safely blest,
  Broods o'er a bliss it ne'er betrays.

Charm of my life! by whose sweet power
  All cares are hushed, all ills subdued—
My light in ev'n the darkest hour,
  My crowd in deepest solitude!

No; not though heaven itself sent down
  Some maid of more than heavenly charms,
With bliss undreamt thy bard to crown,
  Would I for her forsake those arms.

Love Deaf to Doubt.

(Translation of James Grainger.)

Fame says, my mistress loves another swain;
  Would I were deaf, when Fame repeats the wrong!
All crimes to her imputed give me pain,
  Not change my love: Fame, stop your saucy tongue!

ELEGIES OF PROPERTIUS.

[Sextus Propertius, the foremost of Roman elegiac poets, was a wealthy country gentleman, born at Assisium (Assisi), in Umbria, — the birthplace of St. Francis, — about B.C. 50. Like Tibullus he was early orphaned, and his property confiscated after Philippi; but his mother secured him an education, took him to Rome, and tried to make a lawyer of him. He preferred letters, however, and his first book of poems gained him admission to Mæcenas' circle. Little is known of his later history, though he probably had a family, and certainly lived till after B.C. 16. He was a thin, sickly man, very careful in dress, morbidly sensitive and impressionable, and much given to melancholy. His poems are very difficult in matter and language, but of high rank in originality, strength, and imaginative power.]

To Mæcenas.

(Translated by Thomas Gray, — first published in Edmund Gosse's edition.)

You ask why thus my loves I still rehearse,
Whence the soft strain and ever melting verse?
From Cynthia all that in my numbers shines;
She is my genius, she inspires the lines;
No Phœbus else, no other Muse I know,
She tunes my easy rhyme, and gives the lay to flow.
If the loose curls around her forehead play,
Or, lawless, o'er their ivory margin stray:
If the thin Coan web her shape reveal,
And half disclose those limbs it should conceal;
Of those loose curls, that ivory front I write;
Of the dear web whole volumes I indite:
Or if to music she the lyre awake,
That the soft subject of my song I make,
And sing with what a careless grace she flings
Her artful hand across the sounding strings.
If sinking into sleep she seems to close
Her languid lids, I favor her repose
With lulling notes, and thousand beauties see
That slumber brings to aid my poetry.
When, less averse, and yielding to desires,
She half accepts and half rejects my fires,
While to retain the envious lawn she tries,
And struggles to elude my longing eyes,
The fruitful muse from that auspicious night
Dates the long Iliad of the amorous fight.
In brief, whate'er she do, or say, or look,
'Tis ample matter for a lover's book;

And many a copious narrative you'll see
Big with the important Nothing's history.

Yet would the tyrant Love permit me raise
My feeble voice, to sound the victor's praise,
To paint the hero's toil, the ranks of war,
The laureled triumph and the sculptured car;
No giant race, no tumult of the skies,
No mountain structures in my verse should rise,
Nor tale of Thebes nor Ilium there should be,
Nor how the Persian trod the indignant sea;
Not Marius' Cimbrian wreaths would I relate,
Nor lofty Carthage struggling with her fate.
Here should Augustus great in arms appear,
And thou, Mæcenas, be my second care;
Here Mutina from flames and famine free,
And there the ensanguined wave of Sicily,
And sceptered Alexandria's captive shore,
And sad Philippi, red with Roman gore:
Then, while the vaulted skies loud Ios rend,
In golden chains should loaded monarchs bend,
And hoary Nile with pensive aspect seem
To mourn the glories of his sevenfold stream,
While prows, that late in fierce encounter met,
Move through the sacred way and vainly threat.
Thee, too, the Muse should consecrate to fame,
And with her garlands weave thy ever-faithful name.

But nor Callimachus' enervate strain
May tell of Jove, and Phlegra's blasted plain;
Nor I with unaccustomed vigor trace
Back to its source divine the Julian race.
Sailors to tell of winds and seas delight,
The shepherd of his flocks, the soldier of the fight,
A milder warfare I in verse display;
Each in his proper art should waste the day:
Nor thou my gentle calling disapprove, —
To die is glorious in the bed of love.

Happy the youth, and not unknown to fame,
Whose heart has never felt a second flame.
Oh, might that envied happiness be mine!
To Cynthia all my wishes I confine;
Or if, alas! it be my fate to try
Another love, the quicker let me die:
But she, the mistress of my faithful breast,
Has oft the charms of constancy confest,

Condemns her fickle sex's fond mistake,
And hates the tale of Troy for Helen's sake.
Me from myself the soft enchantress stole;
Ah! let her ever my desires control,
Or if I fall the victim of her scorn,
From her loved door may my pale corse be borne,
The power of herbs can other harms remove,
And find a cure for every ill but love.
The Melian's hurt Machaon could repair,
Heal the slow chief, and send again to war;
To Chiron Phœnix owed his long-lost sight,
And Phœbus' son recalled Androgeon to the Light.
Here arts are vain, e'en magic here must fail,
The powerful mixture and the midnight spell;
The hand that can my captive heart release,
And to this bosom give its wonted peace,
May the long thirst of Tantalus allay,
Or drive the infernal vulture from his prey.
For ills unseen what remedy is found?
Or who can probe the undiscovered wound?
The bed avails not, nor the leech's care,
Nor changing skies can hurt, nor sultry air.
'Tis hard th' elusive symptoms to explore:
To-day the lover walks, to-morrow is no more;
A train of mourning friends attend his pall,
And wonder at the sudden funeral.

When then my Fates that breath they gave shall claim,
And the short marble but preserve a name,
A little verse my all that shall remain;
Thy passing courser's slackened speed restrain;
(Thou envied honor of thy poet's days,
Of all our youth the ambition and the praise!)
Then to my quiet urn awhile draw near;
And say, while o'er the place you drop the tear, —
Love and the fair were of his life the pride;
He lived, while she was kind; and when she frowned, he died.

The Effigy of Love.

(Translation of Sir Charles Elton.)

Had he not hands of rare device, whoe'er
First painted Love in figure of a boy?
He saw what thoughtless beings lovers were,
Who blessings lose, whilst lightest cares employ.

Nor added he those airy wings in vain,
  And bade through human hearts the godhead fly;
For we are tost upon a wavering main;
  Our gale, inconstant, veers around the sky.

Nor, without cause, he grasps those barbed darts,
  The Cretan quiver o'er his shoulder cast;
Ere we suspect a foe, he strikes our hearts;
  And those inflicted wounds forever last.

In me are fixed those arrows, in my breast;
  But sure his wings are shorn, the boy remains;
For never takes he flight, nor knows he rest;
  Still, still I feel him warring through my veins.

In these scorched vitals dost thou joy to dwell?
  Oh shame! to others let thy arrows flee;
Let veins untouched with all thy venom swell;
  Not me thou torturest, but the shade of me.

Destroy me — who shall then describe the fair?
  This my light Muse to thee high glory brings:
When the nymph's tapering fingers, flowing hair,
  And eyes of jet, and gliding feet she sings.

Prediction of Poetic Immortality.

(Translation of Sir Charles Elton.)

Sprite of Callimachus! and thou blest shade,
  Coan Philetas! I your grove would tread:
Me, Love's vowed priest, have Grecia's choirs obeyed,
  From their pure fount in Latian's orgies led.

Say, Spirits! what inspiring grotto gave
  Alike to both that subtly tender strain?
Which foot auspicious entered first the cave,
  Or from what spring ye drank your flowing vein?

Who lists, may din with arms Apollo's ear:
  Smooth let the numbers glide, whose fame on high
Lifts me from earth: behold my Muse appear!
  And on wreathed coursers pass in triumph by!

With me the little Loves the car ascend;
  My chariot-wheels a throng of bards pursues;

Why, with loose reins, in idle strife contend?
  Narrow the course which Heaven assigns the Muse.

Full many, Rome, shall bid thy annals shine,
  And Asian Bactra rise thy empire's bound:
Mine are the lays of peace, and flowers are mine
  Gather'd on Helicon's untrodden ground.

Maids of the sacred fount! with no harsh crown,
  But with soft garland wreathe your poet's head!
Those honors, which th' invidious crowd disown,
  While yet I live, shall doubly grace me dead.

Whate'er the silent tomb has veiled in shade
  Shines more august through venerable fame;
Time has the merits of the dead displayed,
  And rescued from the dust a glorious name.

Who, else, would know, that e'er Troy-towers had bowed
  To the pine-steed? that e'er Achilles strove
With grappling rivers? that round Ida flowed
  The stream of Simois, cradling infant Jove?

If Hector's blood dyed thrice the wheel-tracked plain?
  Polydamas, Deiphobus, once fell,
Or Helenus was numbered with the slain?
  Scarce his own soil could of her Paris tell.

Shrunk were thy record, Troy! whose captured wall
  Felt twice th' Ætæan god's resistless rage:
Nor he, the bard that registered thy fall,
  Had left his growing song to every age.

Me too shall Rome, among her last, revere;
  But that far day shall on my ashes rise;
No stone a worthless sepulchre shall rear,
  The mean memorial where a poet lies.

So may the Lycian god my vows approve!
  Now let my verse its wonted sphere regain;
That, touched with sympathies of joy and love,
  The melting nymph may listen to my strain.

'Tis sung that Orpheus, with his Thracian tones,
  Stayed the wild herd, and stayed the troubled flood;
Moved by Amphion's lute Cythæron's stones
  Leaped into form, and Thebes aspiring stood.

Beneath rude Ætna's crag, O Polypheme!
  On the smooth deep did Galatea rein
Her horses, dropping with the briny stream,
  And wind their course to catch the floating strain.

Then, if the god of verse, the god of wine,
  Look down propitious, and with smiles approve;
What wonder, if the fair's applause be mine,
  If thronging virgins list the lays of love?

Though no green marble, from Tænarian mines,
  Swells in the columns that my roof uphold;
No ceiling's arch with burnished ivory shines,
  And intersecting beams that blaze with gold;

My orchards vie not with Phæacian groves,
  Through my carved grot no Marcian fountains play;
With me the Muse in breathless dances roves;
  Nymphs haunt my dwelling; readers love my lay.

Oh, fortunate, fair maid! whoe'er thou art,
  That, in my gentle song, shalt honored be!
This to each charm shall lasting bloom impart;
  Each tender verse a monument of thee!

The sumptuous pyramids, that stately rise
  Among the stars, the Mausolean tomb,
Th' Olympic fane, expanded like the skies—
  Not these can scape th' irrevocable doom.

The force of rushing rains, or wasting flame,
  The weight of years may bow their glories down;
But Genius wins an undecaying name,
  Through ages strong, and deathless in renown.

Praise of a Life of Ease.

(Translation of Sir Charles Elton.)

Love is the god of peace: we lovers know
But love's hard combats, and a mistress-foe:
Not gold's devouring want my soul has curst;
Not from a jeweled cup I slake my thirst;
I plow not wide Campania's mellowed soil,
Nor for thy brass in ships, O Corinth! toil.
Ah! hapless clay that erst Prometheus pressed,
Molding a rash and unforeseeing breast:

The skill, that knit the frame, o'erlooked the heart;
An upright reasoning soul escaped his art.
Now tost by winds we roam the troubled flood,
Link foe to foe, and restless pant for blood.
Fool! not on Acheron thy wealth shall float,
All naked drifting in th' infernal boat.
The conqueror with the captive skims the tide,
And chained Jugurtha sits at Marius' side:
Robed Crœsus shares the tattered Irus' doom,
And owns that death the best, which soon shall come.
Me in youth's flower could Helicon entrance,
My hands with Muses linked in mazy dance:
Me has it charmed to bathe my soul in wine,
And vernal roses round my temples twine:
When irksome age hath stolen on love's delight,
And strewn my sable locks with sprinkled white;
Then may it please to search in Nature's ways,
And learn what god the world's vast fabric sways;
How dawns the rising east and fades again;
How the round moon repairs her crescent wane;
How winds the salt sea sweep, and th' eastern blast
The billows warps, and clouds their ceaseless waste.
Whether a day shall come, when headlong hurled
Shall fall the tottering pillars of the world;
Why drinks the purpling bow the rainy cloud;
Why Pindus' summits reel, in earthquake bowed;
Why shines the sun's wheeled orb with umbered light,
His golden coursers palled in mourning night;
Why turns Boötes slow his starry wain,
Why sparkling throng the Pleiads' clustered train;
Why bounded roll the deepening ocean's tides;
Why the full year in parted seasons glides;
If under earth gods judge, and giants rave;
Tisiphone's fierce ringlets snaky wave;
Furies Alcmæon scourge, and Phineas hungering crave;
Thirst burn in streams, wheels whirl, rocks backward leap,
Or Hell's dark mouth three-headed Cerberus keep:
If Tityus' straitened limbs nine acres press;
Or fables mock man's credulous wretchedness
Through long tradition's age: nor terror's strife
Survive the pyre: — be such my close of life.
Go ye who list, the Parthian overcome,
Bring Crassus' wrested standards back to Rome.

The Plea of Cornelia.

(Translation of Professor E. D. A. Morshead.)

Cease, Paullus, cease! thy fruitless tears withhold;
Unto no prayer will Hell's dark gates unfold!
From Death's dark bourne none cometh forth again;
Grief beats th' impenetrable bars in vain.
Tho' Dis should harken, in his gloomy hall,
The deaf shores drink whatever teardrops fall.
Prayers may to Heaven and heavenly gods aspire,
But, when Hell's ferryman hath ta'en his hire,
The dark gate seals the legacy of fire.
That truth sad trumpets pealed, when kindling flame
Dropped through the bier the ashes of my frame —
Mine — Scipio's child and Paullus' consort hailed,
Mother of noble children — what availed?
Found I, for all my fame, the Fates less stern?
Light dust am I, a handful in an urn!

Ye nights of Hell! ye fens and marshes gray,
And snakelike streams that wind about my way!
Untimely have I come, yet guiltless all —
Lord of the Dead, soft let thy sentence fall!
If Æacus, if judgment here there be,
Let urn and scroll speak justice' doom on me;
Judge sit by judge — let Minos' throne be nigh,
And the stern court, and Furies' company.
Rest, Sisyphus! forego thy stone and hill;
Ixion, let thy whizzing wheel be still!
The cheating wave let Tantalus recall;
Let Cerberus no passing ghost appal;
Hell's bolt be silent, and its chain let fall!

Lo, mine own cause I plead! If false my plea,
Hard weigh the Danaides' urn of doom on me!
If trophied spoils bring heritage of fame,
Speak, Spain and Afric, of my grandsires' name!
Well matched with them may stand my mother's line,
And Scipio's stock with Libo's race combine.
Then, when I passed from maiden unto bride,
And wedlock's snood my virgin tresses tied,
Till death should part, to Paullus' side I came —
Wife to one only be my funeral fame!
Dead sires! whose threshold carven busts adorn
And conquered Afric's figure, slavelike shorn —

Bear witness from your ashes to your home —
Those ashes, worthy of thy worship, Rome!
Bear witness, Perses! — all thy breast on fire
To match Achilles' self, thy godlike sire —
Thou too, whose valor shattered from its base
That home of Perses' and Achilles' race —
That ne'er, for sin of mine, was law made tame,
Nor blushed our household for Cornelia's shame.
Thro' me no stain on our renown could come —
Me, crown and model of our glorious home!
I walked unswerving, held a stainless fame,
From wedding torch to funeral, the same.
For Nature wrought for me a law within —
Thou shalt not shun the judgment, but the sin.
What urn soever shall my doom decide,
No woman e'er shall blush to seek my side:
Not thou, O Claudia, who with spotless hand
Didst hale the ling'ring galley from the strand,
Cybele's bark — thou matron of renown,
Servant of her who wears the turret-crown!
Not she who erst, when angered Vesta came,
From stainless robe relit th' entrusted flame.
Thou too, dear heart, Scribonia, mother mine!
Ne'er have I grieved thee. If thy soul repine,
Say this — no more. Too short a date was thine.
Tears, true as thine, the weeping city gave,
And Cæsar sighed detraction from my grave.
The mother of my Julia was thine,
He said; thy life was worthy of my line —
Farewell! and tears fell from his eyes divine.
Mine too it was, the honored stole to gain;
Nor from a barren wedlock was I ta'en.
Ah sons, my twofold solace after death —
Propped on your bosoms I resigned my breath!
Brother, twice throned in power! the selfsame day
Saw thee made consul and me rapt away.
Child, pride of Paullus' censorship begun,
Live thou like me, love one and only one.
Loyal to one, keep thou thy bed unstained,
And by thine offspring be our line maintained!
My race shall glorify my name — and now
Loosed be the death-boat — I am lief to go!
Of woman's fame, this is the highest crown,
When praised, and freed, and dead, we hold Renown.

Guard, Paullus, guard the pledges of our love —
My very dust that ingrained wish can move!
Father thou art, and mother must thou be,
Unto those little ones bereft of me.
Weep they, give twofold kisses, thine and mine,
Solace their hearts, and both our loves combine;
And if thou needst must weep, go, weep apart —
Let not our children, folded to thine heart,
Between thy kisses feel thy teardrops start.
Enough, for love, be nightlong thoughts of me,
And phantom forms that murmur I am she.
Or, if thou speakest to mine effigy,
Speak soft, and pause, and dream of a reply.

Yet — if a presence new our halls behold,
And a new bride my wonted place shall hold —
My children, speak her fair, who pleased your sire,
And let your gentleness disarm her ire;
Nor speak in praise of me — your loyal part
Will turn to gall and wormwood in her heart.
But, if your father hold my worth so high,
That lifelong love can people vacancy,
And solitude seem only love gone by,
Tend ye his loneliness, his thoughts engage,
And bar the avenues of pain to age.
I died before my time — add my lost years
Unto your youth, be to his heart compeers;
So shall he face, content, life's slow decline,
Glad in my children's love, as once in mine.

Lo, all is well! I ne'er wore garb of woe
For child or husband: I was first to go.
Lo, I have said! Rise, ye who weep; I stand
In high desert, worthy the Spirit Land.
Worth hath stormed Heaven ere now; this, this I claim —
To rise, in death, upon the waves of Fame.

ROMAN LIFE UNDER AUGUSTUS.

By W. A. BECKER.

[Wilhelm Adolf Becker, a noted German classical antiquary, was born at Dresden, 1796; died at Meissen, 1846. Designed for trade, he left it for scholarship; studied at Leipsic, and the last four years of his life was professor there. His still familiar works are "Charicles" and "Gallus," novels embodying the social life of the Greeks in Alexander's time and the Romans in Augustus'. His "Handbook of Roman Antiquities" (1843–1846) is his chief monument as a scholar.

This historical novel of Becker's is based on the real fate of Cornelius Gallus.]

Studies and Letters.

Gallus had for some time past kept as much as possible aloof from the disquieting labors of public life, and had been accustomed to divide his time between the pleasures of the table and of love, the society of friends, and the pursuit of his studies, serious as well as cheerful. On the present occasion also, after his friends had departed, he withdrew into the chamber, where he used daily to spend the later hours of the morning, in converse with the great spirits of ancient Greece —a pursuit animating and refreshing alike to heart and soul —or to yield himself up to the sport of his own muse. . . .

Immediately adjoining this apartment was the library, full of the most precious treasures acquired by Gallus, chiefly in Alexandria. There, in presses of cedar wood, placed round the walls, lay the rolls, partly of parchment, and partly of the finest Egyptian papyrus, each supplied with a label, on which was seen, in bright red letters, the name of the author and title of the book. Above these again were ranged the busts, in bronze or marble, of the most renowned writers, an entirely novel ornament for libraries, first introduced into Rome by Asinius Pollio, who perhaps had only copied it from the libraries of Pergamus and Alexandria. True, only the chief representatives of each separate branch of literature were to be found in the narrow space available for them; but to compensate for this, there were several rolls which contained the portraits of seven hundred remarkable men. These were the hebdomades or peplography of Varro, who, by means of a new and much-valued invention, was enabled in an easy manner to multiply the collection of his portraits, and so to spread copies

of them, with short biographical notices of the men, through the whole learned world.

On the other side of the library was a larger room in which a number of learned slaves were occupied in transcribing, with nimble hand, the works of illustrious Greek and the more ancient Roman authors, both for the supply of the library, and for the use of those friends to whom Gallus obligingly communicated his literary treasures. Others were engaged in giving the rolls the most agreeable exterior, in gluing the separate strips of papyrus together, drawing the red lines which divided the different columns, and writing the title in the same color; in smoothing with pumice-stone and blackening the edges; fastening ivory tops on the sticks round which the rolls were wrapped, and dyeing bright red or yellow the parchment which was to serve as a wrapper.

Gallus, with Chresimus, entered the study, where the freedman, of whom he was used to avail himself in his studies, to make remarks on what was read, to note down particular passages, or to commit to paper his own poetical effusions, as they escaped him, was already awaiting him. After giving Chresimus further instructions to make the necessary preparations for an immediate journey, he reclined, in his accustomed manner, on his studying couch, supported on his left arm, his right knee being drawn up somewhat higher than the other, in order to place on it his books or tablets.

"Give me that roll of poetry of mine, Phædrus," said he to the freedman; "I will not set out till I have sent the book finished to the bookseller. I certainly do not much desire to be sold in the Argiletan taverns for five denarii, and find my name hung up on the doors, and not always in the best company; but Secundus worries me for it, and therefore be it so."

"He understands his advantage," said Phædrus, as he drew forth the roll from the cedar-wood chest. "I wager that his scribes will have nothing else to do for months, but to copy off your Elegies and Epigrams, and that you will be rewarded with the applause poured upon them not by Rome only, nor by Italy, but by the world."

"Who knows?" said Gallus. "It is always hazardous to give to the opinion of the public that which was only written for a narrow circle of tried friends: and besides, our public is so very capricious. For one I am too cold, for another I speak too much of Lycoris; my Epigrams are too long for a third;

and then there are those grammarians, who impute to me the blunders which the copyist in his hurry has committed. But look!" continued he, as he unfolded the roll, "there is just room left before we get to the *umbilicus*, for a small poem on which I meditated this morning when walking to and fro in the peristyle. It is somewhat hurriedly thrown off, I grant, and its jocular tone is not exactly in keeping with the last elegy. Perhaps they will say I had done better to leave it out, but its contents are the best proof of its unassumingness: why, therefore, should I not let the joke stand? Listen, then, and write."

Phædrus here was about taking the roll. "No," said Gallus, "the time before our departure is too brief. Take style and tablet, write with abbreviations, and insert it afterwards whilst I am dictating a few letters." . . .

Phædrus departed to copy the poem more intelligibly on the roll, and to send thither Philodamus, whom his master generally employed to write his letters; equally acquainted with both languages, he used, in most instances, to discharge the duties of the Greek and Latin correspondent, and particularly when the contents of the letters made a confidential scribe necessary. To-day, however, this was not the case; for Gallus only wished some short friendly letters, which contained no secrets, to be written. Philodamus brought the style, the wooden tablets coated over with wax, and what was requisite for sealing the letters; took the seat of Phædrus, and set down with expert hand the short sentences which Gallus dictated. Notifications of his departure to his friends; invitations to them to visit him at his villa; approval of a purchase of some statues and pictures, which a friend in Athens had made for him; recommendations of one friend to another in Alexandria; such were the quickly dispatched subjects of the day's correspondence. . . .

He read over once more the letters which Philodamus had written; the slave then fastened the tablets together with crossed thread, and where the ends were knotted, placed a round piece of wax; while Gallus drew from his finger a beautiful beryl, on which was engraved by the hand of Dioscorides, a lion driven by four amoretts, breathed on it, to prevent the tenacious wax from adhering to it, and then impressed it deeply into the pliant mass. Meanwhile Philodamus had summoned the *tabellarii*, or slaves used for conveying letters. Each of

them received a letter; but that destined for Athens was about to be intrusted to a friend journeying thither.

The Drinkers.

The lamps had been long shining on the marble panels of the walls in the triclinium, where Earinos, with his assistants, was making preparations, under the direction of the tricliniarch, for the nocturnal *comissatio*. Upon the polished table between the tapestried couches stood an elegant bronze candelabrum, in the form of a stem of a tree, from the winterly and almost leafless branches of which four two-flamed lamps, emulating each other in beauty of shape, were suspended. Other lamps hung by chains from the ceiling, which was richly gilt and ingeniously inlaid with ivory, in order to expel the darkness of night from all parts of the saloon. A number of costly goblets and larger vessels were arranged on two silver sideboards. On one of these a slave was just placing another vessel filled with snow, together with its *colum*, whilst on the other was the steaming *caldarium*, containing water kept constantly boiling by the coals in its inner cylinder, in case any of the guests should prefer the *calda*, the drink of winter, to the snow-drink, for which he might think the season was not sufficiently advanced.

By degrees the guests assembled from the bath and the peristylum, and took their places in the same order as before on the triclinium. Gallus and Calpurnius were still wanting. They had been seen walking to and fro along the *cryptoporticus* in earnest discourse. At length they arrived, and the gloom seemed dissipated from the brow of Gallus; his eyes sparkled more brightly, and his whole being seemed to have become more animated.

"I hope, my friends, you have not waited for us," said he to Pomponius and Cæcilianus, who reproached him for his long absence. "How could we do otherwise," responded Pomponius, "as it is necessary first to choose the king who shall reign supreme over the mixing bowl and *cyathus?* Quick, Lentulus, let us have the dice directly, or the snow will be turned to *calda* before we are able to drink it."

On a signal from Lentulus, a slave placed upon the table the dice-board, of terebinthus wood, the four dice made from the knuckles of gazelles, and the ivory turret-shaped dice-box.

"But first bring chaplets and the *nardum*," cried the host; "roses or ivy, I leave the choice to each of you."

Slaves immediately brought chaplets, both of dark green ivy and of blooming roses.

"Honor to the spring," said Gallus, at the same time encircling his temples with a fragrant wreath; "ivy belongs to winter; it is the gloomy ornament with which nature decks her own bier."

"Not so," said Calpurnius, "the more somber garland becomes men. I leave roses to the women, who know nothing but pleasure and trifling."

"No reflection on the women," cried Faustinus, from the *lectus summus;* "for they, after all, give the spice to life, and I should not be at all grieved if some gracious fair one were now at my side. Listen, Gallus: you know that I sometimes attempt a little poetry; what think you of an epigram I have lately made?

"Let women come and share our festal joy,
For Bacchus loves to sit with Venus' boy!
But fair her form and witty be her tongue,
Such as the nymph's whom Philolaches sung.
Just sip her wine, with jocund glee o'erflow,
To-morrow hold her tongue — if she know how."

"Very good," said Gallus; "but the last doctrine will apply as well to men; I will continue your epigram: —

"And you, O men! who larger goblets drain,
Nor draining blush, — this golden rule maintain.
While foams the cup, drink, rattle, joke away,
All unrestrained your boisterous mirth display.
But with the wreath be memory laid aside,
And let the morn night's dangerous secrets hide."

"Exactly so," cried Pomponius, whilst a loud σοφῶς resounded from the lips of the others: "let the word of which the nocturnal *triens* was witness, be banished from our memory, as if it had never been spoken. But now to business. Bassus, you throw first, and he who first throws the Venus is king for the night."

Bassus collected the dice in the box, and shook it. "Cytheris for me," cried he, as he threw; it was an indifferent cast.

"Who would think of making so free with the name of his beloved!" said Faustinus, as he prepared for his chance. "To the beautiful one of whom I am thinking; take care, it will be the Venus." He threw; loud laughter succeeded; it was the dog.

The dice passed in this manner from hand to hand till they came to Pomponius. "Ah!" exclaimed Lentulus, as Pomponius seized the box, "now I am anxious to know which, out of the number of his loves, he will invoke, — Chione or Galla, Lyde or Neæra?"

"Neither of them," answered Pomponius. "Ah! one, three, four, six; here's the Venus! but as all have not yet thrown, another may be equally fortunate." He handed the dice to Gallus, who, however, as well as the Perusians, having declined the dignity, Pomponius was hailed as lord over the *crater* and *cyathus*.

"Do not let us have too much water in the mixture," said Cæcilianus; "for Lentulus, you know, would not be sulky even should we drink the wine neat."

"No, no," replied Pomponius; "we have had a long pause, and may now well indulge a little. Three parts of water and two of wine is a fair proportion, that shall be the mixture to-night. Do you, Earinos, measure out five *cyathi* for each of us."

The goblets were filled and emptied amidst jokes and merriment, which gradually grew louder, for Pomponius took care that the cyathi should not have much repose. "I propose," said he at length, when, from the increased animation of the conversation, the power of the Falernian became evident, "that we try the dice a little. Let us play for low stakes, merely for amusement; let each of us stake five *denarii*, and put in another for every ace or six that may be thrown. Whoever throws the Venus first, gains the whole sum staked."

The proposal was acceded to, and the play began.

"How shall it be, Bassus?" said Pomponius, "a hundred denarii that I make the lucky throw before you."

"Agreed," replied the other.

"I will also bet the same with you," said Gallus: "a hundred denarii on each side."

"And I bet you the same sum," said Lentulus to Gallus; "and if either of us should throw the dog, he must pay double."

The dice went round the table, and first Cæcilianus and then one of the Perusians won the pool. The bets remained

still undecided. When Pomponius had again thrown, he cried, "Won! look here, each dice exhibits a different number."

Gallus took the box and threw. Four unlucky aces were the result. The Perusians laughed loudly; for which Gallus darted a fierce glance at them. The money was paid.

"Shall we bet again?" inquired Lentulus.

"Of course," replied Gallus; "two thousand sesterces, and let him who throws sixes also lose."

Lentulus threw; again the Venus appeared, and loud laughter arose from the *lectus imus*. By degrees the game became warmer, the bet higher, and Gallus more desperate. In the meantime Pomponius had, unnoticed, altered the proportions of the mixture. "I am now in favor of a short pause," said he, "that we may not entirely forget the cups. Bring larger goblets, Earinos, that we may drink according to the custom of the Greeks."

Larger crystal glasses were placed before him. "Pour out for me six cyathi," cried he. "This cup I drink to you, Gallus. Hail to you!"

Gallus replied to the greeting, and then desired the cyathus to be emptied seven times into his goblet. "Let us not forget the absent," said he. "Lycoris, this goblet I dedicate to you."

"Well done," said Bassus, as his cup was being filled. "Now my turn has come. Eight letters form the name of my love. Cytheris!" said he, as he drained the glass. Thus the toast passed from mouth to mouth, and finally came to the turn of the Perusians.

"I have no love," said the one on the middle seat, "but I will give you a better name, to which let each one empty his glass; Cæsar Octavianus! hail to him."

"Hail to him," responded the other Perusian. "Six cyathi to each, or ten? What, Gallus and Calpurnius! does not the name sound pleasant to you that you refuse the goblet?"

"I have no reason for drinking to his welfare," rejoined Gallus, scarcely suppressing his emotion.

"Reason or no," said the Perusian, "it is to the father of our fatherland!"

"Father of our fatherland!" screamed Calpurnius, violently enraged. "Say rather to the tyrant, the bad citizen, the suppressor of liberty!"

"Be not so violent," said the stranger, with a malicious smile; "if you will not drink it, why, leave it undone. But

yet I wager, Gallus, that you have often enough drunk to our lord before his house was closed upon you. It certainly is not pleasant, when a man thinks he has made the lucky throw, to find the dog suddenly before him."

"Scoundrel!" cried Gallus, springing up; "know that it is a matter of entire indifference to me whether the miserable, cowardly tyrant close his doors on me or no."

"No doubt he might have used stronger measures," quietly continued the stranger; "and if the lamentations of the Egyptians had made themselves heard, you would now be cooling yourself by a residence in Mœsia."

"Let him dare to send me there," called out Gallus, no longer master of himself.

"Dare!" said the Perusian, with a smile, "he dare, who could annihilate you with a single word!"

"Or I him," exclaimed Gallus, now enraged beyond all bounds: "Julius even met with his dagger."

"Ah! unheard-of treason!" cried the second stranger, starting up; "I call the assembled company to witness that I have taken no part in the highly treasonable speeches that have been uttered here. My sandals, slave: to remain here any longer would be a crime."

The guests had all risen, although a part of them reeled. Some endeavored to bring Gallus, who now did not seem to think so lightly of the words which had hastily escaped him, to moderation. Pomponius addressed the Perusians, but as they insisted on quitting the house, he promised Gallus that he would endeavor to pacify them on the way home.

The other guests also bethought them of departing; one full of vexation at the unpleasant breaking up of the feast, another blaming Pomponius for introducing such unpolished fellows; Gallus not without some anxiety, which he in vain endeavored to silence by bold resolutions for the future.

The Catastrophe.

The day commenced very differently, on the present occasion, in the house of Gallus, from what it had done on the morning of his journey. His disgrace, by some foreseen, but to most both unexpected and looked upon as the harbinger of still more severe misfortunes, formed the principal topic of the

day, and was discussed in the forum and the tabernæ with a thousand different comments. The intelligence of his return to Rome soon became diffused throughout the city; and the loud tidings of his presence should have collected the troop of clients who, at other times, were accustomed to flock in such great numbers to his house. On this day, however, the vestibulum remained empty; the obsequious crowd no longer thronged it. The selfish, who had promised themselves some advantage from the influence of their patron, became indifferent about a house which could no longer be considered, as it had lately been, the entrance-hall of the palace. The timid were deterred by fear of the cloud which hung threatening over Gallus, lest they themselves should be overtaken by the destroying flash. The swarm of parasites, prudently weighing their own interest, avoided a table of doubtful duration, in order that they might not forfeit their seats at ten others, where undisturbed enjoyment for the future appeared more secure. And even those few in whom feelings of duty or shame had overcome other considerations, seemed to be not at all dissatisfied when the ostiarius announced to them that his master would receive no visitors that day.

In the house itself all was quiet. The majority of the slaves had not yet returned from the villa, and those who were present seemed to share the grief of the deeply affected dispensator.

Uneasiness and anxiety had long since banished sleep from the couch of Gallus. He could not conceal from himself to what a precipice a misuse of his incautious expressions would drive him, and that he could expect no forbearance or secrecy from the suspicious-looking strangers. Animated by the dreams of freedom with which Calpurnius had entertained him; half enlisted in the plans which the enthusiast, sincerely moved at the misfortune of his friend, had proposed to him; highly excited by the strength of the wine and the heat of the play; and stung to fury by the insolence of the strange guests, — he had suffered himself to be drawn into an indiscreet avowal which he was far from seriously meaning. On calmer reflections he perceived the folly of all those bold projects which, in the first moment of excitement, seemed to present the possibility of averting his own fate by the overthrow of the tyrant; and he now found himself without the hope of escape, in the power of two men whose whole behavior was calculated.

to inspire anything but confidence. His only consolation was that they had been introduced by Pomponius, through whose exertions he hoped possibly to obtain their silence; for Gallus still firmly believed in the sincerity of his friendship, and paid no attention even to a discovery which his slaves professed to have made on the way homeward. It was as follows: His road, in returning from the mansion of Lentulus, passed not far from that of Largus; and the slaves who preceded him with the lantern had seen three men, resembling very much Pomponius and the two Perusians, approach the house. One of them struck the door with the metal knocker, and they were all immediately admitted by the ostiarius. Gallus certainly thought so late a visit strange; but, as it was no uncommon thing for Largus to break far into the night with wine and play, he persuaded himself that it must be some acquaintances who had called upon him on their return from an earlier party.

At last the drowsy god had steeped him in a beneficial oblivion of these cares, and although the sun was by this time high in the heavens, yet Chresimus was carefully watching lest any noise in the vicinity of his bed-chamber should abridge the moments of his master's repose. The old man wandered about the house uneasily, and appeared to be impatiently waiting for something. In the atrium he was met by Leonidas, approaching from the door.

"Well, no messenger yet?" he hastily inquired of him.

"None," replied the *vicarius*.

"And no intelligence in the house?" Chresimus again asked.

"None since his departure," was the answer. He shook his head, and proceeded to the atrium, where a loud knocking at the door was heard. The ostiarius opened it. It was an express with a letter from Lycoris.

"At last," cried Chresimus, as he took the letter from the *tabellarius*.

"My lady," said the messenger, "enjoined me to make all possible haste, and bade me give the letter only to yourself or your lord. Present it to him directly."

"Your admonition is not wanted," replied Chresimus: "I have been long expecting your arrival."

The faithful servant had indeed anxiously expected the letter. Although Gallus had strictly forbidden him from

letting the cause of his departure from the villa become known, yet Chresimus believed that he should be rendering him an important service by acquainting Lycoris with the unfortunate occurrence. She had at Baiæ only half broken to him the secret, which confirmed but too well his opinion of Pomponius. He had therefore urged her not to lose a moment in making Gallus acquainted, at whatever sacrifice to herself, with the danger that was threatening him, and immediately return herself, in order to render lasting the first impression caused by her avowal. He now hastened toward the apartment in which his master was still sleeping, cautiously fitted the three-toothed key into the opening of the door, and drew back the bolts by which it was fastened.

Gallus, awakened by the noise, sprang up from his couch. "What do you bring?" cried he to the domestic, who had pushed aside the tapestry and entered.

"A letter from Lycoris," said the old man, "just brought by a courier. He urged me to deliver it immediately, and so I was forced to disturb you."

Gallus hastily seized the tablets. They were not of the usual small and neat shape which afforded room for a few tender words only, but from their size they evidently inclosed a large epistle. "Doubtless," said he, as he cut the threads with a knife which Chresimus had presented to him, "doubtless the poor girl has been terrified by some unfavorable reports about me."

He read the contents, and turned pale. With the anxiety of a fond heart, she accused herself as the cause of what had befallen her lover, and disclosed to him the secret which must enlighten him on the danger that threatened him from Pomponius. Without sparing herself, she alluded to her former connection with the traitor, narrated the occurrences of that evening, his attempt to deceive her, and his villainous threats. She conjured Gallus to take, with prudence and resolution, such steps as were calculated to render harmless the intrigues of his most dangerous enemy. She would herself arrive, she added, soon after he received the letter, in order to beg pardon with her own mouth for what had taken place.

There stood the undeceived Gallus in deep emotion. "Read," said he, handing the letter to the faithful freedman, who shared all his secrets.

Chresimus took it, and read just what he had expected.

"I was not deceived," said he, "and thank Lycoris for clearly disclosing to you, although late, the net they would draw around you. Now hasten to Cæsar with such proofs of treachery in your hand, and expose to him the plot which they have formed against you. Haply the gods may grant that the storm which threatens to wreck the ship of your prosperity may yet subside."

"I fear it is too late," replied his master, "but I will speak with Pomponius. He must know that I see through him; perchance he will not then venture to divulge what, once published, must be succeeded by inevitable ruin. Dispatch some slaves immediately to his house, to the forum, and to the tabernæ, where he is generally to be met with at this hour. He must have no idea that I have heard from Lycoris. They need only say that I particularly beg he will call upon me as soon as possible."

Chresimus hastened to fulfill the commands of his lord. The slaves went and returned without having found Pomponius. The porter at his lodgings had answered that his master had set out early in the morning on a journey; but one of the slaves fancied that he had caught a glimpse of him in the carinæ, although he withdrew so speedily that he had not time to overtake him. At last, Leonidas returned from the forum; he had been equally unsuccessful in his search, but brought other important intelligence, communicated to him by a friend of his master. "An obscure report," said this man, "is going about the forum, that Largus had, in the assembled senate, accused Gallus of high treason, and of plotting the murder of the emperor; that two strangers had been brought into the *curia* as witnesses, and that Augustus had committed to the senate the punishment of the outrage."

The intelligence was but too well founded. In order to anticipate any steps that Gallus might take for his security, Pomponius had announced to Largus, on the very night of the supper with Lentulus, that his artifice had met with complete success. At daybreak Largus repaired to the imperial palace, and portrayed in glaring colors the treasonable designs which Gallus, when in his cups, had divulged. Undecided as to how he should act, yet solicitous for his own safety, Augustus had referred the matter to the decision of the senate, most of the members of which were far from displeased at the charge. It is true that many voices were raised, demanding

that the accused should not at least be condemned unheard: but they availed nothing against the louder clamor of those who declared that there were already previous charges sufficient to justify extreme severity; and that they themselves should be guilty of high treason did they, by delay or forbearance, expose the life of Cæsar and the welfare of the republic to danger. The result of the debate was a decree, by which Gallus was banished to an inhospitable country on the *Pontus Euxinus*, and his property confiscated to the emperor. He was also ordered to leave Rome on the following morning, and Italy within ten days.

At the seventh hour Calpurnius rushed into the house of Gallus bringing confirmation of the dread decree, and was soon followed by others from all quarters. Gallus received the news, which cleared up the last doubts concerning his fate, with visible grief but manly composure. He thanked his friend for his sympathy, warning him at the same time to be more cautious on his own account for the future. He then requested him to withdraw, ordered Chresimus to bring his double tablets, and delivered to him money and jewels to be saved for Lycoris and himself. Having pressed the hand of the veteran, who wept aloud, he demanded to be left alone. The domestic loitered for a while, and then retired full of the worst forebodings.

Gallus fastened the door, and for greater security placed the wooden bar across it. He then wrote a few words to Augustus, begging him to give their freedom to the faithful servants who had been in most direct attendance upon him. Words of farewell to Lycoris filled the other tablets. After this, he reached from the wall the sword, to the victories achieved by which he owed his fatal greatness, struck it deep into his breast, and as he fell upon the couch, dyed yet more strongly the purple coverlet with the streams of his blood.

The lictor, sent to announce to him the sentence of banishment, arrived too late. Chresimus had already, with faithful hand, closed the eyes of his beloved master, and round the couch stood a troop of weeping slaves, uncertain of their future lot, and testifying by the loudness of their grief that a man of worth was dead.

LATIN POETIC RHYTHMS.

By F. W. H. MYERS.

[Frederick W. H. Myers: English essayist and poet; born February 6, 1843. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. He published his charming poem "St. Paul" in 1867, "Renewal of Youth and Other Poems" in 1882. His "Essays Modern and Classical" came out in 1885; his "Science and a Future Life" in 1893. He has been greatly interested in the speculations regarding spiritualism, and is one of the honorable secretaries of the Society of Psychical Research. He is an inspector of schools, and resides in Cambridge.]

No words that men can any more set side by side can ever affect the mind again like some of the great passages of Homer. For in them it seems as if all that makes life precious were in the act of being created at once and together — language itself, and the first emotions, and the inconceivable charm of song. When we hear one single sentence of Anticleia's answer, as she begins —

out' emeg' en megaroisin euskopos iocheaira —

what words can express the sense which we receive of an effortless and absolute sublimity, the feeling of morning freshness and elemental power, the delight which is to all other intellectual delights what youth is to all other joys? And what a language! which has written, as it were, of itself those last two words for the poet, which offers them as the fruit of its inmost structure and the bloom of its early day! Beside speech like this Virgil's seems elaborate, and Dante's crabbed, and Shakespeare's barbarous.

There never has been, there never will be, a language like the dead Greek. For Greek had all the merits of other tongues without their accompanying defects. It had the monumental weight and brevity of the Latin without its rigid unmanageability; the copiousness and flexibility of the German without its heavy commonness and guttural superfluity; the pellucidity of the French without its jejuneness; the force and reality of the English without its structureless comminution. But it was an instrument beyond the control of any but its creators. When the great days of Greece were past, it was the language which made speeches and wrote

books, and not the men. Its French brilliancy taught Isocrates to polish platitude into epigram; its German profundity enabled Lycophron to pass off nonsense as oracles; its Italian flow encouraged Apollonius Rhodius to shroud in long-drawn sweetness the languor of his inventive soul. There was nothing except the language left. Like the golden brocade in a queen's sepulchre, its imperishable splendor was stretched stiffly across the skeleton of a life and thought which inhabited there no more.

The history of the Latin tongue was widely different. We do not meet it full-grown at the dawn of history; we see it take shape and strength beneath our eyes. We can watch, as it were, each stage in the forging of the thunderbolt; from the day when Ennius, Nævius, Pacuvius, inweave their "three shafts of twisted storm,"[1] till Lucretius adds "the sound and terror," and Catullus "the west wind and the fire." It grows with the growth of the Roman people; it wins its words at the sword's point; and the "conquered nations in long array" pay tribute of their thought and speech as surely as of their blood and gold.

In the region of poetry this union of strenuous effort with eager receptivity is conspicuously seen. The barbarous Saturnian lines, hovering between an accentual and a quantitative system, which were the only indigenous poetical product of Latium, rudely indicated the natural tendency of the Latin tongue towards a trochaic rhythm. Contact with Greece introduced Greek meters, and gradually established a definite quantitative system. Quantity and accent are equally congenial to the Latin language, and the trochaic and iambic meters of Greece bore transplantation with little injury. The adaptations of these rhythms by early Roman authors, however uncouth, are at least quite easy and unconstrained; and so soon as the prestige of the Augustan era had passed away, we find both Pagans and Christians expressing in accentual iambic, and especially in accentual trochaic meters, the thoughts and feelings of the new age. Adam of S. Victor is metrically nearer to Livius Andronicus than to Virgil or Ovid; and the Litany of the Arval Brethren finds its true succession, not in the Secular Ode of Horace, but in the *Dies Iræ* or the *Veni Creator*.

[1] Tris imbris torti radios, tris nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tris ignis et alitis Austri. Æneid viii. 429.

For Latin poetry suffered a violent breach of continuity in the introduction from Greece of the hexameter and the elegiac couplet. The quantitative hexameter is in Latin a difficult and unnatural meter. Its prosodial structure excludes a very large proportion of Latin words from being employed at all. It narrowly limits the possible grammatical constructions, the modes of emphasis, the usages of curtailment, the forms of narration. On the other hand, when successfully managed, its advantages are great. All the strength and pregnancy of Latin expression are brought out by the stately march of a meter perhaps the most compact and majestic which has ever been invented. The words take their place like the organs in a living structure — close packed, but delicately adjusted and mutually supporting. And the very sense of difficulty overcome gives an additional charm to the sonorous beauty of the dactylic movement, its self-retarding pauses, its onward and overwhelming flow.

To the Greek the most elaborate poetical effects were as easy as the simplest. In his poetic, as in the glyptic art, he found all materials ready to his hand; he had but to choose between the marble and the sardonyx, between the ivory and the gold. The Roman hewed his conceptions out of the granite rock; oftenest its craggy forms were rudely piled together, yet dignified and strong; but there were hands which could give it finish too, which could commit to the centuries a work splendid as well as imperishable, polished into the basalt's shimmer and fervent with the porphyry's glow.

It must not, however, be supposed that even the "Æneid" has wholly overcome the difficulties inseparable from the Latin poetry of the classical age, that it is entirely free either from the frigidities of an imitation or from the constraints of a *tour de force*. In the first place, Virgil has not escaped the injury which has been done to subsequent poets by the example of the length and the subject-matter of Homer. An artificial dignity has been attached to poems in twelve or twenty-four books, and authors have been incited to tell needlessly long stories in order to take rank as epic poets. And because Homer is full of tales of personal combat — in his day an exciting and all-important thing — later poets have thought it necessary to introduce a large element of this kind of description, which, so soon as it loses reality, becomes not only frigid but disgusting. It is as if the first novel had been written by

a schoolboy of genius, and all succeeding novelists had felt bound to construct their plots mainly of matches at football. It is the later books of the "Æneid" that are most marred by this mistake. In the earlier books there are, no doubt, some ill-judged adaptations of Homeric incident, some labored reproductions of Homeric formulæ, but for the most part the events are really noble and pathetic,—are such as possess permanent interest for civilized men. The three last books, on the other hand, which have come down to us in a crude and unpruned condition, contain large tracts immediately imitated from Homer, and almost devoid of independent value.

Besides these defects in matter, the latter part of the poem illustrates the metrical dangers to which Latin hexameters succumbed almost as soon as Virgil was gone. The types on which they could be composed were limited in number and were becoming exhausted. Many of the lines in the later books are modeled upon lines in the earlier ones. Many passages show that peculiar form of bald artificiality into which this difficult meter so readily sinks; nay, some of the *tibicines*, or stop-gaps, suggest a grotesque resemblance to the well-known style of the fourth-form boy. Other more ambitious passages give the painful impression of just missing the effect at which they aim.

ODES OF HORACE.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

[QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS, the most popular of Roman poets, was born B.C. 65; superbly educated; at eighteen joined Brutus' army, and fought at Philippi; had his estate confiscated, but through Virgil's intercession with Mæcenas received it again, and gained Augustus' friendship as well as that of Mæcenas, who presented him with the immortal "Sabine Farm." He died B.C. 8. His odes are enduringly valued for their charm of style and genial Epicureanism of philosophy.]

BOOK I., ODE 9.

To Thaliarchus.

One dazzling mass of solid snow
  Soracte stands; the bent woods fret
  Beneath their load; and, sharpest-set
With frost, the streams have ceased to flow.

Pile on great fagots and break up
  The ice: let influence more benign
  Enter with four-years-treasured wine,
Fetched in the ponderous Sabine cup:

Leave to the gods all else. When they
  Have once bid rest the winds that war
  Over the passionate seas, no more
Gray ash and cypress rock and sway.

Ask not what future suns shall bring.
  Count to-day gain, whate'er it chance
  To be: nor, young man, scorn the dance,
Nor deem sweet Love an idle thing,

Ere time thy April youth hath changed
  To sourness. Park and public walk
  Attract thee now, and whispered talk
At twilight meetings prearranged;

Hear now the pretty laugh that tells
  In what dim corner lurks thy love;
  And snatch a bracelet or a glove
From wrist or hand that scarce rebels.

Ode 11.

To Leuconöe.

Seek not, for thou shalt not find it, what my end, what thine shall be;
Ask not of Chaldæa's science what God wills, Leuconöe:
Better far, what comes, to bear it. Haply many a wintry blast
Waits thee still; and this, it may be, Jove ordains to be thy last,
Which flings now the flagging sea wave on the obstinate sandstone reef.
Be thou wise: fill up the wine cup; shortening, since the time is brief,
Hopes that reach into the future. While I speak, hath stolen away
Jealous Time. Mistrust To-morrow, catch the blossom of To-day.

Book III., Ode 1.

I scorn and shun the rabble's noise.
  Abstain from idle talk. A thing
  That ear hath not yet heard, I sing,
The Muses' priest, to maids and boys.

To Jove the flocks which great kings sway,
  To Jove great kings allegiance owe.
  Praise him: he laid the giants low:
All things that are, his nod obey.

This man may plant in broader lines
  His fruit trees: that, the pride of race
  Enlists a candidate for place:
In worth, in fame, a third outshines

His mates; or, thronged with clients, claims
  Precedence. Even-handed Fate
  Hath but one law for small and great:
That ample urn holds all men's names.

He o'er whose doomed neck hangs the sword
  Unsheathed, the dainties of the South
  Shall lack their sweetness in his mouth:
No note of bird or harpsichord

Shall bring him Sleep. Yet Sleep is kind,
  Nor scorns the huts of laboring men;
  The bank where shadows play, the glen
Of Tempe dancing in the wind.

He, who but asks "Enough," defies
  Wild waves to rob him of his ease;
  He fears no rude shocks, when he sees
Arcturus set or Hædus rise:

When hailstones lash his vines, or fails
  His farm its promise, now of rains
  And now of stars that parch the plains
Complaining, or unkindly gales.

—In straitened seas the fish are pent;
  For dams are sunk into the deep:
  Pile upon pile the builders heap,
And he, whom earth could not content,

The Master. Yet shall Fear and Hate
  Climb where the Master climbs: nor e'er
  From the armed trireme parts black Care;
He sits behind, the horseman's mate.

And if red marble shall not ease
  The heartache; nor the shell that shines
  Star-bright; nor all Falernum's vines,
All scents that charmed Achæmenes:

Why should I rear me halls of rare
  Design, on proud shafts mounting high?
  Why bid my Sabine vale good-by
For doubled wealth and doubled care?

Ode 2.

Friend! with a poor man's straits to fight
  Let warfare teach thy stalwart boy:
  Let him the Parthian's front annoy
With lance in rest, a dreaded knight:

Live in the field, inure his eye
  To danger. From the foeman's wall
  May the armed tyrant's dame, with all
Her damsels, gaze on him, and sigh,

"Dare not, in war unschooled, to rouse
  Yon Lion — whom to touch is death,
  To whom red Anger ever saith,
'*Slay and slay on*' — O prince, my spouse!"

— Honored and blest the patriot dies.
  From death the recreant may not flee:
  Death shall not spare the faltering knee
And coward back of him that flies.

Valor — unbeat, unsullied still —
  Shines with pure luster: all too great
  To seize or drop the sword of state,
Swayed by a people's veering will.

Valor — to souls too great for death
  Heaven opening — treads the untrodden way:
  And this dull world, this damp cold clay,
On wings of scorn, abandoneth.

— Let too the sealed lip honored be.
  The babbler, who'd the secrets tell
  Of holy Ceres, shall not dwell
Where I dwell; shall not launch with me

A shallop. Heaven full many a time
  Hath with the unclean slain the just:
  And halting-footed Vengeance must
O'ertake at last the steps of crime.

Book III., Ode 3.

The just man's single-purposed mind
  Not furious mobs that prompt to ill
  May move, nor kings' frowns shake his will
Which is as rock; not warrior winds

That keep the seas in wild unrest;
  Nor bolt by Jove's own finger hurled:
  The fragments of a shivered world
Would crash round him still self-possest.

Jove's wandering son reached, thus endowed,
  The fiery bastions of the skies;
  Thus Pollux; with them Cæsar lies
Beside his nectar, radiant-browed.

Honored for this, by tigers drawn
  Rode Bacchus, reining necks before
  Untamed; for this War's horses bore
Quirinus up from Acheron.

To the pleased gods had Juno said
  In conclave: "Troy is in the dust;
  Troy, by a judge accursed, unjust,
And that strange woman prostrated.

"The day Laomedon ignored
  His god-pledged word, resigned to me
  And Pallas ever pure, was she,
Her people, and their traitor lord.

"Now the Greek woman's guilty guest
  Dazzles no more: Priam's perjured sons
  Find not against the mighty ones
Of Greece a shield in Hector's breast:

"And, long drawn out by private jars,
  The war sleeps. Lo! my wrath is o'er:
  And him the Trojan vestal bore
(Sprung of that hated line) to Mars,

"To Mars restore I. His be rest
  In halls of light: by him be drained
  The nectar bowl, his place obtained
In the calm companies of the blest.

"While betwixt Rome and Ilion raves
  A length of ocean, where they will
  Rise empires for the exiles still:
While Paris's and Priam's graves

"Are trod by kine, and she-wolves breed
  Securely there, unharmed shall stand
  Rome's lustrous Capitol, her hand
Curb with proud laws the trampled Mede.

"Wide-feared, to far-off climes be borne
  Her story; where the central main
  Europe and Libya parts in twain,
Where full Nile laves a land of corn:

"The buried secret of the mine,
  (Best left there) let her dare to spurn,
  Nor unto man's base uses turn
Profane hands laying on things divine.

"Earth's utmost end, where'er it be,
  Let her hosts reach; careering proud
  O'er lands where watery rain and cloud,
Or where wild suns hold revelry.

"But, to the warriors of Rome,
  Tied by this law, such fates are willed;
  That they seek never to rebuild,
Too fond, too bold, their grandsires' home.

"With darkest omens, deadliest strife,
  Shall Troy, raised up again, repeat
  Her history; I the victor fleet
Shall lead, Jove's sister and his wife.

"Thrice let Apollo rear the wall
  Of brass; and thrice my Greeks shall hew
  The fabric down: thrice matrons rue
In chains their sons', their husbands' fall."

Ill my light lyre such notes beseem.
  Stay, Muse; nor, wayward still, rehearse
  Sayings of Gods in meager verse
That may but mar a mighty theme.

Book III., Ode 5.

Jove we call King, whose bolts rive heaven;
  Then a god's *presence* shall be felt
  In Cæsar, with whose power the Celt
And Parthian stout in vain have striven.

Could Crassus' men wed alien wives,
  And greet, as sons-in-law, the foe?
  In the foes' land (oh Romans, oh
Lost honor!) end, in shame, their lives,

'Neath the Mede's sway? They, Marsians and
  Apulians — shields and rank and name
  Forgot, and that undying flame —
And Jove still reign, and Rome still stand?

This thing wise Regulus could presage:
  He brooked not base conditions; he
  Set not a precedent to be
The ruin of a coming age:

"No," cried he, "let the captives die,
  Spare not. I saw Rome's ensigns hung
  In Punic shrines; with sabers, flung
Down by Rome's sons ere blood shed. I

"Saw our free citizens with hands
  Fast pinioned; and, through portals now
  Flung wide, our soldiers troop to plow,
As once they trooped to waste, the lands.

"'Bought by our gold, our men will fight
  But keener.' What? To shame would you
  Add loss? As wool, its natural hue
Once gone, may not be *painted* white;

"True Valor, from her seat once thrust,
  Is not replaced by meaner wares.
  Do stags, delivered from the snares,
Fight? Then shall *he* fight, who did trust

"His life to foes who spoke a lie:
  And *his* sword shatter Carthage yet,
  Around whose arms the cords have met,
A sluggard soul, that feared to die!

"Life, howe'er bought, he treasured: he
  Deemed war a thing of trade. Ah fie! —
  Great art thou, Carthage — towerest high
O'er shamed and ruined Italy!"

As one uncitizened — men said —
  He put his wife's pure kiss away.
  His little children; and did lay
Stern in the dust his manly head:

Till those unequaled words had lent
  Strength to the faltering sires of Rome;
  Then from his sorrow-stricken home
Went forth to glorious banishment.

Yet knew he, what wild tortures lay
  Before him: knowing, put aside
  His kin, his countrymen — who tried
To bar his path, and bade him stay:

He might be hastening on his way, —
  A lawyer freed from business — down
  To green Venafrum, or a town
Of Sparta, for a holiday.

Epode 2.

Alphius.

Translated by SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Happy the man, in busy schemes unskilled,
  Who, living simply, like our sires of old,
Tills the few acres which his father tilled,
  Vexed by no thoughts of usury or gold;

The shrilling clarion ne'er his slumber mars,
  Nor quails he at the howl of angry seas;
He shuns the forum, with its wordy jars,
  Nor at a great man's door consents to freeze.

The tender vine-shoots, budding into life,
  He with the stately poplar tree doth wed,
Lopping the fruitless branches with his knife,
  And grafting shoots of promise in their stead;

Or in some valley, up among the hills,
  Watches his wandering herds of lowing kine,
Or fragrant jars with liquid honey fills,
  Or shears his silly sheep in sunny shine;

Or when Autumnus o'er the smiling land
  Lifts up his head with rosy apples crowned,
Joyful he plucks the pears, which erst his hand
  Graffed on the stem they're weighing to the ground;

Plucks grapes in noble clusters purple-dyed,
  A gift for thee, Priapus, and for thee,
Father Sylvanus, where thou dost preside,
  Warding his bounds beneath thy sacred tree.

Now he may stretch his careless limbs to rest,
  Where some old ilex spreads its sacred roof;
Now in the sunshine lie, as likes him best,
  On grassy turf of close elastic woof.

And streams the while glide on with murmurs low,
  And birds are singing 'mong the thickets deep,
And fountains babble, sparkling as they flow,
  And with their noise invite to gentle sleep.

But when grim winter comes, and o'er his grounds
  Scatters its biting snows with angry roar,
He takes the field, and with a cry of hounds
  Hunts down into the toils the foaming boar;

Or seeks the thrush, poor starveling, to ensnare,
  In filmy net with bait delusive stored,
Entraps the traveled crane, and timorous hare,
  Rare dainties these to glad his frugal board.

Who amid joys like these would not forget
  The pangs which love to all its victims bears,
The fever of the brain, the ceaseless fret,
  And all the heart's lamentings and despairs?

But if a chaste and blooming wife, beside,
  The cheerful home with sweet young blossoms fills,
Like some stout Sabine, or the sunburnt bride
  Of the lithe peasant of the Apulian hills

Who piles the hearth with logs well dried and old
  Against the coming of her wearied lord,
And, when at eve the cattle seek the fold,
  Drains their full udders of the milky hoard;

And bringing forth from her well-tended store
  A jar of wine, the vintage of the year,
Spreads an unpurchased feast, — oh then, not more
  Could choicest Lucrine oysters give me cheer,

Or the rich turbot, or the dainty char,
  If ever to our bays the winter's blast
Should drive them in its fury from afar;
  Nor were to me a welcomer repast

The Afric hen or the Ionic snipe,
  Than olives newly gathered from the tree,
That hangs abroad its clusters rich and ripe,
  Or sorrel, that doth love the pleasant lea,

Or mallows wholesome for the body's need,
  Or lamb foredoomed upon some festal day
In offering to the guardian gods to bleed,
  Or kidling which the wolf hath marked for prey.

What joy, amidst such feasts, to see the sheep,
  Full of the pasture, hurrying homewards come;
To see the wearied oxen, as they creep,
  Dragging the upturned plowshare slowly home!

Or, ranged around the bright and blazing hearth,
  To see the hinds, a house's surest wealth,
Beguile the evening with their simple mirth,
  And all the cheerfulness of rosy health!

Thus spake the miser Alphius; and, bent
  Upon a country life, called in amain
The money he at usury had lent; —
  But ere the month was out, 'twas lent again.

Book III., Ode 29.

To Mœcenas.

Translated by TALLMADGE A. LAMBERT.

O thou, Mæcenas, who canst trace
Descent from 'Truria's royal race,
My humble store I pray thee grace
Of unbroached wine,
And at my board resume the place
Forever thine!

Make no delay, but once again
Forsake wet Tibur's moistened plain,
And Æsula, whose fields attain
The hill's steep side,
And Telegon, red with the stain
Of parricide.

Thy cloying wealth and honors proud,
Thy palace rearing to the cloud,
And all the sycophantic crowd,
Leave for a time;
Avoid the din, the smoky shroud
Of Rome sublime.

The wealthy ofttimes welcome change;
And oft the farmer's humble grange,
Where cleanliness and health arrange
The plain repast,
Restores the brow which cares derange
And overcast.

Bright Cepheus rises in the sky,
And Procyon fiercely burns on high,
While Leo's star, of lurid dye,
Portends the drouth,
And glowing Phœbus, drawing nigh,
Deserts the south.

The shepherd, now, and panting sheep
Close to the thicket's shading keep,
And in the cooling streamlet steep
Their languid limbs;
The sluggish waters onward creep
Uncurled by winds.

But thou, engaged in state affairs,
And pressed by weight of civic cares,
Must needs inquire what best appears
For thine own Rome,
How China, Bactria, Tanais fares,
The Parthian's home.

An all-wise Power conceals from sight
Our after fortunes, dark or bright,
And o'er them sets a rayless night
Of Stygian shade,
And laughs whenever mortal might
Would fain invade.

Enjoy to-day; as yonder stream
Whose waters, smooth-revolving, seem
To bear within their depths a gleam
Of Tuscan sea,
So life 'neath fortune's favoring beam
Flows happily.

But like those waters when they sweep,
A swollen torrent, broad and deep,
And headlong every stay o'erleap
In mad career,
So life a turbid course will keep,
Impelled by care.

He nobly o'er himself holds sway,
And truly lives, who thus can say,
As evening seals each well-spent day:
"I've lived my life!
The Father may arouse the sea
And winds to strife —

"But lo, he cannot render vain
What fleeting Time hath backward ta'en,
Nor yet avoid nor change again
That which is past.
Thus, Memory's joys must e'en remain
Unto the last!"

Fair Fortune, pleasing but to grieve,
Exciting hope but to deceive,
Exulting when she may bereave
With keenest pain,

Neptune Calming the Waves

From the original statue in the Louvre

The transient honors I receive
    Will take again.

I praise her — with me — when I see
Her, fluttering, rise, about to flee;
I give up all and tranquilly
    Behold her go,
And seek undowered poverty
    Whence virtues flow.

'Tis not for me, when Afric's blast
Bends low the sailless, creaking mast. —
'Tis not for me, with eyes upcast,
    To supplicate
That through the storm my ship hold fast
    Its precious freight.

Not mine to strive, with bargaining vows,
The heavenly deities to rouse,
Lest my rich Cyprian, Tyrian prows
    Sink on the deep;
For griefless poverty allows
    Unbroken sleep.

The Twins my trusting course shall guide
As o'er the fickle waves I glide,
Assisted by the winds and tide,
    In my swift bark;
And every storm I'll safely ride,
    A scathless mark!

Book III., Ode 28.

Neptune and the Sea Goddesses.

How shall I honor Neptune best
  On his holiday? Lyde mine,
Bring the hoarded Cæcuban out with zest,
  Break Wisdom's guarded line.
You feel the noontide sun decline,
  Yet as if the fleet day stood still,
You leave the lingering cask of wine
With Consul Bibulus' vintage sign,
  Asleep in the cellar's chill.
We will sing by turns of the ocean sire
  And the Nereids' tresses green;

You first recite to the arching lyre
Latona's love, and the arrows dire
  Of Cynthia, fleet-foot queen;
The carol done, of her be the tale
  Whom Cnidus' charms can please,
Who swan-borne visits her Paphian vale
  And the sun-bright Cyclades;
And the song of Night in a minor wail
  Shall fitly follow these.

HORACE ON CHARITABLE JUDGMENTS.

(From the "Satires," I. 3.)

TRANSLATED BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

TRUE love, we know, is blind: defects that blight
The loved one's charms escape the lover's sight,—
Nay, pass for beauties; as Balbinus shows
A passion for the wen on Agna's nose.
Oh, with our friendships that we did the same,
And screened our blindness under virtue's name!
For we are bound to treat a friend's defect
With touch most tender, and a fond respect:
Even as a father treats a child's, who hints
The urchin's eyes are roguish, if he squints:
Or if he be as stunted, short, and thick
As Sisyphus the dwarf, will call him "chick!"
If crooked all ways, in back, in legs, and thighs,
With softening phrases will the flaw disguise.
So, if one friend too close a fist betrays,
Let us ascribe it to his frugal ways;
Or is another — such we often find —
To flippant jest and braggart talk inclined,
'Tis only from a kindly wish to try
To make the time 'mongst friends go lightly by;
Another's tongue is rough and overfree,
Let's call it bluntness and sincerity;
Another's choleric — him we must screen,
As cursed with feelings for his peace too keen.
This is the course, methinks, that makes a friend,
And having made, secures him to the end.

POEMS OF OVID.

[Publius Ovidius Naso, the youngest of the great Augustan poets, was born B.C. 43, the year after Cæsar's murder, and died A.D. 17, three years after Augustus. He was of Sulmo in the Apennines, a landholder like Tibullus and Propertius, and, unlike them, kept his estate. He settled at Rome and filled some minor offices, but led an easy, pleasure-seeking life. But he became involved, seemingly, in the dreadful family scandal which clouded Augustus' later years and ruined his political family plans; his "Art of Love" was regarded as one of the influences which had made Roman society so rotten; and he was banished to Tomi on the Danube, a barbarous village of Grecized Goths, where he lived the ten remaining years of his life. His "Metamorphoses" have been translated, adapted, and used as subjects, in every European language; his "Fasti" poetized the Roman religious rites; his Elegies ranked him as one of the great quartet (see Tibullus); his Epistles have been brilliantly and repeatedly translated. He wrote also "Remedia Amoris," a sort of apology for the "Ars Amatoria"; a tragedy, "Medea"; the "Heroides," on the old myths; and others.]

Sappho to Phaon.

(From the "Epistles": Pope's translation).

Say, lovely youth, that doth my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new members choose,
The lute neglected, and the Lyric Muse.
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tuned my heart to elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripened corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne.
Phaon to Etna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Etna's fires!
No more my soul a charm in music finds,
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds:
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are lost in only thine,
Ah, youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;

Would you with ivy wreathe your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus loved, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warmed, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than e'en those gods contend in charms with thee. . . .
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspired young Perseus with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
And glossy jet is paired with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be moved:
Phaon alone by Phaon must be loved!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ;
Once in her arms you centered all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For, oh! how vast a memory has love!
My music, then you could not ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopped with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleased, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fired,
You still enjoyed, and yet you still desired,
Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures died away. . . .

O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at least the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu;
(At least to feign was never hard to you!)
"Farewell, my Lesbian love," you might have said;
Or coldly thus, "Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!"
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.

No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, "Be mindful of your loves, and live."
Now by the Nine, those powers adored by me,
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,
Grief chilled my breast, and stopped my freezing blood;
No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,
Fixed in a stupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way the impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again;
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame
Whose firstborn infant feeds the funeral flame. . . .
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim:
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night.
O night, more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And dressed in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms! . . .
But when with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I;
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again.

Laodamia to Protesilaus.

(Translated by Miss E. Garland.)

Ah! Trojan women (happier far than we),
Fain in your lot would I partaker be!
If ye must mourn o'er some dead hero's bier,
And all the dangers of the war are near,
With you at least the fair and youthful bride
May arm her husband, in becoming pride;
Lift the fierce helmet to his gallant brow,
And, with a trembling hand, his sword bestow:
With fingers all unused the weapon brace,
And gaze with fondest love upon his face!

How sweet to both this office she will make —
How many a kiss receive — how many take!
When all equipped she leads him from the door,
Her fond commands how oft repeating o'er: —
"Return victorious, and thine arms enshrine —
Return, beloved, to these arms of mine!"
Nor shall these fond commands be all in vain,
Her hero-husband will return again.
Amid the battle's din and clashing swords
He still will listen to her parting words;
And, if more prudent, still, ah! not less brave,
One thought for her and for his home will save.

The Ring.

(Translated by A. A. Brodribb.)

Sign of my too presumptuous flame,
  To fairest Celia haste, nor linger,
And may she gladly breathe my name,
  And gayly put thee on her finger!

Suit her as I myself, that she
  May fondle thee with murmured blessing;
Caressed by Celia! Who could be
  Unenvious of such sweet caressing?

Had I Medea's magic art,
  Or Proteus' power of transformation,
Then would I blithely play thy part,
  The happiest trinket in creation!

Oh! on her bosom I would fall,
  Her finger guiding all too lightly;
Or else be magically small,
  Fearing to be discarded nightly.

And I her ruby lips would kiss
  (What mortal's fortune could be better?)
As oft allowed to seal my bliss
  As she desires to seal a letter.

Now go, these are delusions bright
  Of idle Fancy's idlest scheming;
Tell her to read the token right —
  Tell her how sweet is true love's dreaming.

Elegy on Tibullus.

(Translated by Professor J. P. Nichol.)

If bright Aurora mourned for Memnon's fate,
  Or the fair Thetis wept Achilles slain,
And the sad sorrows that on mortals wait
  Can ever move celestial hearts with pain —

Come, doleful Elegy! too just a name!
  Unbind thy tresses fair, in loose attire,
For he, thy bard, the herald of thy fame,
  Tibullus, burns upon the funeral pyre.

Ah, lifeless corse! Lo! Venus' boy draws near
  With upturned quiver and with shattered bow;
His torch extinguished, see him toward the bier
  With drooping wings disconsolately go.

He smites his heaving breast with cruel blow,
  Those straggling locks, his neck all streaming round,
Receive the tears that fastly trickling flow,
  While sobs convulsive from his lips resound.

In guise like this, Iulus, when of yore
  His dear Æneas died, he sorrowing went;
Now Venus wails as when the raging boar
  The tender thigh of her Adonis rent.

We bards are named the gods' peculiar care;
  Nay, some declare that poets are divine;
Yet forward death no holy thing can spare,
  'Round all his dismal arms he dares entwine.

Did Orpheus' mother aid, or Linus' sire?
  That one subdued fierce lions by his song
Availed not; and, they say, with plaintive lyre
  The god mourned Linus, woods and glades among.

Mæonides, from whose perennial lay
  Flow the rich fonts of the Pierian wave
To wet the lips of bards, one dismal day
  Sent down to Orcus and the gloomy grave —

Him, too, Avernus holds in drear employ;
  Only his songs escape the greedy pile;

His work remains — the mighty wars of Troy,
And the slow web, unwove by nightly guile.

Live a pure life; —yet death remains thy doom:
Be pious; — ere from sacred shrines you rise,
Death drags you heedless to the hollow tomb!
Confide in song — lo! there Tibullus lies.

Scarce of so great a soul, thus lowly laid,
Enough remains to fill this little urn;
O holy bard! were not the flames afraid
That hallowed corse thus ruthlessly to burn?

These might devour the heavenly halls that shine
With gold — they dare a villany so deep:
She turned who holds the Erycinian shrine,
And there are some who say she turned to weep.

Yet did the base soil of a stranger land
Not hold him nameless; as the spirit fled
His mother closed his eyes with gentle hand,
And paid the last sad tribute to the dead.

Here, with thy wretched mother's woe to wait,
Thy sister came with loose dishevelled hair;
Nemesis kisses thee, and thy earlier mate —
They watched the pyre when all had left it bare.

Departing, Delia faltered, "Thou wert true,
The Fates were cheerful then, when I was thine:"
The other, "Say, what hast thou here to do?"
Dying, he clasped his failing hand in mine.

Ah, yet, if any part of us remains
But name and shadow, Albius is not dead;
And thou, Catullus, in Elysian plains,
With Calvus see the ivy crown his head.

Thou, Gallus, prodigal of life and blood,
If false the charge of amity betrayed,
And aught remains across the Stygian flood,
Shalt meet him yonder with thy happy shade.

Refined Tibullus! thou art joined to those
Living in calm communion with the blest;
In peaceful urn thy quiet bones repose —
May earth lie lightly where thy ashes rest!

Acis and Galatea.

(From the "Metamorphoses": Dryden's translation.)

Acis, the lovely youth, whose loss I mourn,
From Faunus and the nymph Symethis born,
Was both his parents' pleasure; but to me
Was all that love could make a lover be.
The gods our minds in mutual bands did join:
I was his only joy, and he was mine.
Now sixteen summers the sweet youth had seen;
And doubtful down began to shade his chin:
When Polyphemus first disturbed our joy,
And loved me fiercely as I loved the boy.
Ask not which passion in my soul was higher,
My last aversion, or my first desire:
Nor this the greater was, nor that the less;
Both were alike, for both were in excess.
Thee, Venus, thee both heaven and earth obey;
Immense thy power, and boundless is thy sway.
The Cyclops, who defied th' ethereal throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own,
The terror of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in forests are,
Th' inhuman host, who made his bloody feasts
On mangled members of his butchered guests,
Yet felt the force of love, and fierce desire,
And burned for me with unrelenting fire:
Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
Assumed the softness of a lover's air:
And combed, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.
Now with a crooked scythe his beard he sleeks,
And mows the stubborn stubble of his cheeks:
Now in the crystal stream he looks, to try
His simagres, and rolls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirst of blood are lost,
And ships securely sail along the coast.
    The prophet Telemus (arrived by chance
Where Ætna's summits to the seas advance,
Who marked the tracks of every bird that flew,
And sure presages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulysses' hand
In his broad eye should thrust a flaming brand.
The giant, with a scornful grin, replied,
"Vain augur, thou hast falsely prophesied;
Already Love his flaming brand has tossed;
Looking on two fair eyes, my sight I lost."

Thus, warned in vain, with stalking pace he strode,
And stamped the margin of the briny flood
With heavy steps; and, weary, sought again
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.
A promontory, sharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas:
On either side, below, the water flows:
This airy walk the giant lover chose;
Here on the midst he sat; his flocks, unled,
Their shepherd followed, and securely fed.
A pine so burly, and of length so vast,
That sailing ships required it for a mast,
He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide:
But laid it by, his whistle while he tried.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportioned to his mouth:
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And watery plains, the dreadful hiss resound.
I heard the ruffian shepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below;
On Acis' bosom I my head reclined:
And still preserve the poem in my mind.
"O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling snows, and rising lilies are;
More flowery than the meads; as crystal bright:
Erect as alders, and of equal height:
More wanton than a kid; more sleek thy skin
Than orient shells, that on the shores are seen:
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleasing as winter suns, or summer shade:
More grateful to the sight than goodly plains;
And softer to the touch than down of swans,
Or curds new turned; and sweeter to the taste
Than swelling grapes, that to the vintage haste:
More clear than ice, or running streams, that stray
Through garden plots, but, ah! more swift than they.
"Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaimed to bear the yoke:
And far more stubborn than the knotted oak:
Like sliding streams, impossible to hold;
Like them fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
More warping than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immovable, and fixed in thy disdain;
Rough as these rocks, and of a harder grain:

More violent than is the rising flood;
And the praised peacock is not half so proud:
Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are;
And more outrageous than a mother bear:
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make;
And more revengeful than a trodden snake:
In swiftness fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But swiftness is the vice I only fear.

"Yet, if you knew me well, you would not shun
My love, but to my wished embraces run:
Would languish in your turn, and court my stay;
And much repent of your unwise delay.

"My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand; a spacious pleasing shade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden filled with fruits you may behold,
And grapes in clusters, imitating gold;
Some blushing bunches of a purple hue:
And these, and those, are all reserved for you.
Red strawberries in shades expecting stand
Proud to be gathered by so white a hand;
Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
And plums, to tempt you, turn their glossy side:
Not those of common kinds; but such alone,
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:
Nor chestnuts shall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear;
And yours shall be the product of the year.

"The flocks, you see, are all my own; beside
The rest that woods and winding valleys hide;
And those that folded in the caves abide.
Ask not the numbers of my growing store;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,
But judge yourself, and pass your own decree:
Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy weight
Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight;
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly served
For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserved.
Nor are these household dainties all my store:

The fields and forests will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar:
All sorts of venison; and of birds the best;
A pair of turtles taken from the nest.
I walked the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whose dam had left 'em on the naked ground;
So like, that no distinction could be seen;
So pretty, they were presents for a queen;
And so they shall; I took them both away;
And keep, to be companions of your play.
"Oh raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves; nor scorn my presents, and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face;
I late beheld it in the watery glass,
And found it lovelier than I feared it was.
Survey my towering stature, and my size;
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the skies,
Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread:
My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
As with a shady grove, my shoulders crown.
Nor think, because my limbs and body bear
A thick-set underwood of bristling hair,
My shape deformed: what fouler sight can be
Than the bald branches of a leafless tree?
Foul is the steed without a flowing mane,
And birds, without their feathers, and their train.
Wool decks the sheep; and man receives a grace
From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a single eye is filled,
Round as a ball, and ample as a shield.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun,
Is nature's eye; and she's content with one.
Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,
Like you, am of the watery family.
I make you his, in making you my own;
You I adore, and kneel to you alone:
Jove, with his fabled thunder, I despise,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Disdained, if others were disdained with me.
But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, heavens! I cannot bear.
But let the stripling please himself; nay more,
Please you, though that's the thing I most abhor;

The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
These giant limbs endued with giant might.
His living bowels from his belly torn,
And scattered limbs, shall on the flood be borne,
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and fate shall find
That way for thee and Acis to be joined,
For, oh! I burn with love, and thy disdain
Augments at once my passion and my pain.
Translated Ætna flames within my heart,
And thou, inhuman, wilt not ease my smart."
Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and strode
With furious paces to the neighboring wood:
Restless his feet, distracted was his walk;
Mad were his motions, and confused his talk.
Mad as the vanquished bull, when forced to yield
His lovely mistress, and forsake the field.
Thus far unseen I saw: when, fatal chance
His looks directing, with a sudden glance,
Acis and I were to his sight betrayed;
Where, naught suspecting, we securely played.
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast;
"I see, I see! but this shall be your last."
A roar so loud made Ætna to rebound;
And all the Cyclops labored in the sound.
Affrighted with his monstrous voice, I fled,
And in the neighboring ocean plunged my head.
Poor Acis turned his back, and, "Help," he said,
"Help, Galatea! help, my parent gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes!"
The Cyclops followed; but he sent before
A rib, which from the living rock he tore:
Though but an angle reached him of the stone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone
To crush all Acis; 'twas too late to save,
But what the Fates allowed to give, I gave:
That Acis to his lineage should return,
And roll, among the river gods, his urn.
Straight issued from the stone a stream of blood;
Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood.
Then like a troubled torrent it appeared;
The torrent too, in little space, was cleared.
The stone was cleft, and through the yawning chink
New reeds arose, on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb, disclosed
A sound like water in its course opposed:

When (wondrous to behold) full in the flood
Up starts a youth, and navel-high he stood.
Horns from his temples: and either horn
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
Were not his stature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
His color blue, for Acis he might pass:
And Acis changed into a stream he was.
But mine no more, he rolls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.

ÆNEAS' JOURNEY TO HADES.

By VIRGIL.

(Translated by Sir Charles Bowen.)

[Publius Virgilius Maro, the great Roman epic poet, was born near Mantua, B.C. 70, and finely educated. Stripped of his estate in Augustus' confiscations, he regained it, like Horace, through Mæcenas' influence; became the friend of both, and also of Augustus, with whom he was traveling when he died, B.C. 19. His works are the "Eclogues" or "Bucolics" (only part of them pastorals, however), modeled on Theocritus' idyls; the "Georgics," a poetical treatise on practical agriculture which made farming the fashionable "fad" for a time; and the "Æneid," an epic on the adventures of Æneas, the mythical founder of Rome, — imitative of Homer's form and style.]

[Sir Charles Synge Christopher Bowen: An English judge and translator; born at Gloucestershire, England, in 1835; died April 9, 1894. He was educated at Rugby, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took three of the great university prizes. Called to the bar in 1861, he became judge of the Queen's Bench in 1879, and lord justice in the Court of Appeal in 1882. His literary reputation rests upon a translation into English verse of Virgil's "Eclogues" and the first six books of the "Æneid."]

Weeping he spake, then gave to his flying vessels the rein,
Gliding at last on the wind to Eubœan Cumæ's plain.
Seaward the bows are pointed; an anchor's hook to the land
Fastens the ships, and the sterns in a long line border the strand.
Troy's young warriors leap with exultant hearts from the bark
Forth upon Italy's soil. Some look for the fiery spark
Hid in the secret veins of the flint; some scour the profound
Forest, and wild beast's cover, and show where waters abound.
While the devout Æneas a temple seeks on the height,
Phœbus's mountain throne, and a cavern vast as the night,
Where in mysterious darkness the terrible Sibyl lies,
Maiden upon whose spirit the Delian seer of the skies
Breathes his immortal thought, and the knowledge of doom untold.
Soon they arrive at Diana's grove and her palace of gold.

Flying, as legends tell, from the thraldom of Minos the king,
Dædalus, trusting the heavens, set forth on adventurous wing,
Sailed for the ice-bound north by a way unimagined and strange;
Airily poising at last upon this Chalcidian range,
Here first touching the land, to Apollo hallowed his light
Oarage of wings; and a temple colossal built on the site.
Graved on the doors is the death of Androgeos; yonder in turn
Attica's land, condemned each year in atonement to yield
Seven of her children; the lots are drawn, still standing the urn;
Rising from midmost ocean beyond them, Crete is revealed.
Here is the gloomy romance of the bull, and Pasiphae's blind
Fantasy. Here the twiformed Minotaur, two bodies combined,
Record of lawless love; there, marvelous labor, were shaped
Palace and winding mazes, from whence no feet had escaped,
Had not Dædalus pitied the lorn princess and her love,
And of himself unentangled the woven trick of the grove,
Guiding her savior's steps with a thread. Thee, too, he had wrought,
Icarus, into the picture, had grief not baffled the thought.
Twice he essayed upon gold to engrave thine agony, twice
Faltered the hands of the father, and fell. Each noble device
Long their eyes had perused, but Achates now is in sight;
With him the priestess comes, dread servant of Phœbus and Night,
Daughter of Glaucus the seer. To the Trojan monarch she cries:
"'Tis not an hour, Æneas, for feasting yonder thine eyes.
Better to slaughter from herds unyoked seven oxen and seven
Ewes of the yester year, as a choice oblation to Heaven."
Then, as the ministers hasten the rites ordained to prepare,
Into the depth of the temple she bids Troy's children repair.

There is a cavern hewn in the mountain's enormous side,
Reached by a hundred gates, and a hundred passages wide.
Thence roll voices a hundred, the seer's revelations divine.
When by the doors they stood: "'Tis the hour to inquire of the shrine,"
Cried the illumined maiden: "The God! lo, here is the God!"
Even as she spake, while still on the threshold only she trod,
Sudden her countenance altered, her cheek grew pale as in death,
Loose and disordered her fair hair flew, heart panted for breath,
Bosom with madness heaved. More lofty than woman's her frame,
More than mortal her voice, as the presence of Deity came
Nearer upon her. "And art thou slow to petition the shrine,
Troy's Æneas a laggard at prayer? — naught else will incline
This charmed temple," she cries, "its colossal doors to unclose."
Then stands silent. The veteran bones of the Teucrians froze,
Chilled with terror, and prayer from the heart of the monarch arose:
"Phœbus! compassionate ever to Troy in the hour of her woe,

Who against haughty Achilles of old didst prosper the bow
Bent by the Dardan Paris, beneath thine auspices led
Many a sea I have traveled around great continents spread,
Far as Massylian tribes and the quicksands lining their plain.
Italy's vanishing regions, behold, thy people attain!
Here may the evil fate of the Trojans leave us at last!
Spare, for 'tis mercy's hour, this remnant of Pergama's race,
Gods and goddesses all, whose jealous eyes in the past
Looked upon Ilion's glories! From thee I implore one grace,
Prophet of Heaven, dark seer of the future. Grant us the debt,
Long by the destinies owed us — a kingdom promised of yore —
Foot upon Latium's borders at length may Teucrians set,
Bearing their household gods by the tempests tossed evermore!
I, their votary grateful, in Phœbus' and Trivia's praise
Hewn from the solid marble a glorious fane will raise,
Call by Apollo's name his festival. Also for thee
Shall in our future kingdom a shrine imperial be.
There shall thine own dark sayings, the mystic fates of our line,
Gracious seer, be installed, and a priesthood chosen be thine.
Only intrust not to leaves thy prophecy, maiden divine,
Lest in disorder, the light winds' sport, they be driven on the air;
Chant thyself the prediction." His lips here ended from prayer.

Still untamed of Apollo, to stature terrible grown,
Raves the prophetic maid in her cavern, fain to dethrone
This great God who inspires her — the more with bit doth he school
Fiery mouth and rebellious bosom and mold her to rule.
Wide on a sudden the hundred enormous mouths of her lair
Fly, of themselves unclosing, and answer floats on the air:
"Thou who hast ended at last with the dangers dread of the sea,
Greater on land still wait thee. Lavinium's kingdom afar
Teucria's children shall find — of that ancient terror be free —
Yet shall repent to have found it. I see grim visions of war,
Tiber foaming with blood. Once more shall a Simois flow,
Xanthus be there once more, and the tents of a Dorian foe.
Yonder in Latium rises a second Achilles, and born,
Even as the first, of a goddess; and neither at night nor at morn
Ever shall Juno leave thee, the Trojans' enemy sworn,
While thou pleadest for succor, besieging in misery sore
Each far people and city around Ausonia's shore!
So shall a bride from the stranger again thy nation destroy,
Once more foreign espousals a great woe bring upon Troy.
Yield not thou to disasters, confront them boldly, and more
Boldly — as destiny lets thee — and first from a town of the Greek,
Marvel to say, shall be shown thee the way salvation to seek."

So from her awful shrine the Cumæan Sibyl intones
Fate's revelation dread, till the cavern echoes her groans,
Robing her truths in gloom. So shakes, as she fumes in unrest,
Phœbus his bridle reins, while plunging the spur in her breast.
After her madness ceased and her lips of frenzy were still,
Thus Æneas replied: "No vision, lady, of ill
Comes unimagined now to the exile here at thy door;
Each has he counted and traversed already in spirit before.
One sole grace I entreat — since these be the gates, it is said,
Sacred to Death and the twilight lake by the Acheron fed —
Leave to revisit the face of the sire I have loved so well;
Teach me the way thyself, and unlock yon portals of hell.
This was the sire I bore on my shoulders forth from the flame,
Brought through a thousand arrows, that vexed our flight as we came,
Safe from the ranks of the foeman. He shared my journey with me;
Weak as he was, braved ocean, the threats of sky and of sea;
More than the common strength or the common fate of the old.
'Tis at his bidding, his earnest prayer long since, I am fain
Thus in petition to seek thy gate. With compassion behold
Father and son, blest maid, for untold thy power, nor in vain
Over the groves of Avernus hath Hecate set thee to reign.
Grace was to Orpheus granted, his bride from the shadows to bring,
Strong in the power of his lyre and its sounding Thracian string.
Still in his turn dies Pollux, a brother's life to redeem,
Travels and ever retravels the journey. Why of the great
Theseus tell thee, or why of Alcides mighty relate?
My race, even as theirs, is descended from Jove the supreme."
So evermore he repeated, and still to the altar he clung.
She in reply: "Great Hero, of heaven's high lineage sprung,
Son of Anchises of Troy, the descent to Avernus is light;
Death's dark gates stand open, alike through the day and the night.
But to retrace thy steps and emerge to the sunlight above,
This is the toil and the trouble. A few, whom Jupiter's love
Favors, or whose bright valor has raised them thence to the skies,
Born of the gods, have succeeded. On this side wilderness lies,
Black Cocytus around it his twilight waters entwines.
Still, if such thy desire, and if thus thy spirit inclines
Twice to adventure the Stygian lake, twice look on the dark
Tartarus, and it delights thee on quest so wild to embark,
Learn what first to perform. On a tree no sun that receives
Hides one branch all golden — its yielding stem and its leaves —
Sacred esteemed to the queen of the shadows. Forests of night
Cover it, sloping valleys inclose it around from the light.
Subterranean gloom and its mysteries only may be
Reached by the mortal who gathers the golden growth of the tree.

This for her tribute chosen the lovely Proserpina needs
Aye to be brought her. The one bough broken, another succeeds,
Also of gold, and the spray bears leaf of a metal as bright.
Deep in the forest explore, and if once thou find it aright,
Pluck it; the branch will follow, of its own grace and design,
Should thy destiny call thee; or else no labor of thine
Ever will move it, nor ever thy hatchet conquer its might.
Yea, and the corpse of a friend, although thou know'st not," she saith,
"Lies upon shore unburied, and taints thy vessels with death,
While thou tarriest here at the gate thy future to know.
Carry him home to his rest, in the grave his body bestow;
Death's black cattle provide for the altar; give to the shades
This first lustral oblation, and so on the Stygian glades,
Even on realms where never the feet of the living come,
Thou shalt finally look." Then, closing her lips, she was dumb.

Sadly, with downcast eyes, Æneas turns to depart,
Leaving the cave; on the issues dark foretold by her words
Pondering much in his bosom. Achates, trusty of heart,
Paces beside him, plunged in a musing deep as his lord's.
Many the troubled thoughts that in ranging talk they pursue —
Who is the dead companion the priestess spake of, and who
Yonder unburied lies? And advancing thither, they find
High on the beach Misenus, to death untimely consigned,
Æolus-born Misenus, than whom no trumpeter bright
Blew more bravely for battle, or fired with music the fight;
Comrade of Hector great, who at Hector's side to the war
Marched, by his soldier's spear and his trumpet known from afar.
After triumphant Achilles his master slew with the sword,
Troy's Æneas he followed, a no less glorious lord.
Now while over the deep he was sounding his clarion sweet,
In wild folly defying the Ocean Gods to compete,
Envious Triton, lo! — if the legend merit belief —
Drowned him, before he was ware, in the foaming waves of a reef.
All now, gathered around him, uplift their voices in grief,
Foremost the faithful chieftain. Anon to their tasks they hie;
Speed, though weeping sorely, the Sibyl's mission, and vie
Building the funeral altar with giant trees to the sky.

Into the forest primeval, the beasts' dark cover, they go;
Pine trees fall with a crash and the holm oaks ring to the blow.
Ash-hewn timbers and fissile oaks with the wedges are rent;
Massive ash trees roll from the mountains down the descent.
Foremost strides Æneas, as ever, guiding the way,
Cheering his men, and equipped with a forester's ax as they.

Long in his own sad thoughts he is plunged — then raising his eyes
Over the measureless forest, uplifts his prayer to the skies.
"O that in this great thicket the golden branch of the tree
Might be revealed! For in all she related yonder of thee
Ever, alas! Misenus, the prophetess spake too true."
Lo! at the words twain doves came down through the heavenly blue,
And at his side on the green turf lighted. The hero of Troy
Knows the celestial birds of his mother, and cries with joy:
"Guide us, if ever a way be, and cleaving swiftly the skies,
Wing for the grove where in shadow a golden branch overlies
One all-favored spot. Nor do thou in an hour that is dark,
Mother, desert thy son!" So saying, he pauses to mark
What be the omens, and whither the birds go. They in their flight,
Soaring, and lighting to feed, keep still in the Teucrians' sight.
When they have come to the valley of baleful Avernus, the pair,
Shooting aloft, float up through a bright and radiant air;
Both on a tree they have chosen at length their pinions fold
Through whose branches of green is a wavering glimmer of gold.
As in the winter forest a mistletoe often ye see
Bearing a foliage young, no growth of its own oak tree,
Circling the rounded boles with a leafage of yellowing bloom;
Such was the branching gold, as it shone through the holm oak's gloom,
So in the light wind rustled the foil. Æneas with bold
Ardor assails it, breaks from the tree the reluctant gold;
Then to the Sibyl's palace in triumph carries it home.

Weeping for dead Misenus the Trojan host on the shore
Now to his thankless ashes the funeral offerings bore.
Rich with the resinous pine and in oak-hewn timbers cased
Rises a giant pyre, in its sides dark foliage laced;
Planted in front stand branches of cypress, gifts to the grave;
Over it hang for adornment the gleaming arms of the brave.
Some heat fountain water, the bubbling caldron prepare;
Clay-cold limbs then wash and anoint. Wails sound on the air.
Dirge at an end, the departed is placed on the funeral bed;
O'er him they fling bright raiment, the wonted attire of the dead.
Others shoulder the ponderous bier, sad service of death;
Some in ancestral fashion the lighted torches beneath
Hold with averted eyes. High blaze on the burning pyre
Incense, funeral viands, and oil outpoured on the fire.
After the ashes have fallen and flames are leaping no more,
Wine on the smouldering relics and cinders thirsty they pour.
Next in a vessel of brass Corynæus gathers the bones,
Thrice bears pure spring water around Troy's sorrowing sons,

Sprinkles it o'er them in dew, from the bough of an olive in bloom,
Gives lustration to all, then bids farewell to the tomb.
But the devout Æneas a vast grave builds on the shore,
Places upon it the warrior's arms, his trumpet and oar,
Close to the sky-capped hill that from hence Misenus is hight,
Keeping through endless ages his glorious memory bright.

Finished the task, to accomplish the Sibyl's behest they sped.
There was a cavern deep, — with a yawning throat and a dread, —
Shingly and rough, by a somber lake and a forest of night
Sheltered from all approach. No bird wings safely her flight
Over its face, — from the gorges exhales such poisonous breath,
Rising aloft to the skies in a vapor laden with death.
Here four sable oxen the priestess ranges in line;
Empties on every forehead a brimming beaker of wine;
Casts on the altar fire, as the first fruits due to the dead,
Hair from between both horns of the victim, plucked from its head;
Loudly on Hecate calls, o'er heaven and the shadows supreme.
Others handle the knife, and receive, as it trickles, the stream
Warm from the throat in a bowl. Æneas with falchion bright
Slays himself one lamb of a sable fleece to the fell
Mother and queen of the Furies, and great Earth, sister of Night,
Killing a barren heifer to thee, thou mistress of Hell.
Next for the Stygian monarch a twilight altar he lays;
Flings on the flames whole bodies of bulls unquartered to blaze,
Pours rich oil from above upon entrails burning and bright.
When, at the earliest beam of the sun, and the dawn of the light,
Under his feet earth mutters, the mountain forests around
Seem to be trembling, and hell dogs bay from the shadow profound,
Night's dark goddess approaching.
"Avaunt, ye unhallowed, avaunt!"
Thunders the priestess. "Away from a grove that is Hecate's haunt.
Make for the pathway, thou, and unsheath thy sword; thou hast need,
Now, Æneas, of all thy spirit and valor indeed!"
When she had spoken, she plunged in her madness into the cave;
Not less swiftly he follows, with feet unswerving and brave.

Gods! whose realm is the spirit world, mute shadows of might,
Chaos, and Phlegethon thou, broad kingdoms of silence and night,
Leave vouchsafe me to tell the tradition, grace to exhume
Things in the deep earth hidden and drowned in the hollows of gloom.

So unseen in the darkness they went by night on the road
Down the unpeopled kingdom of Death, and his ghostly abode,

As men journey in woods when a doubtful moon has bestowed
Little of light, when Jove has concealed in shadow the heaven,
When from the world by somber Night Day's colors are driven.

Facing the porch itself, in the jaws of the gate of the dead,
Grief, and Remorse the Avenger, have built their terrible bed.
There dwells pale-cheeked Sickness, and Old Age sorrowful-eyed,
Fear, and the temptress Famine, and Hideous Want at her side,
Grim and tremendous shapes. There Death with Labor is joined,
Sleep, half-brother of Death, and the Joys unclean of the mind.
Murderous Battle is camped on the threshold. Fronting the door
The iron cells of the Furies, and frenzied Strife, evermore
Wreathing her serpent tresses with garlands dabbled in gore.

Thick with gloom, an enormous elm in the midst of the way
Spreads its time-worn branches and limbs: false Dreams, we are told,
Make their abode thereunder, and nestle to every spray.
Many and various monsters, withal, wild things to behold,
Lie in the gateway stabled — the awful Centaurs of old;
Scyllas with forms half-human; and there with his hundred hands
Dwells Briareus; and the shapeless Hydra of Lerna's lands,
Horribly yelling; in flaming mail the Chimæra arrayed;
Gorgons and Harpies, and one three-bodied and terrible Shade.

Clasping his sword, Æneas in sudden panic of fear
Points its blade at the legion; and had not the Heaven-taught seer
Warned him the phantoms are thin apparitions, clothed in a vain
Semblance of form, but in substance a fluttering bodiless train,
Idly his weapon had slashed the advancing shadows in twain.

Here is the path to the river of Acheron, ever by mud
Clouded, forever seething with wild, insatiate flood
Downward, and into Cocytus disgorging its endless sands.
Sentinel over its waters an awful ferryman stands,
Charon, grisly and rugged; a growth of centuries lies
Hoary and rough on his chin; as a flaming furnace his eyes.
Hung in a loop from his shoulders a foul scarf round him he ties;
Now with his pole impelling the boat, now trimming the sail,
Urging his steel-gray bark with its burden of corpses pale,
Aged in years, but a god's old age is unwithered and hale.

Down to the bank of the river the streaming shadows repair,
Mothers, and men, and the lifeless bodies of those who were
Generous heroes, boys that are beardless, maidens unwed,
Youths to the death pile carried before their fathers were dead.

Many as forest leaves that in autumn's earliest frost
Flutter and fall, or as birds that in bevies flock to the coast
Over the sea's deep hollows, when winter, chilly and frore,
Drives them across far waters to land on a sunnier shore.
Yonder they stood, each praying for earliest passage, and each
Eagerly straining his hands in desire of the opposite beach.
Such as he lists to the vessel the boatman gloomy receives,
Far from the sands of the river the rest he chases and leaves.

Moved at the wild uproar, Æneas, with riveted eyes:
"Why thus crowd to the water the shadows, priestess?" he cries;
"What do the spirits desire? And why go some from the shore
Sadly away, while others are ferried the dark stream o'er?"

Briefly the aged priestess again made answer and spake:
"Son of Anchises, sprung most surely from gods upon high,
Yon is the deep Cocytus marsh, and the Stygian lake.
Even the Immortals fear to attest its presence and lie!
These are a multitude helpless, of spirits lacking a grave;
Charon the ferryman; yonder the buried, crossing the wave.
Over the awful banks and the hoarse-voiced torrents of doom
None may be taken before their bones find rest in a tomb.
Hundreds of years they wander, and flit round river and shore,
Then to the lake they long for are free to return once more."

Silent the hero gazed and his footstep halted, his mind
Filled with his own sad thoughts and compassion of doom unkind.
Yonder he notes, in affliction, deprived of the dues of the dead,
Near Leucaspis, Orontes who Lycia's vessels had led.
Over the wind-tossed waters from Troy as together they drave,
One wild storm overtook them, engulfing vessels and brave.
Yonder, behold, Palinurus the pilot gloomily went,
Who, while sailing from Libya's shores, on the planets intent,
Fell but of late from the stern, and was lost in a watery waste.
Hardly he knows him at first, as in shadow sadly he paced;
Then at the last breaks silence and cries: "What God can it be
Robbed us of thee, Palinurus, and drowned thee deep in the sea?
Answer me thou! For Apollo I ne'er found false till to-day;
Only in this one thing hath his prophecy led us astray.
Safe with life from the deep to Italian shores, we were told,
Thou shouldst come at the last! Is it thus that his promises hold?"

"Son of Anchises," he answers, "Apollo's tripod and shrine
Have not lied; no god overwhelmed me thus in the brine.
True to my trust I was holding the helm, stood ruling the course,

When by sad misadventure I wrenched it loose, and perforce
Trailed it behind in my fall. By the cruel waters I swear
Fear of mine own life truly I knew not, felt but a care
Lest thy bark, of her rudder bereft, and her helmsman lost,
Might be unequal to combat the wild seas round her that tossed.
Three long nights of the winter, across great waters and wide,
Violent south winds swept me; at fourth day's dawn I descried
Italy's coast, as I rose on the crest of a wave of the sea.
Stroke by stroke I was swimming ashore, seemed nearly to be
Safe from the billows; and weighted by dripping garments I clave,
Clutching my hands, to the face of a cliff that towered on the wave,
When wild people assailed me, a treasure-trove to their mind.
Now are the waves my masters; I toss on the beach in the wind.
O! by the pleasant sun, by the joyous light of the skies,
By thy sire, and Iulus, the rising hope of thine eyes,
Save me from these great sorrows, my hero! Over me pour
Earth, as in truth thou canst, and return to the Velian shore.
Else, if a heavenly mother hath shown thee yonder a way, —
Since some god's own presence, methinks, doth guide thee, who here
Seekest to cross these streams and the Stygian marshes drear, —
Give thy hand to thy servant, and take him with thee to-day,
So that in quiet places his wearied head he may lay!"
Thus, sad phantom, he cried; thus answered the seer of the shrine:
"Whence, Palinurus, comes this ill-omened longing of thine?
Thou cast eyes, unburied, on Stygian waves, the severe
Stream of the Furies, approach unbidden the banks of the mere!
Cease thy dream that the Fates by prayer may be ever appeased,
Yet keep this in remembrance, that so thy lot may be eased: —
Many a neighboring people from cities far and unknown,
Taught by prodigies dire of the skies, thy bones shall atone,
Building thy tomb, and remitting their gifts each year to thy ghost;
So Palinurus' name shall forever cleave to the coast."

Thus his affliction she soothes. For a little season his sad
Spirit has comfort; he thinks on his namesake land and is glad.
Thence they advance on the journey and now draw near to the flood.
Soon as the boatman saw them, from where on the water he stood,
Move through the silent forest and bend their steps to the beach,
Ere they arrive he accosts them, and first breaks silence in speech:
"Stranger, approaching in arms our river, whoever thou art,
Speak on the spot thine errand, and hold thee further apart.
This is the kingdom of shadows, of sleep and the slumberous dark;
Bodies of living men are forbidden the Stygian bark.
Not of mine own good will was Alcides over the wave
Yonder, or Theseus taken, nor yet Pirithous brave,

Though from gods they descended, and matchless warriors were;
One from the monarch's presence to chains sought boldly to bear
Hell's unslumbering warder, and trailed him trembling away.
Two from her bridal chamber conspired Death's queen to convey."

Briefly again makes answer the great Amphrysian seer:
"Here no cunning awaits thee as theirs was, far be the fear.
Violence none our weapons prepare; Hell's warder may still
Bay in his cavern forever, affrighting the phantoms chill;
Hell's chaste mistress keep to her kinsman's halls if she will.
Troy's Æneas, a son most loving, a warrior brave,
Goes in the quest of his sire to the deepest gloom of the grave.
If thou art all unmoved at the sight of a love so true" —
Here she displays him the bough in her garment hidden from view —
"Know this branch." In his bosom the tempest of anger abates.
Further he saith not. Feasting his eyes on the wand of the Fates,
Mighty oblation, unseen for unnumbered summers before,
Charon advances his dark-blue bows, and approaches the shore;
Summons the rest of the spirits in row on the benches who sate
Place to resign for the comers, his gangway clears, and on board
Takes Æneas. The cobbled boat groans under his weight.
Water in streams from the marshes through every fissure is poured.
Priestess and hero safely across Death's river are passed,
Land upon mud unsightly, and pale marsh sedges, at last.

Here huge Cerberus bays with his triple jaws through the land,
Crouched at enormous length in his cavern facing the strand.
Soon as the Sibyl noted his hair now bristling with snakes,
Morsels she flings him of meal, and of honeyed opiate cakes.
Maddened with fury of famine his three great throats unclose;
Fiercely he snatches the viand, his monstrous limbs in repose
Loosens, and, prostrate laid, sprawls measureless over his den.
While the custodian sleeps, Æneas the entrance takes,
Speeds from the bank of a stream no traveler crosses again.

Voices they heard, and an infinite wailing, as onward they bore,
Spirits of infants sobbing at Death's immediate door,
Whom, at a mother's bosom, and strangers to life's sweet breath,
Fate's dark day took from us, and drowned in untimeliest death.
Near them are those who, falsely accused, died guiltless, although
Not without trial, or verdict given, do they enter below;
Here, with his urn, sits Minos the judge, convenes from within
Silent ghosts to the council, and learns each life and its sin.
Near them inhabit the sorrowing souls, whose innocent hands
Wrought on themselves their ruin, and strewed their lives on the sands,

Hating the glorious sunlight. Alas! how willingly they
Now would endure keen want, hard toil, in the regions of day!
Fate forbids it; the loveless lake with its waters of woe
Holds them, and nine times round them entwined, Styx bars them
below.

Further faring, they see that beyond and about them are spread
Fields of the Mourners, for so they are called in worlds of the dead.
Here dwell those whom Love, with his cruel sickness, hath slain.
Lost in secluded walks, amid myrtle groves overhead,
Hiding they go, nor in death itself are they eased of the pain.
Phædra, and Procris, here, Eriphyle here they behold,
Sadly displaying the wounds that her wild son wrought her of old.

Yonder Pasiphae stood and Evadne; close to them clung
Laodamia, and Cænis, a man once, woman at last,
Now by the wheel of the Fates in her former figure recast.
Fresh from her death wound still, here Dido, the others among,
Roamed in a spacious wood. Through shadow the chieftain soon
Dimly discerned her face, as a man, when the month is but young,
Sees, or believes he has seen, amid cloudlets shining, the moon.

Tears in his eyes, he addressed her with tender love as of old:
"True, then, sorrowful Dido, the messenger fires that told
Thy said death, and the doom thou soughtest of choice by thy hand!
Was it, alas! to a grave that I did thee? Now by the bright
Stars, by the Gods, and the faith that abides in realms of the
Night,
'Twas unwillingly, lady, I bade farewell to thy land.
Yet, the behest of Immortals — the same which bids me to go
Through these shadows, the wilderness mire and the darkness
below —
Drove me imperiously thence, nor possessed I power to believe
I at departing had left thee in grief thus bitter to grieve.
Tarry, and turn not away from a face that on thine would dwell;
'Tis thy lover thou fliest, and this is our last farewell!"

So, with a burning heart and with glowering eyes as she went,
Melting vainly in tears, he essayed her wrath to relent;
She with averted gaze upon earth her countenance cast,
Nothing touched in her look by her lover's words to the last,
Set as a marble rock of Marpessus, cold as a stone.
After a little she fled, in the forest hurried to hide,
Ever his foe; Sychæus, her first lord, there at her side,
Answers sorrow with sorrow, and love not less than her own.

Thence on the path appointed they go, and the uttermost plain
Reach erelong, where rest in seclusion the glorious slain.
Tydeus here he discerns, here Parthenopæus of old,
Famous in arms, and the ghost of Adrastus, pallid and cold.
Wailed in the world of the sunlight long, laid low in the fray,
Here dwell Ilion's chiefs. As his eyes on the gallant array
Lighted, he groaned. Three sons of Antenor yonder they see,
Glaucus and Medon and young Thersilochus, brethren three;
Here Polyphætes, servant of Heaven from his earliest breath;
There Idæus, the shield and the reins still holding in death.
Thickly about him gather the spectral children of Troy:
'Tis not enough to have seen him, to linger round him is joy,
Pace at his side, and inquire why thus he descends to the dead.
But the Achæan chiefs, Agamemnon's legions arrayed,
When on the hero they looked, and his armor gleaming in shade,
Shook with an infinite terror; and some turned from him and fled,
As to the Danaan vessels in days gone by they had sped.
Some on the air raise thinnest of voices; the shout of the fray
Seems, upon lips wide parted, begun, then passing away.

Noble Deiphobus here he beholds, all mangled and marred,
Son of the royal Priam; — his visage cruelly scarred,
Visage and hands; from his ravaged temples bloodily shorn
Each of his ears, and his nostrils with wounds inglorious torn.
Hardly he knew him in sooth, for he trembled, seeking to hide
These great wrongs; but at last, in a voice most loving, he cried:
"Gallant Deiphobus, born of the Teucrian lineage bright,
Who had the heart to revenge him in this dire fashion and dread?
Who dared thus to abuse thee? On Troy's last funeral night,
Weary of endless slaughter and Danaan blood, it was said
Thou hadst laid thee to die on a heap of the nameless dead.
Yea! and a vacant mound upon far Rhœtæum's coast
I there built thee, and thrice bade loud farewell to thy ghost.
Hallowed the spot by thine armor and name. Ere crossing the wave,
Never, friend, could I find thee, nor give thee an Ilian grave."

"Nothing was left undone, O friend!" he replies. "Thou hast paid
All that Deiphobus claims, all debt that was due to his shade.
'Twas my destiny sad, and the crime accursed of the Greek
Woman, in woe that plunged me, and wrote this tale on my cheek.
Well thou knowest — for ah! too long will the memory last —
How Troy's funeral night amid treacherous pleasures we passed;
When Fate's terrible steed overcame our walls at a leap,
Carrying mailclad men in its womb towards Pergama's steep;
How, a procession feigning, the Phrygian mothers she led

Round our city in orgy, with lighted torch at their head
Waving herself the Achæans to Ilion's citadel keep.
I, that night, overburdened with troubles, buried in sleep,
Lay in the fatal chamber, delicious slumber and deep
Folding mine eyelids, like the unbroken rest of the slain.
She, meanwhile, my glorious spouse, from the palace has ta'en
Every weapon, and drawn from the pillow the falchion I bore,
Then Menelaus summons, and straightway loosens the door,
Hoping in sooth that her lover with this great boon might be won,
Deeming the fame of her guilt in the past might so be undone.
Why on the memory linger? The foe streamed in at the gate
Led by Ulysses, the plotter. May judgment, Immortals, wait
Yet on the Greeks, if of vengeance a reverent heart may be fain!
Tell me in turn what sorrow has brought thee alive and unslain
Hither?" he cries; "art come as a mariner lost on the main,
Or by the counsel of Heaven? What fortune drives thee in quest,
Hither, of sunless places and sad, the abodes of unrest?"
Morn already with roseate steeds, while talk they exchange,
Now in her journey has traversed the half of the heavenly range,
And peradventure thus the allotted time had been passed,
Had not the faithful Sibyl rebuked him briefly at last.
"Night draws nigh, Æneas. In tears we are spending the hours.
Here is the place where the path is divided. This to the right,
Under the walls of the terrible Dis — to Elysium — ours.
Yonder, the left, brings doom to the guilty, and drives them in flight
Down to the sinful region where awful Tartarus lowers."

"Terrible priestess, frown not," Deiphobus cries; "I depart,
Join our shadowy legion, restore me to darkness anon.
Go, thou joy of the race; may the Fates vouchsafe thee a part
Brighter than mine!" And behold, as he uttered the word, he was gone.

Turning his eyes, Æneas sees broad battlements placed
Under the cliffs on his left, by a triple rampart incased;
Round them in torrents of ambient fire runs Phlegethon swift,
River of Hell, and the thundering rocks sends ever adrift.
One huge portal in front upon pillars of adamant stands;
Neither can mortal might, nor the heavens' own warrior bands,
Rend it asunder. An iron tower rears over the door,
Where Tisiphone seated in garments dripping with gore
Watches the porch, unsleeping, by day and by night evermore.
Hence come groans on the breezes, the sound of a pitiless flail,
Rattle of iron bands, and the clanking of fetters that trail.

Silent the hero stands, and in terror rivets his eyes.
"What dire shapes of impiety these? Speak, priestess!" he cries.
"What dread torment racks them, and what shrieks yonder arise?"
She in return: "Great chief of the Teucrian hosts, as is meet
Over the threshold of sinners may pass no innocent feet.
Hecate's self, who set me to rule the Avernian glade,
Taught me of Heaven's great torments, and all their terrors displayed.
Here reigns dread Rhadamanthus, a king no mercy that knows,
Chastens and judges the guilty, compels each soul to disclose
Crimes of the upper air that he kept concealed from the eye,
Proud of his idle cunning, till Death brought punishment nigh.
Straightway then the Avenger Tisiphone over them stands,
Scourges the trembling sinners, her fierce lash arming her hands;
Holds in her left uplifted her serpents grim, and from far
Summons the awful troop of her sisters gathered for war!
Then at the last with a grating of hideous hinges unclose
Hell's infernal doors. Dost see what warders are those
Crouched in the porch? What presence is yonder keeping the gate?
Know that a Hydra beyond it, a foe still fiercer in hate,
Lurks with a thousand ravening throats. See! Tartarus great
Yawning to utter abysses, and deepening into the night,
Twice as profound as the space of the starry Olympian height.

"Here the enormous Titans, the Earth's old progeny, hurled
Low by the lightning, are under the bottomless waters whirled.
Here I beheld thy children, Aloeus, giants of might,
Brethren bold who endeavored to pluck down heaven from its height,
Fain to displace great Jove from his throne in the kingdom of light
Saw Salmoneus too, overtaken with agony dire
While the Olympian thunder he mimicked and Jove's own fire.
Borne on his four-horse chariot, and waving torches that glowed,
Over the Danaan land, through the city of Elis, he rode,
Marching in triumph, and claiming the honors due to a god.
Madman, thinking with trumpets and tramp of the steeds that he drove
He might rival the storms, and the matchless thunders of Jove!
But the omnipotent Father a bolt from his cloudy abyss
Launched — no brand from the pine, no smoke of the torchlight this —
And with an awful whirlwind blast hurled Pride to its fall.
Tityos also, the nursling of Earth, great mother of all,
Here was to see, whose body a long league covers of plain;
One huge vulture with hooked beak evermore at his side
Shears his liver that dies not, his bowel fruitful of pain,

Searches his heart for a banquet, beneath his breast doth abide,
Grants no peace to the vitals that ever renew them again.

"Why of Pirithous tell, and Ixion, Lapithæ tall,
O'er whose brows is suspended a dark crag, ready to fall,
Ever in act to descend? Proud couches raised upon bright
Golden feet are shining, a festal table in sight
Laden with royal splendor. The Furies' Queen on her throne
Sits at the banquet by — forbids them to taste it — has flown
Now to prevent them with torch uplifted, and thundering tone.

"All who have hated a brother in lifetime, all who have laid
Violent hands on a parent, the faith of a client betrayed;
Those who finding a treasure have o'er it brooded alone,
Setting aside no portion for kinsmen, a numerous band;
Those in adultery slain, all those who have raised in the land
Treason's banner, or broken their oath to a master's hand,
Prisoned within are awaiting an awful doom of their own.

"Ask me not, what their doom, — what form of requital or ill
Whelms them below. Some roll huge stones to the crest of the hill,
Some on the spokes of a whirling wheel hang spread to the wind.
Theseus sits, the unblest, and will ever seated remain;
Phlegyas here in his torments a warning voice to mankind
Raises, loudly proclaiming throughout Hell's gloomy abodes:
'Learn hereby to be just, and to think no scorn of the Gods!'
This is the sinner his country who sold, forged tyranny's chain,
Made for a bribe her laws, for a bribe unmade them again.
Yon wretch dared on a daughter with eyes unholy to look.
All some infamy ventured, of infamy's gains partook.
Had I a thousand tongues, and a thousand lips, and a speech
Fashioned of steel, sin's varying types I hardly could teach,
Could not read thee the roll of the torments suffered of each!"

Soon as the aged seer of Apollo her story had done,
"Forward," she cries, "on the path, and complete thy mission begun.
Hasten the march! I behold in the distance battlements great,
Built by the Cyclops' forge, and the vaulted dome at the gate
Where the divine revelation ordains our gifts to be laid."
Side by side at her bidding they traverse the region of shade,
Over the distance hasten, and now draw nigh to the doors.
Fronting the gates Æneas stands, fresh water he pours
Over his limbs, and the branch on the portal hangs as she bade.

After the rite is completed, the gift to the goddess addressed,
Now at the last they come to the realms where Joy has her throne;

Sweet green glades in the Fortunate Forests, abodes of the blest,
Fields in an ampler ether, a light more glorious dressed,
Lit evermore with their own bright stars and a sun of their own.
Some are training their limbs on the wrestling green, and compete
Gayly in sport on the yellow arenas, some with their feet
Treading their choral measures, or singing the hymns of the god;
While some Thracian priest, in a sacred garment that trails,
Chants them the air with the seven sweet notes of his musical scales,
Now with his fingers striking, and now with his ivory rod.
Here are the ancient children of Teucer, fair to behold,
Generous heroes, born in the happier summers of old, —
Ilus, Assaracus by him, and Dardan, founder of Troy.
Far in the distance yonder are visible armor and car
Unsubstantial, in earth their lances are planted, and far
Over the meadows are ranging the chargers freed from employ.
All the delight they took when alive in the chariot and sword,
All of the loving care that to shining coursers was paid,
Follows them now that in quiet below Earth's breast they are laid.
Banqueting here he beholds them to right and to left on the sward,
Chanting in chorus the Pæan, beneath sweet forests of bay,
Whence, amid wild wood covers, the river Eridanus, poured,
Rolls his majestic torrents to upper earth and the day.
Braves for the land of their sires in the battle wounded of yore,
Priests whose purity lasted until sweet life was no more,
Faithful prophets who spake as beseemed their god and his shrine,
All who by arts invented to life have added a grace,
All whose services earned the remembrance deep of the race,
Round their shadowy foreheads the snow-white garland entwine.

Then, as about them the phantoms stream, breaks silence the seer,
Turning first to Musæus, — for round him the shadows appear
Thickest to crowd, as he towers with his shoulders over the throng, —
"Tell me, ye joyous spirits, and thou, bright master of song,
Where is the home and the haunt of the great Anchises, for whom
Hither we come, and have traversed the awful rivers of gloom?"
Briefly in turn makes answer the hero: "None has a home
In fixed haunts. We inhabit the dark thick glades, on the brink
Ever of moss-banked rivers, and water meadows that drink
Living streams. But if onward your heart thus wills ye to go,
Climb this ridge. I will set ye in pathways easy to know."
Forward he marches, leading the way; from the heights at the end
Shows them a shining plain, and the mountain slopes they descend.

There withdrawn to a valley of green in a fold of the plain
Stood Anchises the father, his eyes intent on a train —

Prisoned spirits, soon to ascend to the sunlight again; —
Numbering over his children dear, their myriad bands,
All their destinies bright, their ways, and the work of their hands.
When he beheld Æneas across these flowery lands
Moving to meet him, fondly he strained both arms to his boy,
Tears on his cheek fell fast, and his voice found slowly employ.

"Here thou comest at last, and the love I counted upon
Over the rugged path has prevailed. Once more, O my son,
I may behold thee, and answer with mine thy voice as of yore.
Long I pondered the chances, believed this day was in store,
Reckoning the years and the seasons. Nor was my longing belied.
O'er how many a land, past what far waters and wide,
Hast thou come to mine arms! What dangers have tossed thee, my child!
Ah! how I feared lest harm should await thee in Libya wild!"

"Thine own shade, my sire, thine own disconsolate shade,
Visiting oft my chamber, has made me seek thee," he said.
"Safe upon Tuscan waters the fleet lies. Grant me to grasp
Thy right hand, sweet father, withdraw thee not from its clasp."

So he replied; and a river of tears flowed over his face.
Thrice with his arms he essayed the beloved one's neck to embrace;
Thrice clasped vainly, the phantom eluded his hands in flight,
Thin as the idle breezes, and like some dream of the night.

There Æneas beholds in a valley withdrawn from the rest
Far-off glades, and a forest of boughs that sing in the breeze;
Near them the Lethe river that glides by abodes of the blest.
Round it numberless races and peoples floating he sees.
So on the flowery meadows in calm, clear summer, the bees
Settle on bright-hued blossoms, or stream in companies round
Fair white lilies, till every plain seems ringing with sound.

Strange to the scene Æneas, with terror suddenly pale,
Asks of its meaning, and what be the streams in the distant vale,
Who those warrior crowds that about yon river await.
Answer returns Anchises: "The spirits promised by Fate
Life in the body again. Upon Lethe's watery brink
These of the fountain of rest and of long oblivion drink.
Ever I yearn to relate thee the tale, display to thine eyes,
Count thee over the children that from my loins shall arise,
So that our joy may be deeper on finding Italy's skies."

"O my father! and are there, and must we believe it," he said,
"Spirits that fly once more to the sunlight back from the dead?

Souls that anew to the body return and the fetters of clay?
Can there be any who long for the light thus blindly as they?"

"Listen, and I will resolve thee the doubt," Anchises replies.
Then unfolds him in order the tale of the earth and the skies.

"In the beginning, the earth, and the sky, and the spaces of night,
Also the shining moon, and the sun Titanic and bright
Feed on an inward life, and with all things mingled, a mind
Moves universal matter, with Nature's frame is combined.
Thence man's race, and the beast, and the feathered creature that flies,
All wild shapes that are hidden the gleaming waters beneath.
Each elemental seed has a fiery force from the skies,
Each, its heavenly being, that no dull clay can disguise,
Bodies of earth ne'er deaden, nor limbs long destined to death.
Hence, their fears and desires; their sorrows and joys; for their sight,
Blind with the gloom of a prison, discerns not the heavenly light.

"Nor when at last life leaves them, do all sad ills, that belong
Unto the sinful body, depart; still many survive
Lingering within them, alas! for it needs must be that the long
Growth should in wondrous fashion at full completion arrive.
So, due vengeance racks them, for deeds of an earlier day
Suffering penance, and some to the winds hang viewless and thin
Searched by the breezes; from others, the deep infection of sin
Swirling water washes, or bright fire purges, away.
Each in his own sad ghost we endure; then, chastened aright,
Into Elysium pass. Few reach to the fields of delight,
Till great Time, when the cycles have run their courses on high,
Takes the inbred pollution, and leaves to us only the bright
Sense of the heaven's own ether, and fire from the springs of the sky.
When for a thousand years they have rolled their wheels through the night,
God to the Lethe river recalls this myriad train,
That with remembrance lost once more they may visit the light,
And, at the last, have desire for a life in the body again."

When he had ended, his son and the Sibyl maiden he drew
Into the vast assembly — the crowd with its endless hum;
There on a hillock plants them, that hence they better may view
All the procession advancing, and learn their looks as they come.

"What bright fame hereafter the Trojan line shall adorn,
What far children be theirs, from the blood of Italians born,
Splendid souls, that inherit the name and the glory of Troy,
Now will I tell thee, and teach thee the fates thy race shall enjoy.

Yon fair hero who leans on a lance unpointed and bright,
Granted the earliest place in the world of the day and the light,
Half of Italian birth, from the shadows first shall ascend,
Silvius, Alban of name, thy child though born at the end,
Son of thy later years by Lavinia, consort of thine,
Reared in the woods as a monarch and sire of a royal line.
Next to him Procas, the pride of the race; then Capys, and far
Numitor; after him one who again thy name shall revive,
Silvius, hight Æneas, in pious service and war
Noble alike, if to Alba's throne he shall ever arrive.
Heroes fair! how grandly, behold! their manhood is shown,
While their brows are shaded by leaves of the citizen crown!
These on the mountain ranges shall set Nomentum the steep,
Gabii's towers, Fidenæ's town, Collatia's keep;
Here plant Inuus' camp, there Cora and Bola enthrone,
Glorious names erelong, now a nameless land and unknown.
Romulus, scion of Mars, at the side of his grandsire see —
Ilia fair his mother, the blood of Assaracus he!
See on his helmet the doubled crest, how his sire has begun
Marking the boy with his own bright plumes for the world of the sun.
Under his auspices Rome, our glorious Rome, shall arise,
Earth with her empire ruling, her great soul touching the skies.
Lo! seven mountains enwalling, a single city, she lies,
Blest in her warrior brood! So crowned with towers ye have seen
Ride through Phrygia's cities the great Berecynthian queen,
Proud of the gods her children, a hundred sons at her knee,
All of them mighty immortals, and lords of a heavenly fee!
Turn thy glance now hither, behold this glorious clan,
Romans of thine. See Cæsar, and each generation of man
Yet to be born of Iulus beneath heaven's infinite dome.
Yonder behold thy hero, the promised prince, upon whom
Often thy hopes have dwelt, Augustus Cæsar, by birth
Kin to the godlike dead, who a golden age upon earth
Yet shall restore where Saturn in Latium's plains was lord,
Ruling remote Garamantes and India's tribes with his sword.
Far beyond all our planets the land lies, far beyond high
Heaven, and the sun's own orbit, where Atlas, lifting the sky,
Whirls on his shoulders the sphere, inwrought with its fiery suns!
Ere his arrival, lo! through shivering Caspia runs
Fear, at her oracle's answers. The vast Mæotian plain,
Sevenfold Nile and his mouths, are fluttered and tremble again;
Ranges of earth more wide than Alcides ever surveyed,
Though he pursued deer brazen of limb, tamed Erymanth's glade,
Lerna with arrows scared, or the Vine God, when from the war
Homeward with ivied reins he conducts his conquering car,

Driving his team of tigers from Nysa's summits afar. —
Art thou loath any longer with deeds our sway to expand?
Can it be fear forbids thee to hold Ausonia's land?

"Who comes yonder the while with the olive branch on his brow,
Bearing the sacred vessels? I know yon tresses, I know
Yon gray beard, Rome's monarch, the first with law to sustain
Rome yet young; from the lordship of Cures' little domain
Sent to an empire's throne. At his side goes one who shall break
Slumberous peace, to the battle her easeful warriors wake,
Rouse once more her battalions disused to the triumph so long,
Tullus the king! Next, Ancus the boastful marches along,
See, overjoyed already by praises breathed from a crowd!
Yonder the royal Tarquins are visible; yonder the proud
Soul of avenging Brutus, with Rome's great fasces again
Made Rome's own; who first to her consul's throne shall attain,
Hold her terrible axes; his sons, the rebellious pair,
Doom to a rebel's death for the sake of Liberty fair.
Ill-starred sire! let the ages relate as please them the tale,
Yet shall his patriot passion and thirst of glory prevail.
Look on the Decii there, and the Drusi; hatchet in hand
See Torquatus the stern, and Camillus home to his land
Marching with rescued banners. But yonder spirits who stand
Dressed in the shining armor alike, harmonious now
While in the world of shadows with dark night over their brow —
Ah! what battles the twain must wage, what legions array,
What fell carnage kindle, if e'er they reach to the day!
Father descending from Alpine snows and Monœcus's height,
Husband ranging against him an Eastern host for the fight!
Teach not your hearts, my children, to learn these lessons of strife;
Turn not a country's valor against her veriest life.
Thou be the first to forgive, great child of a heavenly birth,
Fling down, son of my loins, thy weapons and sword to the earth!

"See, who rides from a vanquished Corinth in conqueror's car
Home to the Capitol, decked with Achæan spoils from the war!
Argos and proud Mycenæ a second comes to dethrone,
Ay, and the Æacus-born, whose race of Achilles is sown,
Venging his Trojan sires and Minerva's outraged fane!
Who would leave thee, Cato, untold? thee, Cossus, unknown?
Gracchus' clan, or the Scipio pair, war's thunderbolts twain,
Libya's ruin; — forget Fabricius, prince in his need;
Pass unsung Serranus, his furrows sowing with seed?
Give me but breath, ye Fabians, to follow! Yonder the great
Fabius thou, whose timely delays gave strength to the state.

Others will mold their bronzes to breathe with a tenderer grace,
Draw, I doubt not, from marble a vivid life to the face,
Plead at the bar more deftly, with sapient wands of the wise
Trace heaven's courses and changes, predict us stars to arise.
Thine, O Roman, remember, to reign over every race!
These be thine arts, thy glories, the ways of peace to proclaim,
Mercy to show to the fallen, the proud with battle to tame!"

Thus Anchises, and then — as they marveled — further anon:
"Lo, where decked in a conqueror's spoils Marcellus, my son,
Strides from the war! How he towers o'er all of the warrior train!
When Rome reels with the shock of the wild invaders' alarm,
He shall sustain her state. From his war steed's saddle, his arm
Carthage and rebel Gaul shall destroy, and the arms of the slain
Victor a third time hang in his father Quirinus' fane."

Then Æneas, — for near him a youth seemed ever to pace,
Fair, of an aspect princely, with armor of glittering grace,
Yet was his forehead joyless, his eye cast down as in grief —
"Who can it be, my father, that walks at the side of the chief?
Is it his son, or perchance some child of his glorious race
Born from remote generations? And hark, how ringing a cheer
Breaks from his comrades round! What a noble presence is here!
Though dark night with her shadow of woe floats over his face!"

Answer again Anchises began with a gathering tear:
"Ask me not, O my son, of thy children's infinite pain!
Fate one glimpse of the boy to the world will grant, and again
Take him from life. Too puissant methinks to immortals on high
Rome's great children had seemed, if a gift like this from the sky
Longer had been vouchsafed! What wailing of warriors bold
Shall from the funeral plain to the War God's city be rolled!
What sad pomp thine eyes will discern, what pageant of woe,
When by his new-made tomb thy waters, Tiber, shall flow!
Never again such hopes shall a youth of the lineage of Troy
Rouse in his great forefathers of Latium! Never a boy
Nobler pride shall inspire in the ancient Romulus land!
Ah, for his filial love! for his old-world faith! for his hand
Matchless in battle! Unharmed what foeman had offered to stand
Forth in his path, when charging on foot for the enemy's ranks,
Or when plunging the spur in his foam-flecked courser's flanks!
Child of a nation's sorrow! if thou canst baffle the Fates'
Bitter decrees, and break for a while their barrier gates,
Thine to become Marcellus! I pray thee, bring me anon
Handfuls of lilies, that I bright flowers may strew on my son,

Heap on the shade of the boy unborn these gifts at the least,
Doing the dead, though vainly, the last sad service."
He ceased.
So from region to region they roam with curious eyes,
Traverse the spacious plains where shadowy darkness lies.
One by one Anchises unfolds each scene to his son,
Kindling his soul with a passion for glories yet to be won.
Speaks of the wars that await him beneath the Italian skies,
Rude Laurentian clans and the haughty Latinus' walls,
How to avoid each peril, or bear its brunt, as befalls.

Sleep has his portals twain: one fashioned of horn, it is said,
Whence come true apparitions by exit smooth from the dead;
One with the polished splendor of shining ivory bright—
False are the only visions that issue thence from the night.
Thither Anchises leads them, exchanging talk by the way,
There speed Sibyl and son by the ivory gate to the day.
Straight to his vessels and mates Æneas journeyed, and bore
Thence for Caieta's harbor along the Italian shore.

ÆNEAS AND THE CYCLOPS.

By VIRGIL.

(Translation of John Conington.)

The port is sheltered from the blast,
Its compass unconfined and vast:
But Ætna with her voice of fear
In weltering chaos thunders near.
Now pitchy clouds she belches forth
Of cinders red and vapor swarth,
And from her caverns lifts on high
Live balls of flame that lick the sky:
Now with more dire convulsion flings
Disploded rocks, her heart's rent strings,
And lava torrents hurls to day,
A burning gulf of fiery spray.
'Tis said Enceladus' huge frame,
Heart-stricken by the avenging flame,
Is prisoned here, and underneath
Gasps through each vent his sulphurous breath:
And still as his tired side shifts round
Trinacria echoes to the sound

Through all its length, while clouds of smoke
The living soul of ether choke.
All night, by forest branches screened,
We writhe as 'neath some torturing fiend,
Nor know the horror's cause:
For stars were none, nor welkin bright
With heavenly fires, but blank black night
The stormy noon withdraws.

And now the day-star, tricked anew,
Had drawn from heaven the veil of dew:
When from the wood, all ghastly wan,
A stranger form, resembling man,
Comes running forth, and takes its way
With suppliant gesture to the bay.
We turn, and look on limbs besmeared
With direst filth, a length of beard,
A dress with thorns held tight:
In all beside, a Greek his style,
Who in his country's arms erewhile
Had sailed at Troy to fight.
Soon as our Dardan arms he saw,
Brief space he stood in wildering awe
And checked his speed: then toward the shore
With cries and weeping onward bore:
"By heaven and heaven's blest powers, I pray,
And life's pure breath, this light of day,
Receive me, Trojans: o'er the seas
Transport me wheresoe'er you please.
I ask no further. Ay, 'tis true,
I once was of the Danaan crew,
And levied war on Troy:
If all too deep that crime's red stain,
Then fling me piecemeal to the main
And 'mid the waves destroy.
If death is certain, let me die
By hands that share humanity."
He ended, and before us flung
About our knees in suppliance clung.
His name, his race we bid him show,
And what the story of his woe:
Anchises' self his hand extends
And bids the trembler count us friends.
Then by degrees he laid aside
His fear, and presently replied;

"From Ithaca, my home, I came,
And Achemenides my name,
The comrade of Ulysses' woes:
For Troy I left my father's door,
Poor Adamastus; both were poor;
Ah! would these fates had been as those!
Me, in their eager haste to fly
The scene of hideous butchery,
My unreflecting countrymen
Left in the Cyclops' savage den.
All foul with gore that banquet room
Immense and dreadful in its gloom.
He, lofty towering, strikes the skies
(Snatch him, ye Gods, from mortal eyes!):
No kindly look e'er crossed his face,
Ne'er oped his lips in courteous grace:
The limbs of wretches are his food:
He champs their flesh, and quaffs their blood.
I saw, when his enormous hand
Plucked forth two victims from our band,
Swung round, and on the threshold dashed,
While all the floor with blood was splashed:
I saw him grind them, bleeding fresh,
And close his teeth on quivering flesh:
Not unrequited: such a wrong
My wily chieftain brooked not long:
E'en in that dire extreme of ill
Ulysses was Ulysses still.
For when o'ercome with sleep and wine
Along the cave he lay supine,
Ejecting from his monstrous maw
Wine mixed with gore and gobbets raw,
We pray to Heaven, our parts dispose,
And in a circle round him close.
With sharpened point that eyeball pierce
Which 'neath his brow glared lone and fierce,
Like Argive shield or sun's broad light,
And thus our comrades' death requite.
But fly, unhappy, fly, and tear
Your anchors from the shore:
For vast as Polyphemus there
Guards, feeds, and milks his fleecy care,
On the sea's margin make their home
And o'er the lofty mountains roam
A hundred Cyclops more.

Three moons their circuit nigh have made,
Since in wild den or woodland shade
My wretched life I trail,
See Cyclops stalk from rock to rock,
And tremble at their footsteps' shock,
And at their voices quail.
Hard cornel fruits that life sustain,
And grasses gathered from the plain.
Long looking round, at last I scanned
Your vessels bearing to the strand.
Whate'er you proved, I vowed me yours:
Enough, to 'scape these bloody shores.
Become yourselves my slayers, and kill
This destined wretch which way you will."

E'en as he spoke, or e'er we deem,
Down from the lofty rock
We see the monster Polypheme
Advancing 'mid his flock,
In quest the well-known shore to find,
Huge, awful, hideous, ghastly, blind.
A pine tree, plucked from earth, makes strong
His tread, and guides his steps along.
His sheep upon their master wait,
Sole joy, sole solace of his fate.
Soon as he touched the ocean waves
And reached the level flood,
Groaning and gnashing fierce, he laves
His socket from the blood,
And through the deepening water strides,
While scarce the billows bathe his sides.
With wildered haste we speed our flight,
Admit the suppliant, as of right,
And noiseless loose the ropes;
Our quick oars sweep the blue profound:
The giant hears, and towards the sound
With outstretched hands he gropes.
But when he grasps and grasps in vain,
Still headed by the Ionian main,
To heaven he lifts a monstrous roar.
Which sends a shudder through the waves,
Shakes to its base the Italian shore,
And echoing runs through Ætna's caves.
From rocks and woods the Cyclop host
Rush startled forth, and crowd the coast.

There glaring fierce we see them stand
In idle rage, a hideous band,
The sons of Ætna, carrying high
Their towering summits to the sky:
So on a height stand clustering trees,
Tall oaks, or cone-clad cypresses,
The stately forestry of Jove,
Or Dian's venerable grove.

Fierce panic bids us set our sail,
And stand to catch the first fair gale.
But stronger e'en than present fear
The thought of Helenus the seer,
Who counseled still those seas to fly
Where Scylla and Charybdis lie:
That path of double death we shun,
And think a backward course to run.
When lo! from out Pelorus' strait
The northern breezes blow:
We pass Pantagia's rocky gate,
And Megara, where vessels wait,
And Thapsus, pillowed low.
So, measuring back familiar seas,
Land after land before us shows
The rescued Achemenides,
The comrade of Ulysses' woes.

THE RETURN OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

(The Messianic Eclogue.)

By VIRGIL.

(Translated by Sir Charles Bowen.)

Come is the last of the ages, in song Cumæan foretold.
Now is the world's grand cycle begun once more from of old.
Justice the Virgin comes, and the Saturn kingdom again;
Now from the skies is descending a new generation of men.
Thou to the boy in his birth, — upon whose first opening eyes
The iron age shall close, and a race that is golden arise, —

Chaste Lucina be kindly! He reigns — thy Phœbus — to-day!
Thine to be Consul, thine, at a world's bright ushering in,
Pollio, when the procession of nobler months shall begin;
Under thy rule all lingering traces of Italy's sin,
Fading to naught, shall free us from fear's perpetual sway.
Life of the gods shall be his, to behold with the gods in their might
Heroes immortal mingled, appear himself in their sight,
Rule with his Father's virtues a world at peace from the sword.
Boy, for thine infant presents the earth unlabored shall bring
Ivies wild with foxglove around thee wreathing, and fling
Mixed with the laughing acanthus the lotus leaf on the sward;
Homeward at eve untended the goat shall come from the mead
Swelling with milk; flocks fearless of monstrous lions shall feed;
Even thy cradle blossom with tender flowers, and be gay.
Every snake shall perish; the treacherous poison weed
Die, and Assyrian spices arise unsown by the way.

When thou art able to read of the heroes' glories, the bright
Deeds of thy sire, and to know what is manhood's valor and might,
Plains will be turning golden, and wave with ripening corn;
Purple grapes shall blush on the tangled wilderness thorn;
Honey from hard-grained oaks be distilling pure as the dew;
Though of our ancient folly as yet shall linger a few
Traces, to bid us venture the deep, with walls to surround
Cities, and, restless ever, to cleave with furrows the ground.
Then shall another Tiphys, a later Argo to sea
Sail, with her heroes chosen; again great battles shall be;
Once more the mighty Achilles be sent to a second Troy.
Soon when strengthening years shall have made thee man from a boy,
Trader himself shall abandon the deep; no trafficking hull
Barter her wares; all regions of all things fair shall be full.
Glebe shall be free from the harrow, the vine no pruner fear;
Soon will the stalwart plowman release unneeded the steer.
Varied hues no longer the wool shall falsely assume.
Now to a blushing purple and now to the saffron's bloom,
Cropping the meadow, the ram shall change his fleece at his need;
Crimsoning grasses color the lambs themselves as they feed.

"Ages blest, roll onward!" the Sisters of Destiny cried
Each to her spindle, agreeing by Fate's firm will to abide.
Come to thy godlike honors; the time well-nigh is begun;
Offspring loved of immortals, of Jove great scion and son!
Lo, how the universe totters beneath heaven's dome and its weight,
Land and the wide waste waters, the depths of the firmament great!
Lo, all nature rejoices to see this glorious day!

Ah, may the closing years of my life enduring be found, —
Breath sufficient be mine thy deeds of valor to sound; —
Orpheus neither nor Linus shall ever surpass my lay;
One with mother immortal, and one with sire, at his side,
To Orpheus Calliopeia, to Linus Apollo allied.
Pan, were he here competing, did all Arcadia see,
Pan, by Arcadia's voice, should allow him vanquished of me.

Baby, begin thy mother to know, and to meet with a smile;
Ten long moons she has waited, and borne her burden the while.
Smile, my babe; to his feast no god has admitted the child,
Goddess none to his kisses, on whom no parent has smiled.

A SACRED ECLOGUE IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S "POLLIO."

ALEXANDER POPE.

[ALEXANDER POPE: An English poet; born May 22, 1688. His whole career was one of purely poetic work and the personal relations it brought him into. He published the "Essay on Criticism" in 1710, the "Rape of the Lock" in 1711, the "Messiah" in 1712, his translation of the Iliad in 1718–1720, and of the Odyssey in 1725. His "Essay on Man," whose thoughts were mainly suggested by Bolingbroke, appeared in 1733. His "Satires," modeled on Horace's manner, but not at all in his spirit, are among his best-known works. He died May 30, 1744.]

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more — O thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;

Peace o'er the World her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise,
With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The Savior comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful Son

Shall finish what his short-lived Sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased the green luster of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving pow'r remains;—
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY AT THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

By STRABO.

[Strabo, the leading geographer of antiquity whose work is extant, was a Greek of Pontus; born about B.C. 62, and died after A.D. 21. He was great-great-grandson of a leading general of the father of Mithridates the Great, and grand-nephew of a governor of Colchis under that king himself. His grandfather was also an important satrap. He went early to Rome, and was highly educated; became a considerable traveler, and was long at Alexandria, studying the works of previous geographers, and astronomy and mathematics; later returned to Rome. He wrote a long continuation of Polybius, and "Historical Memoirs," but his great work was the one here excerpted: the first all-round treatise in the world covering at once mathematical, physical, political, and historical geography. The mathematical part is chiefly copied from Eratosthenes and others.]

The Earth an Island.

Perception and experience alike inform us that the earth we inhabit is an island; since wherever men have approached the termination of the land, the sea, which we designate ocean, has been met with; and reason assures us of the similarity of those places which our senses have not been permitted to survey. For in the east the land occupied by the Indians, and in the west by the Iberians and Maurusians, is wholly encompassed (by water), and so is the greater part on the south and north. And as to what remains as yet unexplored by us, because navigators sailing from opposite points have not hitherto fallen in with each other, it is not much, as any one may see who will compare the distances between those places with which we are already acquainted. Nor is it likely that the Atlantic Ocean is divided into two seas by narrow isthmuses so placed as to prevent circumnavigation; how much more probable that it is confluent and uninterrupted! Those who have returned from an attempt to circumnavigate the earth do not say they have been prevented from continuing their voyage by any opposing continent, for the sea remained perfectly open, but through want of resolution and the scarcity of provision. This theory, too, accords better with the ebb and flow of the ocean, for the phenomenon, both in the increase and diminution, is everywhere identical, or at all events has but little difference, as if produced by the agitation of one sea and resulting from one cause.

Proof of the Earth's Sphericity.

As the size of the earth has been demonstrated by other writers, we shall here take for granted and receive as accurate what they have advanced. We shall also assume that the earth is spheroidal, that its surface is likewise spheroidal, and, above all, that bodies have a tendency toward its center, which latter point is clear to the perception of the most average understanding. However, we may show summarily that the earth is spheroidal from the consideration that all things, however distant, tend to its center, and that everybody is attracted toward its center of gravity; this is more distinctly proved from observations of the sea and sky, for here the evidence of the senses — common observation — is alone requisite. The convexity of the sea is a further proof of this to those who have sailed; for they cannot perceive lights at a distance when placed at the same level as their eyes, but if raised on high they at once become perceptible to vision, though at the same time farther removed. So when the eye is raised it sees what before was utterly imperceptible. Homer speaks of this when he says, —

"Lifted up on the vast wave, he quickly beheld afar."

Sailors, as they approach their destination, behold the shore continually raising itself to their view, and objects which had at first seemed low begin to elevate themselves. Our gnomons also are, among other things, evidence of the revolution of the heavenly bodies; and common sense at once shows us that if the depth of the earth were infinite, such a revolution could not take place.

Changes in Elevation, Tides, Etc.

Eratosthenes proceeds to tell us that the earth is spheroidal; not, however, perfectly so, inasmuch as it has certain irregularities. He then enlarges on the successive changes of its form, occasioned by water, fire, earthquakes, eruptions, and the like; all of which is entirely out of place, for the spheroidal form of the whole earth is the result of the system of the universe, and the phenomena which he mentions do not in the least change its general form, such little matters being entirely lost in the great mass of the earth. Still they cause various peculiarities in different parts of our globe, and result from a variety of causes.

He points out as a most interesting subject for disquisition the fact of our finding, often quite inland, two or three thousand stadia from the sea, vast numbers of muscle, oyster, and scallop shells, and salt-water lakes. He gives as an instance that about the temple of Ammon, and along the road to it for the space of three thousand stadia, there are yet found a vast amount of oyster shells, many salt beds, and salt springs bubbling up, besides which are pointed out numerous fragments of wreck which they say have been cast up through some opening, and dolphins placed on pedestals, with the inscription, "Of the Delegates from Cyrene."

Herein he agrees with the opinion of Strato the natural philosopher, and Xanthus of Lydia. Xanthus mentioned that in the reign of Artaxerxes, there was so great a drought that every river, lake, and well was dried up: and that in many places he had seen, a long way from the sea, fossil shells, some like cockles, others resembling scallop shells, also salt lakes in Armenio, Matiana, and Lower Phrygia, which induced him to believe that sea had formerly been where land now was. Strato, who went more deeply into the causes of these phenomena, was of opinion that formerly there was no exit to the Euxine as now at Byzantium, but that the rivers running into it had forced a way through, and thus let the waters escape into the Propontis, and thence to the Hellespont. And that a like change had occurred in the Mediterranean. For the sea being overflowed by the rivers, had opened for itself a passage by the Pillars of Hercules, and thus much that was formerly covered by water had been left dry. He gives as the cause of this, that anciently the levels of the Mediterranean and Atlantic were not the same, and states that a bank of earth, the remains of the ancient separation of the two seas, is still stretched under water from Europe to Africa. He adds that the Euxine is the most shallow, and the seas of Crete, Sicily, and Sardinia much deeper, which is occasioned by the number of large rivers flowing into the Euxine both from the north and east, and so filling it up with mud, whilst the others preserve their depth. This is the cause of the remarkable sweetness of the Euxine Sea, and of the currents which regularly set toward the deepest part. He gives it as his opinion, that should the rivers continue to flow in the same direction, the Euxine will in time be filled up; since already the left side of the sea is little else than shallows, as also Salmydessus (Midjeh in Roumelia), and the shoals at the mouth of

the Ister (Danube), and the desert of Scythia (Dobrudscha), which the sailors call the Breasts.

Probably, too, the temple of Ammon was originally close to the sea, though now, by the continual deposit of the waters, it is quite inland; and he conjectures that it was owing to its being so near the sea that it became so celebrated and illustrious, and that it never would have enjoyed the credit it now possesses had it always been equally remote from the sea. Egypt, too, he says, was formerly covered by sea as far as the marshes near Pelusium, Mount Casius, and the Lake Sirbonis. Even at the present time, when salt is being dug in Egypt, the beds are found under layers of sand, and mingled with fossil shells, as if this district had formerly been under water, and as if the whole region about Casium and Gerrha had been shallows reaching to the Arabian Gulf. The sea afterward receding left the land uncovered, and the Lake Sirbonis remained, which having afterward forced itself a passage, became a marsh. In like manner the borders of the Lake Mœris resemble a sea beach rather than the banks of a river. Every one will admit that formerly at various periods a great portion of the mainland has been covered and again left bare by the sea. Likewise that the land now covered by the sea is not all on the same level, any more than that whereon we dwell; which is now uncovered and has experienced so many changes, as Eratosthenes has observed. Consequently in the reasoning of Xanthus there does not appear to be anything out of place.

In regard to Strato, however, we must remark that, leaving out of the question the many arguments he has properly stated, some of those which he has brought forward are quite inadmissible. For first he is inaccurate in stating that the beds of the interior and the exterior seas have not the same level, and that the depth of those two seas is different: whereas the cause why the sea is at one time raised, at another depressed, that it inundates certain places and again retreats, is not that the beds have different levels, some higher and some lower, but simply this, that the same beds are at one time raised, at another depressed, causing the sea to rise or subside with them; for having risen they cause an inundation, and when they subside the waters return to their former places.

The immediate cause of these phenomena is not the fact of one part of the bed of the ocean being higher or lower than another, but the upheaval or depression of the strata on which the

waters rest. Strato's hypothesis evidently originated in the belief that what occurs in rivers is also the case in regard to the sea; viz., that there is a flow of water from the higher places. Otherwise he would not have attempted to account for the current he observed at the strait of Byzantium in the manner he does, attributing it to the bed of the Euxine being higher than that of the Propontis (Marmora) and adjoining ocean (Ægæan), and even attempting to explain the cause thereof; viz., that the bed of the Euxine is filled up and choked by the deposit of the rivers which flow into it, and its waters in consequence driven out into the neighboring sea. The same theory he would apply in respect to the Mediterranean and Atlantic, alleging that the bed of the former is higher than that of the latter, in consequence of the number of rivers which flow into it and the alluvium they carry along with them. In that case there ought to be a like influx at the Pillars and the Calpe, as there is at Byzantium. But I waive this objection, as it might be asserted that the influx was the same in both places, but owing to the interference of the ebb and flow of the sea became imperceptible.

I make this inquiry rather: If there were any reason why, before the outlet was opened at Byzantium, the bed of the Euxine (being deeper than either that of the Propontis or of the adjoining sea) should not gradually have become more shallow by the deposit of the rivers which flow into it, allowing it formerly either to have been a sea, or merely a vast lake greater than the Palus Mæotis? This proposition being conceded, I would next ask, whether before this the bed of the Euxine would not have been brought to the same level as the Propontis, and in that case, the pressure being counterpoised, the overflowing of the water have been thus avoided: and if after the Euxine had been filled up, the superfluous waters would not naturally have forced a passage and flowed off, and by their commingling and power have caused the Euxine and Propontis to flow into each other, and thus become one sea? no matter, as I said above, whether formerly it were a sea or a lake, though latterly certainly a sea. This also being conceded, they must allow that the present efflux depends neither upon the elevation nor the inclination of the bed, as Strato's theory would have us consider it.

River deposits are prevented from advancing further into the sea by the regularity of the ebb and flow, which continually

drive them back. For after the manner of living creatures, which go on inhaling and exhaling their breath continually, so the sea in a like way keeps up a constant motion in and out of itself. Any one may observe, who stands on the seashore when the waves are in motion, the regularity with which they cover, then leave bare, and then again cover up his feet. This agitation of the sea produces a continual movement on its surface, which even when it is most tranquil has considerable force, and so throws all extraneous matters on to the land, and

"Flings forth the salt weed on the shore."

This effect is certainly most considerable when the wind is on the water; but it continues when all is hushed, and even when it blows from land the swell is still carried to the shore against the wind, as if by a peculiar motion of the sea itself. To this the verses refer: —

"O'er the rocks that breast the flood
Borne turgid, scatter far the showery spray,"

and

"Loud sounds the roar of waves ejected wide."

The wave, as it advances, possesses a kind of power which some call the purging of the sea, to eject all foreign substances. It is by this force that dead bodies and wrecks are cast on shore. But on retiring it does not possess sufficient power to carry back into the sea either dead bodies, wood, or even the lightest substances, such as cork, which may have been cast out by the waves. And by this means, when places next the sea fall down, being undermined by the wave, the earth and the water charged with it are cast back again; and the weight working at the same time in conjunction with the force of the advancing tide, it is the sooner brought to settle at the bottom, instead of being carried out far into the sea. The force of the river current ceases at a very little distance beyond its mouth. Otherwise, supposing the rivers had an uninterrupted flow, by degrees the whole ocean would be filled in, from the beach onward by the alluvial deposits. And this would be inevitable even were the Euxine deeper than the sea of Sardinia, than which a deeper sea has never been sounded, measuring, as it does, according to Posidonius, about 1000 fathoms.

Some, however, may be disinclined to admit this explanation, and would rather have proof from things more manifest to the senses, and which seem to meet us at every turn. Now deluges,

earthquakes, eruptions of wind, and risings in the bed of the sea cause the rising of the ocean, as sinking of the bottom causes it to become lower. It is not the case that small volcanic or other islands can be raised up from the sea, and not large ones, nor that all islands can, but not continents, since extensive sinkings of the land no less than small ones have been known; witness the yawning of those chasms which have engulfed whole districts no less than their cities, as is said to have happened to Bura, Bizone, and many other towns at the time of earthquakes: and there is no more reason why one should rather think Sicily to have been disjoined from the mainland of Italy than cast up from the bottom of the sea by the fires of Ætna, as the Lipari and Pithecussan (Ischia) Isles have been.

However, so nice a fellow is Eratosthenes, that though he professes himself a mathematician, he rejects entirely the dictum of Archimedes, who, in his work "On Bodies in Suspension," says that all liquids when left at rest assume a spherical form, having a center of gravity similar to that of the earth: a dictum which is acknowledged by all who have the slightest pretensions to mathematical sagacity. He says that the Mediterranean, which according to his own description is one entire sea, has not the same level even at points quite close to each other; and offers us the authority of engineers for this piece of folly, notwithstanding the affirmation of mathematicians that engineering is itself only one division of the mathematics. He tells us that Demetrius intended to cut through the Isthmus of Corinth, to open a passage for his fleet, but was prevented by his engineers, who having taken measurements reported that the level of the sea at the Gulf of Corinth was higher than at Cenchrea, so that if he cut through the isthmus, not only the coasts near Ægina, but even Ægina itself, with the neighboring islands, would be laid completely under water, while the passage would prove of little value.

According to Eratosthenes, it is this which occasions the currents in straits, especially the current in the Strait of Sicily, where effects similar to the flow and ebb of the tide are remarked. The current there changes twice in the course of the day and night, like as in that period the tides of the sea flow and ebb twice. In the Tyrrhenian Sea the current which is called descendent, and which runs toward the sea of Sicily, as if it followed an inclined plane, corresponds to the flow of the tide in the ocean. We may remark that this current corresponds to

the flow both in the time of its commencement and cessation. For it commences at the rising and the setting of the moon, and recedes when that satellite attains its meridian, whether above or below the earth. In the same way occurs the opposite or ascending current, as it is called. It corresponds to the ebb of the ocean, and commences as soon as the moon has reached either zenith or nadir, and ceases the moment she reaches the point of her rising or setting.

Size of the Inhabited Earth.

After this Eratosthenes proceeds to determine the breadth of the habitable earth: he tells us that, measuring from the meridian of Meroe (Gherri in Sennaar) to Alexandria, there are 10,000 stadia. From thence to the Hellespont about 8100. Again, from thence to the Dnieper, 5000; and thence to the parallel of Thule (Iceland) which Pytheas says is six days' sail north from Britain, and near the Frozen Sea, other 11,500. To which if we add 3400 stadia above Meroe in order to include the Island of the Egyptians (unknown), the Cinnamon country, and Taprobane (Ceylon), there will be in all 38,000 stadia.

We will let pass the rest of his distances, since they are something near; but that the Dnieper is under the same parallel as Thule, what man in his senses could ever agree to this? Pytheas, who has given us the history of Thule, is known to be a man upon whom no reliance can be placed, and other writers who have seen Britain and Ierne, although they tell us of many small islands round Britain, make no mention whatever of Thule. The length of Britain itself is nearly the same as that of Keltica (France and Belgium), opposite to which it extends. Altogether it is not more than 5000 stadia in length, its outermost points corresponding to those of the opposite continent. In fact the extreme points of the two countries lie opposite to each other, the eastern extremity to the eastern, and the western to the western; the eastern points are situated so close as to be within sight of each other, both at Kent and at the mouths of the Rhine. But Pytheas tells us that the island (of Britain) is more than 20,000 stadia in length, and Kent is some days' sail from Keltica. With regard to the locality of the Ostimii, and the countries beyond the Rhine as far as Scythia, he is altogether mistaken. The veracity of a writer who has been thus false in describing countries with which we are well acquainted

should not be too much trusted in regard to places that are unknown.

Further, Hipparchus and many others are of opinion that the parallel of latitude of the Dneiper does not differ from that of Britain; since that of Byzantium and Marseilles are the same. The degree of shadow from the gnomon which Pytheas states he observed at Marseilles being exactly equal to that which Hipparchus says he found at Byzantium; the periods of observation being in both cases similar. Now from Marseilles to the center of Britain is not more than 5000 stadia; and if from the center of Britain we advance north not more than 4000 stadia, we arrive at a temperature in which it is scarcely possible to exist. Such indeed is that of Ierne. Consequently the far region in which Eratosthenes places Thule must be totally uninhabitable. By what guesswork he arrived at the conclusion that between the latitude of Thule and the Dnieper there was a distance of 11,500 stadia, I am unable to divine.

Eratosthenes being mistaken as to the breadth, is necessarily wrong as to the length. The most accurate observers, both ancient and modern, agree that the known length of the habitable earth is more than twice its breadth. Its length I take to be from the (eastern) extremity of India to the (westernmost) point of Spain; and its breadth from (the south of) Ethiopia to the latitude of Ierne. Eratosthenes, as we have said, reckoning its breadth from the extremity of Ethiopia to Thule, was forced to extend its length beyond the true limits, that he might make it more than twice as long as the breadth he had assigned to it. He says that India, measured where it is narrowest, is 16,000 stadia to the river Indus. If measured from its most prominent capes, it extends 3000 more; thence to the Caspian Gates, 14,000; from the Caspian Gates to the Euphrates, 10,000; from the Euphrates to the Nile, 5000; thence to the Canopic mouth, 1300; from the Canopic mouth to Carthage, 13,500; from thence to the Pillars, at least 8000; which makes in all 70,800 stadia. To these, he says, should be added the curvature of Europe beyond the Pillars of Hercules, fronting the Iberians, and inclining west, not less than 3000 stadia, and the headlands, including that of the Ostimii, named Cabæum (Cape S. Mahé), and the adjoining islands, the last of which, named Uxisama (Ushant), is distant, according to Pytheas, a three days' sail. But he added nothing to its length by enumerating these last, — viz. the headlands, including that of the

Ostimii, the island of Uxisama, and the rest; they are not situated so as to affect the length of the earth, for they all lie to the north, and belong to Keltica, not to Iberia; indeed, it seems but an invention of Pytheas. Lastly, to fall in with the general opinion that the breadth ought not to exceed half the length, he adds to the stated measure of its length 2000 stadia west, and as many east.

Further, endeavoring to support the opinion that it is in accordance with natural philosophy to reckon the greatest dimension of the habitable earth from east to west, he says that according to the laws of natural philosophy, the habitable earth ought to occupy a greater length from east to west than its breadth from north to south. The temperate zone, which we have already designated as the longest zone, is that which the mathematicians denominate a continuous circle returning upon itself. So that if the extent of the Atlantic Ocean were not an obstacle, we might easily pass by sea from Iberia to India,[1] still keeping in the same parallel; the remaining portion of which parallel, measured as above in stadia, occupies more than a third of the whole circle; since the parallel drawn through Athens, on which we have taken the distances from India to Iberia, does not contain in the whole 200,000 stadia.

Here, too, his reasoning is incorrect. For this speculation respecting the temperate zone which we inhabit, and whereof the habitable earth is a part, develops properly on those who make mathematics their study. But it is not equally the province of one treating of the habitable earth. For by this term we mean only that portion of the temperate zone where we dwell, and with which we are acquainted. But it is quite possible that in the temperate zone there may be two or even more habitable earths, especially near the circle of latitude which is drawn through Athens and the Atlantic Ocean.[2]

[1] Columbus followed out this idea.

[2] This is a striking forecast. The parallel of Athens is near 38° N. L.; this would fall between Pekin and Tokio in the Orient, between Washington and Richmond in the United States.

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